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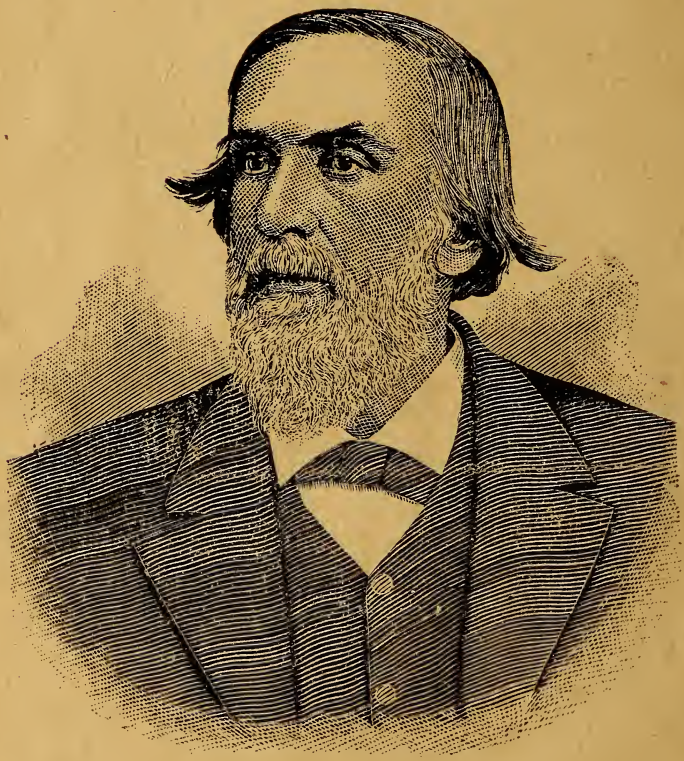

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Classic Myths in English Literature.

MEDAL ESSAY FOR PRESTON SOCIETY BY A. E. HOLLER.

How and why the many myths contained in ancient literatures originated has been the source of much discussion. There are many theories concerning the origin of mythology, over which learned men have disputed since the day Henophanes brought the Grecian poets to task for alleging impious deeds to their gods. It was in Grecian literature that mythology reached its highest development. It grew with the growth of this remarkable people permeating their literature and society, their whole culture. The Hellenic influences that entered into the later Christian civilization itself, brought with them the old ideas, the old lessons, the old conceptions in a new form and under a new light. The contrast between the development of mythology into the greatest literature before the Christian era and its influences upon the greatest literature afterward is very striking and to us should be a very interesting study.

Originally both narrator and hearer believed every word of the legends handed down from sire to son. If one expressed his disbelief in them, that one was looked upon as an infidel or an atheist is to-day. Aristotle (350 B. C.) said that "the myths were the inventions of legis-

lators to persuade the many and be used in the support of the laws."

Emmerus (316 B. C.) explains the myths as being originally stories of actual deeds of men—stories which had assimilated the ideas of many generations—of men who were deified by the romantic feelings, the hero-worshiping spirit of posterity. For example Hercules may have been one of the early settlers of Greece, tall, strong, a chief and a mighty hunter.

His deification had come about by father telling son of his wonderful exploits. Succeeding generations having added other legends and romantic details he finally became one of their heroes. A model of Greek manhood and a type of Greek mind. This might be possible and to some degree probable were there not so many irrational features in the myths. Do we not to-day, though we possess accounts of our heroes in literature, tend to magnify those heroic deeds as age increases? And when we remember that the ancients had no way of preserving the memory of their ancestors save through verbal tradition, and how each father thinking to heighten its color would more indelibly impress it upon his son's memory, the wonder is that we have no more of the "silly, senseless and savage" stories.

According to this theory there is nothing to prevent us from believing that Agamemnon, a real Mycenaenan king, and Achilles, a Phthian Greecian, actually laid seige to the really existing Trojan city; that the divine interference and intricate genealogies of the heroes are but the ornamental details of a story that lived and grew in the minds of a poetic people. Recent archaeological researches have shown us the sight of Ancient Troy. There was a real Troy; may we not believe that the war songs of its conquerors may have preserved in the Homeric myths some of the history of its last days?

Somewhat related to Enemerism in that it implies a residuum of real fact covered over by accumulated myth, is the idea that through parts of Greek mythology can

be traced a dim shadow of the sacred traditions of the Jews. This belief has been held by several prominent churchmen, especially during the Eighteenth century, and is to-day partly upheld and defended by Mr. Gladstone, Zeus the god of the heavens or sky, Appollo, the god of the sun, and Athene, the goddes of wisdom, representing the Grecian Trinity. The angels are represented by their lesser deities, such as Aris, Hestia, Posidon, etc.

The only possible way for this theory to be true is through a complicated course, but it seems worthy of consideration. The striking resemblance of all systems of mythologies at their fountainhead has been the great factor in furthering this belief. One can clearly see how this could come about, that after the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babal, when different ones went in different directions, each family carried with it a mutilated idea of the true God as received through Noah. There was compelled to be a similarity in the foundations of their several religions. Being preserved only by memory they of necessity became very much confused and naturally each generation would make some change. As this continued for centuries we can see how there came to be so many entirely different false religions.

The oldest literature in every nation is a record in some way of these myths, and once having become written they to a certain extent become fixed. So in Greece the oldest literature extant is the working up of these traditions and myths into an epic by Homer. Had other nations had a Homer to give their myths as artistic a setting, they too would be read and studied as much as those of Greece.

While mauy myths of the different nations cannot be traced to one common head yet many can be so nearly so traced as to show that they are really akin. It is not intended to show by this method that every myth has a corresponding relative myth in every other system of

mythology, but simply to show that the main ideas of the fundamental beliefs have come from a previous knowledge of the true God.

Comparative philology gives evidence of the common origin of the world, sun, moon and star myths. The names of the principal gods of all the Aryan races may be traced back to a common stem, which at one time meant some natural phenomenon.

For instance the word Zeus, meaningless in Greek, has been traced to the same stem as the Sanscrit word Dyans, which in that language, though now used as the name of their chief deity, was originally used as a verb, meaning "to shine," and also as a noun, "the sky or "day." From this Zeus being but the Hellenized form of the Brahman word Dyans, it follows that the name of the supreme deity of the Greeks once meant simply a personification of the sky. A beautiful idea! and one it would seem most natural for a heathen people to conceive. We, who are acquainted with the nature and laws of the heavenly bodies, cannot appreciate the awe and reverence with which they are held by ignorant people. How beautifully the Psalmist portrays to us their impression upom him: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

By comparing mythologies it mav be shown that the name of the supreme gods of all the Indo-European languages are derived from the same root. Thus Max Muller holds that away back, centuries before the different tribes left the great Indo-European family and developed the Scandinavian and German, the Greek and Latin, the Zend and Sanscrit languages, our ancestors thought of the bright sun and sky as of superhuman personalities, fit to be worshipped. And as the different nations grew out of this mother race each carried with it this worship of natural phenomena. At the separation they had the same myths originally close kin; but these grad-

ually diverged as the centuries rolled on and the words used lost their original signification.

Too much credence should not be put in this philological theory, for among languages entirely distinct from the Aryan family, as the Eskimos, South Sea Islanders, Aztecs and Australians, we find these same kindred myths. Does it not then seem that an explanation based simply upon Aryan philology is too narrow? And that should we include all languages in order to complete the proof, it would then clearly resolve itself into a different way of showing that mythology came from the united race of mankind before the diffusion of tongues, which explanation was given above under a different system.

Philology aids us in obtaining an insight into the meaning of some myths, but the attempt to explain the inception and the gradual development of the immense mythological system by this method would not in any event be satisfactory. Nor by this or any of the other theories are we capable of thoroughly doing so, yet there is room for all to be applied and still leave the meaning of many myths unsolved. Few would maintain that the whole of Greek mythology was intended to inculcate moral precepts, or to teach history, but all are compelled to admit that some parts of it may contain a moral lesson, others a physical significance, and others an historical value, while still others refuse to lend themselves to any critical rules.

To explain the "silly, savage and senseless" elements in the myths: The stories of the origin of the earth, sun, moon, stars, men, and everything, we should go further and inquire as to the mental capacities of the race. When we first meet these myths in any race, the people themselves, according to the testimony of their own literature, are usually semi-barbarous. And as the myths are represented to be very old at that time, having been in their possession before they were acquainted with the art of writing, we must infer that the myths originated still further back while the people were in

a savage condition. Then, are the methods of thinking similar with the savage and civilized? Has the savage the power of distinguishing between analogy and real resemblance? Certainly we have the advantage over them of ages of experience, and can distinguish between the mere association of ideas and actual resemblance better than they. The Australians and Fijians to day cannot make the distinction. They do not have to stretch their imagination to conceive of a woman being changed to a bear or a god to take on the form of a cow. Indeed, such irrational elements as we find in Grecian myths are actually believed by these savages.

It seems the nearer man is to brutes the more important and exalted does he consider them. To his savage mind the brute possesses a soul or "another self" as he himself does While the savage sleeps his other self goes fishing and hunting as really to his mind as he does during the day. Not only does the man and brute possess other selves, but so do inanimate things such as his bow and arrow, hatchet, plants and all trees. When he looks into a pool of water he sees his other self; when he hears an echo his other self is mocking him. So carrying out his idea, when he breaks his bow its spirit or other self goes to the other world and there awaits his coming.

However unreasonable these beliefs may appear to us, nevertheless from the savage's manner of looking at things they are the only ones he could consistently hold. The sun, moon and stars to him are personalities, in fact his idea of personality includes everything. This is the greatest hindrance to our understanding and appreciating his ideas and theories of creation.

There is nothing inconsistent with the ideas of a savage that a man should have originally come from some brute or even a tree or stone and hence possess no more of a soul than either of them. Even in the beautiful story which attributes the creation of man to Prometheus, we see this latter idea clearly brought out. As

Prometheus made man and Epimethus all other animals it seemed impossible for the former to endow man with any gift superior to which the latter had given the other animals, so after searching this world in vain, Prometheus scaled the very battlements of heaven in search of a superior gift. As a result of his search he brought down fire as the most supreme gift of man. In this myth there is no idea of a soul in man superior to that of the brutes. Thus if all the ancient legends concerning the creation of the world and many other kindred myths be examined it will be seen that the savage, driven on to the same impulse for knowledge which leads us on to scientific investigation, was simply trying to solve the problem from whence he and all things around him came. To answer these questions he could bring only his own knowledge and interpretation of the facts to bear on the case. This he seems to have done freely. As the tribe grew older these myths were invariably modified to suit the then prevailing opinions of all nature.

As has been said before many myths cannot be explained by this or any other theory, but enough has been said concerning the origin of mythology—presuming that we are acquainted with the myths themselves—to show that there is a deeper hidden meaning in these classic myths than in such stories as Aesop's Fables or tales of the Arabian Nights.

In these myths are to be found the incipient germs of our modern philosophy and poetry as well as the history of religious ideals. Here, as to a treasure house, poets have always turned for their "golden tales and glimmering thoughts and fancies rich bejewelled." Here our most renowned sculptors and painters have resorted to have their artistic fancy and creative force strengthened and ennobled, These classic myths have had an influence in our literature and a place in our art that deserves more than a casual glance or passing comment.

Apart from the inspiration given by these myths to our poets to write of the beautiful gods and noble deeds of their heroes they have influenced the inner workings of our literature. Especially has it been noted that the closer student the poet is of the classics the more vivid and spontaneous his appreciation of the life of external nature. This influence seems to show itself characteristically upon the modern mind, as it is all pervading in our modern life, literature and art.

The quiet grandeur and noble influence of a classical education dawned for Englishmen through the life of Baeda, commonly styled the "Father of Education." His learning and life had a tranquil steadily increasing influence in favor of the classics. Though for some time we set no marked change in the literature.

Early in the period of the Renaissance, English scholars became so imbued with these classic myths that our whole literature seems as if it were saturated in classicisms. Then for the first time Englishmen of letters acquired a somewhat true conception of the Greek genius. Just as the pent up force of the dynamite, on being touched with a live coal, goes off with a sudden bound; so the hampered and depressed English mind, coming in contact with Greek poetry and art, bounds off with a joyous relief to the elastic freedom of the Greek imagination. The results of which we see in some of the most exalted strains of prose and poetry in our literature.

For a period after the Renaissance our literature is so thoroughly classical that it is not only dry but often unintelligible to one not acquainted with the classics. One could enter but little into the spirit of the Lycidas, the L'Allegro, the Adonais, the Ode on a Grecian Urn, the Hymn of Man, the progress of Poesy, or the In Memoriam without the spirit of classicism

Though Milton was a Puritan of the straitest sect, he was the first Englishman with an original genius for poetry, who enjoyed a thorough appreciation of all classical literature. We see this pervading his whole

works. What appreciation could we have for that poem of all poems, the Paradise Lost, without a knowledge of the classic myths? Few would be the quickening strains to our intellects snd soul inspiring passages were we unable to appreciate the classical references. The Paradise Lost does not follow the Greek models as to form and lucid simplicity: yet it is one grand harmonious strain, using words with a meaning akin to their sound, by which art the ancients accomplished such wonderful results. Surely classic myths have been to our literature as the lump of leven to the baker's dough, for not only have they enriched us with the heirlooms of all fiction but have quickened our imaginative and emotional faculties in no small degree.

Milton has been taken but as an example of his age. From the Renaissance every writer, until checked about a century later by the great Puritan movement, had his mind steeped in these classicisms. Spenser, Dryden, Pope, Keats, Shakespeare and Tennyson have all contributed to the classicism of our literature. In almost every work of any merit there are apt examples, beautiful illustrations, and delicate shades of meaning entirely inappreciable to the inclassical student.

Should we not then pay more attention to the myths? Does not mythology, extravagant as it may seem, actually offer more important truth to the contemplative mind than is often furnished by the most accurate sciences of a later developed period? Yet many in this so-called utilitarian age decry the study and attention paid to the classics. By them it is plausibly contended that our own modern history, sciences and discoveries should have the foremost place in our coming literature, hence no need to study the ancient classics. To them the dull dry pages of some political intrigue or the dullest chapters of modern history are codsidered of more value than the richest deposit of ideas contained in ancient mythology; and so considered because they are modern, because they are real, irrespective of the great end of the study

as the means of mental culture, of quickening the æsthetic judgment and of heightening the appreciation of those works of literature and art, that, though not treating of classical subjects, still possess the "unconscious simplicity, the inevitable charm, and the noble ideality" of the classics.

But those who are most enthusiastic over the merit of classicism would never maintain that it, by any means, should supersede the humanizing effect of modern ideas and thought. Many have been the permanent effects of the study upon the modern intellect. Where would our modern spirit have drifted had not a voice from the classics called us to a return to a life of nature? Which return has been a good medicine for many diseases of the modern mind and taste.

There are then several special reasons why we should be interested in the classic myths; first as has been meagerly outlined, on account of the place they have already gained in our literature; second, for historical reasons, and third for philosophical interest.

The first, to say the least, is a very selfish and narrow view. This very narrowness of motive would mar the pleasure of tracing the initiative steps of the intellect of the human race. The historical has been suggested under the fact that many myths containing patriarchal traditions were interwoven with the fanciful deeds of early heroes and founders of nations.

Then philosophically, mythology is common to every human race in its infancy, it represents man's first groping in the dark for light. Through mythology we can see how deeply the religious elements are ground into the very constitution of humanity. The slow progress of its development can be traced as we note the continual war between good and evil, between the purity and simplicity of the early religion and that tendency to the physical, the pantheistical and finally the atheistical.

The Greeks carried their system of myths to a higher state of perfection than any other known race, and since under its influence the noble fabric of our new Christian civilization arose, it seems we should take especial interest in its study. And from this study our own mountains, gorges, rivers, bays, lakes, and shoreless oceans should have a new meaning. "Surely the age of myth is not yet wholly passed; surely the beauties and wonders of nature are a fable of things never fully revealed; surely this new republie of ours, no less than her prototypes by Tyrrhenian, and Agean seas, utters, in the queenly form and flowing robes, a spirit, a truth, a potential poetry and a beauty of art, the mere grace of which we Americans, for lack of imaginative training and sympathy, and awe have not yet valued and have yet to apprehend."

The Verse of the First Two Books of "Paradise Lost."

We all so naturally fall into the error of praising and extolling in a pompous way the master-pieces of literature and art, even though knowing only so much of these creations of genius as may be learned at second hand and sometimes through a very inferior medium. So easy to be bombastic and think ones self literary! Disagree with Milton in one line, or accuse Shakespeare of a badly portrayed character! Young writers, as a rule, would as soon think of rearranging the solar system. This is the interest posture of the human being toward the hero. Because he *is* a hero, he is perfect. And, altogether, perhaps even this is better—better for a young writer to praise because others praise—than to be egotistic or so presumptuous that one would remodel Shakespeare's dramas or correct Milton's versification. These, then, are two faults which I as a young admirer of Milton (I seek to avoid exaggeration) wish in this essay to escape. I have certainly not set out to annihiate the Paradise Lost nor to purify the harmony and

music of Milton's language; nor, on the other hand, do I intend merely to sound the brass and tinkle the cymbal. My wish is only to be perfectly sincere and to say what I think—perhaps not always anything original, but my own ideas received from personal study and the assimilation of the opinions of others. I have chosen a large subject, one requiring for its treatment a love of music and an ear for harmony. If, from deficiency in these qulities, I make many mistakes, I beg the reader to pass them over and accept this as my excuse, that from love of the subject I have made this attempt.

First, as an introduction to the special study of verse, we need to have a clear idea of the general character of Milton's style: we must know its impression on the reader. The effect of Paradise Lost on the appreciative student is best characterized in Lowell's words: "In reading the Paradise Lost one has a feeling of vastness." To my own mind, that is most true of the first two books. There are portions of the other books that produce the impression of "immense capaciousness," but the first two are uniformly grand and sublime. This sense of vastness is the result of several qualities of style which when used together have come to be called Miltonic. The vocabulary enters here and to a great degree the *long, periodic* structure. These and other qualities combine with the subject itself to produce a lofty stateliness and grand sweeping movement, and are the strength of Milton's style, as we speak of style in prose. We may now proceed to the more specific study of the verse that has made Milton immortal. Under this subject I wish to notice the difficulties in writing blank verse and the special qualities of the Miltonic system.

To the uninitiated, blank verse seems of all poetic form the simplest and easiest of production. The idea of rhyme has taken hold of us. So much of our English poetry being in such verse, our ears have become turned to sweet rhyming sounds; so that we are not deli-

cately sensitive to the general structure of the lines and a few discords in metre trouble us little. I refer now to those who have made no study of verse, but have had their ear trained by the reading of English poetry, and generally of short rhymed poems. With these, "rhyme covers a multitude of sins." They have come to look upon it as the mark of poetry and the most difficult put in the writing of verse. Naturally, then, when this is omitted versification seems very simple.

But, when we leave off rhyme, necessarily there must be a purer harmony and rhythm; and the other artifices of verse, deliberation, "vowell toning," the music of the liquids and onomatopoeia must be more artistically employed. Besides, the fusion of the separate lines and the more important sentence pauses are much more conspicuous in unrhymed verse and need therefore a more careful handling. As far, however, as regards most writers of blank verse in English, the common opinion is not far wrong. Thompson's "Seasons" furnishes us a good example of the ordinary production in this form. The verse is wearying in the extreme. With little artistic change of metre and with very poor management, if any at all, of the pauses and what is called "the stanza" in this verse, his work would not be hard to imitate. These are the great faults of other writers of blank verse until we come to the masters, Shakespeare and Milton: the secret of fusing the lines together is not fully discovered nor the varying pause, the "stanza" length and the "vwell toning." Without variety there can be no harmony. Harmony is a perfect blending and mingling of variations in sound, color, shape or size. The tones, the pauses, the stops must be as artistically handled in composing the melody of blank verse as in organ music.

Though the generality of blank verse, then, is easy to write, it is no paradox when I say that Milton's verse is a supreme creation of a master poet, a triumph not secured without the highest inspiration of genius and

the hardest labor of a metrist. The qualities wanting in common poets are just those qualities most beautiful in Milton. Besides the caesura, he has perfect control of the sentence pause, the varying of metre for special purpose, "vowel toning" and the "stanza." Notably too, his fusion of lines deserves careful study. I shall now begin with the single line and build up to the stanza, considering and illustrating the many artifices employed by our poet.

"—and the thun*der*
Winged with red lightning and im etuous rage
Perhap: hath *sp* nt his *sh*afts and *ce*as s now
To *b*ellow through the vast and *b*oun ile s deep."

These lines illustrate several qualities of Milton's poetry. Notice the extra end syllable on the half-verse "and the thunder." This extra syllable is employed occasionally throughout the poem, semetimes, no doubt, unintentionally; but at others for the sake of relieving the ear; and, once in a while, to produce onomatopoeia. If my imagination has not led me astray, this is the design here. Pronounced with a deep strong voice, the line has a distinct sound and echo suggestive of thunder. The other lines are examples of alliteration and the last a noted use of the figure mentioned above. Alliteration Milton employs with most exquisite effect: adding to the music of his verse without seeming artificial. We often revel in the melody and harmonious blending of a line unaware of the source of its beauty. The Poet conceals his artifice to make it all the more perfect art. Numerous examples could be quoted in which alliteration is an "organic part," and yet would scarcely be noticed until we conciously sought for it. A few will suffice—and they will also exemplify the part played by the liquids.

"With *s*tench and *s*moke *s*uch resting *f*ound the *s*ole
Of unblest *f*eet."

"*F*arewe*ll* happy fields,
Whe*r*e joy fo*r*eve*r* dwe*ll*s. *H*ai*l*, *h*orro*r*s! *H*ai*l*,

In*fer*nal world, and thou, pro*fou*ndest *Hell!*"

An exquisite use of alliteration and liquids!

"—whose orb
Through op*ti*c glass the *T*uscan ar*tist* views
At eve*ning* from the top of Fes*ole*
Or *in* Val*ta*rno to descry *new* *lan*ds
Rivers *or* *mountains* *in* her spotty *glo*be."

"He ca*lled* so *loud* that a*ll* the *hollow* deep
Of *Hell* resou*nd*ed: *Prin*ces! *Pot*entates!"

"O, *my*riads of im*mort*al spirits! O, Powers,
*M*atchless but with the Al*m*ighty!"

Milton's alliteration, as these passages show, was not the conventional repetition of a consonant sound three times in a verse. He uses it for the melodious linking and blinding of the words in a line; and, as I have said, we are often unconscious of its presence. The consonant sometimes *ends* the accented syllable and sometimes begins the *unaccent*ed, but its repetition is always, in his verse, conducive to a purer, sweeter melody. The exceptional metre which I mentioned above is finely illustrated in this line:

"Rocks, caves, lakes, *fens*, bogs, *dens* and shades of death"

in which every foot except the last two is a spondee. Note the internal rhyme. There can be no doubt that this change from iambic to spondee was made with a purpose. Let the reader decide whether this is an instance of onomatopoeia or not.

The "vowel toning," as I have called the Poet's choice of certain predominating vowel sounds or classes of sounds in special lines, is distinctly noticeable in some of the most beautiful passages. In the broad, melodious vowels, we hear deep, slow music; and then in a few passages of light predominating vowel sound it is as if one had been gazing on sublime mountain scenery surrounded by majestic cliffs and sky-kissed peaks; and, wearied with the sight, should stroll into a low, cool glenn and find a gurgling fountain of pure crystal water under the dark trees and rough mountain sides. In the

following lines the broad vowel sounds are used almost entirely:

"His odious offering and adore the gods,"
"Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers,"
"Prone on the flood extended long and large
Lay floating many a rood in bulk as huge,"
"Sonorous metal blowing marshall sounds."

The thicker vowels are suggestive of slow movement, while the sharper ones are lighter and more rapid. The latter are admirably adapted to the sense of the following lines, and the music is exquisite.

"—or faery elves
Whose midnight revels by a forest side
Or fountain some belated peasant sees
Or dreams he sees while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course."

It is, of course, only occasionally that one class of sounds is used exclusively in a whole psssage, even in a single line. The effect of this "vowel coloring" is fine when heightened by contrast. Note the change of "color" in the last line here:

"Or in Dodona and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over faria to the Hesperian fields."

In selecting examples illustrative of the artistic and exquisitely poetic effects that I have observed, I find it difficult to choose as an instance of one artifice a passage in which several qualities of verse are not prominent and do not add their contribution to the result. For instance, measure the influence of the liquids in: "Or faery elves," "Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon," "Wheels her pale course." The varying caesura in almost every line and the exceptional foot in "Wheels her pale course," each aids in the artistic result.

To illustrate the varying caesura is scarcely necessary here, as this is not especially Miltonic but has been mastered by all our great artists in rhymed poetry and by other writers of blank verse.

Another pause there is, however, which is very important in this versification. The very life of the poem, in fact, depends much upon the poet's mastery of this art, the art of closing the sentence, or of placing the more significant halting points, such as those indicated by the semi-colon, in different parts of the line. We have come now to one of the Miltonic secrets, hid from such poets as Thomson. Here illustrations serve me better than anything I can say, and they will be a pleasure to the reader.

"—This is now
Our doom."

"—Long is the way
And hard that out of Hell leads up to light.
Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire
Ninefold"

"—from the arched roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cresset, fed
With naptha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky"

"Such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet."
"And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me for thou knowest"

"To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal."
"—for what place can there be for us
Within Heaven's bound unless Heaven's Lord supreme
We overpower."

Some of the variations are shown here. The periods or longer sentence pauses fall on every foot from *xa* to *5xa*. In blank verse the most natural place for a sentence to close is the end of a line. "The periodic groups or sections of groups" terminate oftenest with the line. This order we may, then, with Mr. Carson, call the base or standard; and all others are variations from the theme with harmonious and rhythmical effect.

Lastly the "stanza" logical and natural. In each of these groups of lines there may be several breaks or

pauses; but each is in itself a unity and is rightly called a *wave* of emotion or thought. We are told that, "the power of taking a long sweep before coming to a pause, and then beginning again with a spring from the pausing point is a well-known characteristic of good poetry." Most extraordinary is this exsmplified in Milton.

"*N*ine ti*m*es the space that *m*easu*r*es day a*n*d *n*ight
To *m*ortal *m*en *h*e with *h*is *h*orrid crew
Lay va*n*qu she*l* *rollin*g o*n* the fie*r*y gu*lf*
Confo*u*nded th*ough* immortal.'
'But his do*o*m
*R*eserved him to more *w*ra h for now the thought
Both of *l*ost happines a d *las*ting woe
Torments him: round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with objurate pride and steadfast hate."

"At once as far as Angel's ken he views
The dismal situation *w*aste and *w*ild."

"A d*un*geo*n* ho*r*rible o*n* *all* sides *rou*nd
As one great *f*urnace *f*lamed yet *f*rom those *f*lames
No light; but rather darkness visible
*S*erved only to discover *s*ights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades where peace
A*n*d *rest* ca*n* *n*ever dwe*ll*, hope *n*ever co*m*es
That comes to all, but fortune without end
Still urges and a *f*iery deluge *f*ed
With ever-burning *s*ulphur unco*n*sumed."

The reader will notice that each of the groups ended with a period is a logical stanza. I have quoted one continuous passage in order to show the harmonious effect of variation in length; and have marked some of the prominent verse artifices used, so that this passage gives us a view of Milton's finished poetic architecture. Notice the predominating vowel sounds in one or two lines and mark their fitness.

The foregoing illustrations present Milton to us as a complete master of language and metrical form. I think now of but one blemish in these first two books: a blemish it seems at least to me. The two lines,

"Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair
And him thus answered s on his bold compeer."

are made to rhyme, which seems out of place, alone, in the majestic loftiness of rolling music. Otherwise, the fit word seems always in the fit place and verse is perfectly ductile and plastic in the hands of lawful authority. That our poet was always conscious of alliteration, vowel toning and the pauses, I do not mean. He is greater because sometimes unconscious of his art. Music was his own element; he revelled in the grand swell of the organ. Thus tuned to purest harmony, when wrought to an intense emotional or aesthetic pitch, by that very musical nature and by those very deep emotions he involuntarily called to his aid the letters and words most harmonious to himself because most melodious and rythmical in any particular connection of words and letters. But after all, his verse, as I have said, is a creation of genius; and attempts to explain and account for its "linked sweetness" must be as far from successful as science falls short of the imagination or logic of the soul. O. D. WANNAMAKER.

Corporations.

Great undertakings do not spring into existence at once. They are generally the result of a combination of forces. Revolutions and reforms begin with private opinions and are developed by the conditions predominant. This combination of forces, working together for the accomplishment of a common end, is called, in technical language, "co-operation." Although co-operation and corporation spring from different stems their ideas are closely related, for the one is, in general, the object of the other. I can do no better than quote the words of Mr. Blackstone in which he describes a corporation. He says:

"Corporations consist of two or more persons united in a society which is preserved by a common succession

of members, either forever or till the corporation is dissolved by the power that formed it, by the death of all its members, by surrender of its charter or franchises, or by forfeiture. Such corporations are the mayor and aldermen of a city, the head and fellows of a college, the dean and chapter of a cathedral church, the stockholders of a bank, or an insurance company, etc."

They are necessities in the modern business world. Indeed, our modern enterprises and institutions would be impossible without them. Macaulay says: "Of all inventions, the alphabet and printing press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge space have done the most for civilization;" and no one can estimate how much corporations have affected these.

The State is a body politic and corporate, the city with its mayor and aldermen is another, the county and district townships are others still. These are public corporations; the private ones have for their object religious rites or charities, more commonly profit. The railroads that reach from one side of this country to the other; the telegraphs that flash intelligence from city to city, across the next valley and beyond the seas; the electric light plants that do so much for the prevention of crime in our large cities; the machinery that clears our forest, plows our fields and reaps the harvest are all for the most part the outcome of corporate forces. All the agents that most concern modern society are the fruits of corporate action. Every church is the sign of a corporate body; the chimes that peal forth from its towers, the music that swells forth from the organ and rolls through the arches, are voices of corporate service. The asylums that crown so many of our hills, proffering relief to suffering humanity, are endowed with corporate faculties. The colleges that prepare the youth for the solemn duties of the pulpit and the grave responsibilities of citizenship are the fruits of corporate action. Within two generations the spirit of association has brought the East into closer communion wiih the West, introduced

China and Japan within the international circle; and only a few years ago, through the efforts of the two great explorers, Livingstone and Stanley, did much towards opening up to the world the resourees of a dark continent. The "Association Internationale de Congo" brought the representatives of the great nations of Europe and America together in the German capital to decide the fate of half a continent. That was co-operation, a corporation, in a true sense. The early experience of America in its struggles with a powerful kingdom, its feeble organization under a confederation of states, its immense territory. connected with a sparse population, developed among the settlers a feeling of mutual dependence. They discovered that to accomplish any great undertaking they would have to trust in each other and rely upon common action. This union of action was not intended to be passed away, it was to be reformed and strengthened as the generations of men. It was, in technical language, a corporation; and a people numerous yet homogeneous, speaking a common language, living under one form of government, enjoying a great degree of personal liberty, practical and ingenious, of indomitable will, untiring energy, unfailing hope, marvelously apt, favored by nature with a domain of imperial expanse, with soil and climate of unequal variety and benificence, with every natural condition that can conduce to individual prosperity and national glory and grandeur, speak for it. The same spirit which directed man to found and maintain a free but imperial government impels him in common life to combine for every kind of enterprise; and, as often as he needs great wealth for great undertakings, he gathers it together and directs it with corporate principles. This shows a shade of distinction between public and private corporations.

The two are, however, often united. When the success of any undertaking would be beneficial to those that make up the general government an appropriation from

the legislative bodies would not seem improper. This is frequently done.

The fertile sands of Egypt were pierced by a great canal costing many millions. Communications between ports on Lake Erie and Lake Ontario was made possible by the construction of the great Erie Canal at a considerable expense to the general government and a corporate body of wealthy gentlemen. The "Universal Suel Canal Company" spent millions in the construction of their canal, and the dream of the commercial world for many centuries was realized, all by the agencies of corporations whose share-holders are scattered over the whole world.

There are industrial fields in this connection which have been recently opened. The nature of corporations is such that every other kind of business is either directly or indirectly dependent upon them. The manner in which they are directed must, therefore, affect very materially the entire population of this country. Generally great undertakings are turned over to private corporations. There are, however, some exceptions. The postal system could be operated by a corporation in the same manner as telegraphs; but it has been found that it could be done more successfully by the government. There are not a few cities that own water works, gas works and electric light plants. There are also some who say that the railroads should be controlled by the goverment. It is claimed by these that if the railways of this country were operated as a unit (and to gain this the government would have to secure control of them) the saving would be two hundred million dollars a year. An idea may be had of what would be saved to the people in the way of transportation from a brief study of the union to encourage water transportation. In 1886 the ship-builders on the Great lakes formed a league, having for its object the encouragement of water transportation; and probably the history of marine architecture does not furnish another instance of so rapid and complete a revolution in the material

and structure of floating equipments as has taken place on the lakes since that year. From 1886 to 1894 the lake fleet was doubled many times. The competition in these lines, connected with the rapid growth in the facilities of land transportation, has caused a considerable reduction in freight charges. It has been estimated that as a result of this union over one hundred and twenty million dollars were saved to the public in the year 1890. The amount saved in that year alone makes it extremely difficult to say how much will be saved in years to come.

In private affairs the same spirit is, if possible, still more manifest. Men are more and more united in sympathy and enterprise, and feel more and more in need of all the aid possible to united action. One of the principal aims of co-operating is the elimination of unearned incomes, or ration their reduction to a minimum.

What is co-operation? Acting together for a common end. Suppose several families unite for the purchase of their supplies by a common agent at wholesale prices, and thus save at least a part of the profit of wholesale trade. This would be the most common kind of co-operation. Co-operative stores illustrate what is meant by this. As early as 1875 Massachusetts had as many as sixteen such stores. They were so successful in that State that they were established in many of the northern and central States. There is also a co-operation to some extent in the custom prevailing in some sections of farmers assisting each other at harvest time by uniting their teams and hands. This writer knows of several farmers in some sections of Southern South Carolina who agree to work their farms together at certain seasons, and thus secure a concentration of labor and the use of more and better machinery than their separate means would warrant. There can be no cause why they should not do so. It is, indeed, the only way in which they can compete with great estates supplied with the best machinery and an abundance of hands.

From time immemorial all great enterprises have been

worked out upon the co-operative theory, but many times without the aid of granted charters, that is incorporations. There are, however, two difficulties in the way of all co-operative schemes that are not endowed with corporate faculties, not granted special rights—*the uncertainty of duration and the personal liability of members.* When ten persons unite in a business, each becomes liable for all the rest, and the death of one may impede if it does not put a stop to the whole enterprise. Again, no one is anxious to place his capital without reserve into the hands of others, or make himself liable for their engagements. A corporation offers the means of obviating these difficulties. What is a corporation? An artificial being, a creature of the law, endowed with certain function of a natural person, and enjoying such a term of life as the law in particular cases may prescribe. The corporate property alone, unless otherwise specially provided, is held responsible for its debts, and it lives out its appointed time though its members one after another pass away. In South Carolina, the members are responsible to the extent of only five per cent. of their invested capital. So, the attributes of a corporation are *stability, simplicity and the exemption of all its members from personal risks.* Having these advantages it is certain that a corporation is the best machine for carrying to completion a co-operative scheme.

But there is a murmuring against them. What is the cause of so much declaiming against corporate forces? It is by no means a difficult matter to see whence it came; it came from the abuse of corporate powers. It was the fear of this very abuse that so long limited the granting of the privileges to few persons and on few occasions. In the time of our forefathers privileges of this kind were not common. States were very careful in granting charters. In 1821 New York made an attempt to check associations, but the spirit of union sprung from the necessities of the people, and as all legislation is prescribed by conditions predominant, the

legislature could not prevent it. The demands of business and the dread of corruption led to the enactment of general statutes under which all who choose may become incorporate, and now there are thousands upon thousands of corporations in this country. They are recognized as the best means for accomplishing great undertakings; but the people are displeased, and many attribute the cause of it to corporations. Here is the cause assigned by many: In our greed for the wealth that these institutions help to create, we have neglected to enclose them with all the restraints that prudence should have foreseen to be necessary. Surrounded as we are no wonder that persons often find themselves powerless before these aggregations of wealth, no wonder that conflicts should frequently arise between corporations on the one hand and individuals on the other, and in many instances between corporations and the State. Immense aggregations of capital fall into a few hands, and, without adequate restraint, control great interests and a large number of citizens. Political sages have always told us that excessive inequality of fortune is a social danger, and especially so in a republic. But is this coming to be the case in this country? Let us see. It is asserted that railways alone in the United States comprise one-fifth of the entire wealth of the country. It is possible that this is an exaggerated estimate, but it is certain that it is an under estimate to say that all these businesses represent one-fourth of the entire wealth of our industrial civilization. It must be remembered, also, that there are many people who are either directly or indirectly dependent upon them. The people have abandoned the principle of self help in railway management, and the roads exercise such paternalism as they see fit. Farmers are dependent on them to market their crops and to bring to them their supplies. It does seem that this is a field where the government could play an important part.

There are certain enterprises which are monopolies by

virtue of their own properties; but these should not lead to establishing other monopolies. The significance of combines becomes at once manifest. The manner in which they are managed affects very materially our entire population and especially the producing classes. This country has heretofore paid very little attention to them, but the time has arrived for action. The results of combinations in the market, forcing the producers to sell cheap and buy high, is felt by a class that can least afford it. It is one of the causes of the enormous and unprecedented inequality in fortunes in the United States. Perhaps no better illustration could be offered than that which may be seen in the coffee market. It costs about four cents a pound to raise and deliver coffee in New York. At a profit of fifty per cent. to the importer it would sell there for six cents a pound, but owing to a trust of coffee sellers, twenty-five cents is charged. As about forty-five million pounds are imported annually, nearly eleven million dollars are wrongfully taken from the consumers of coffee each year. Another example is found in the wheat market. About six months ago, during "a bear movement" in the Chicago wheat market, some of the men who were "badly squeezed" paid as high as thirty and forty per cent. for "short time money." This exhorbitant interest is, of course, paid by the producers of wheat. It is a shame that such things are possible. Another agent that encourages this inequality in fortunes is life insurance companies. On September 20, 1893, the National Association of Life Under-writers met and gave out statistics that show that the companies, taking no account of the assessment on corporations and societies, hold assets to the value of $850,000,000, that they receive from policy holders about $175,000,000 a year, that their gross income is nearly $220,000,000 annually, and that they pay out about $100,000,000 annually to the insured in the form of death losses, surrenders and dividends.

There are still other agents. An ideal commonwealth

is that in which there is not only no inequality of rights, in which not only all are protected "in the enjoyment of life, liberty and property," but in which all have food, raiment and shelter and equal opportunities of pursuing their own welfare. Is this, our ideal, the American Republic? Let us see. A great proportion of the laws are passed for the benefit of corporation; and as a cause of this, the greater part of corruption in public life is connected directly or in some way with combines, trusts, etc. Instead of finding, as would be expected, happiness and contentment broadcast throughout our great domain, we see distress, distrust and dissatisfaction. What is the cause of so general a complaint? With some it is "over-production," with others it is "a high tariff," and with others still "the tariff is not high enough."

For our times wise and comprehensive legislation is needed. The mode of accomplishing it is, of course, something which requires very careful consideration, and only a few suggestions can be thrown out in this paper. One thing is certain: The State should exercise some control over those granted rights beyond the citizens. To take from one against his will and give it to another would be a violation of that instinct of justice which God has implanted in the heart of every human being,—in short, a violation of "Thou shalt not covet." But to persuade one who has much to co-operate with one who has little is quite a different thing. In other words, to induce the capitalist to take the laborer into that kind of partnership to which corporations are best adapted would tend to the support and enrichment of both and to the solution of that problem which now, more perhaps than any other, confronts the world. For the great trouble between labor and capital encourage a union of the two. Capitalists combine, why not have a combination of labor and capital? Of course this plan pre-supposes the existence of a small cash capital on the part of the laborer. If he is wanting in this let a part

of his labor be given every day until he has a share in the enterprise. It would bind the employer closer to the employed, advance the latter's self-respect, and make the employed strive more effectively for the production of the common article. Aside from these economic considerations, what is to become of those great fraternal motives which are presumed to influence, in some measure at least, all the members of the human family. The monopolist, of course, is not likely to receive this suggestion cheerfully, but it is certain that in the solution of the great labor problems both sides must make concessions.

A cause of the great part of the inequality in the wealth of the nation is taxes upon consumption. The chief burden of supporting the Federal government and of paying fraudulent pensions falls upon the laboring classes of the country. The present depressed condition of the treasury and the people is a great call for the readjustment of taxes. Our system of taxation ought to be changed so as to throw more of the burden upon the property of the country. Probably an income tax law would meet the needs of the age. Corporations own and control a very large and increasing part of the wealth of the country; they enjoy certain privileges, already named in this paper, and, therefore, should not object to a public scrutiny of their outcome. They are created by the State, enjoying rights that the citizens do not enjoy, and they ought to be willing to do more towards supporting the burden of the government. Senator Wilson writing on this subject, says: "A small tax imposed upon the incomes or earnings of corporations, while not burdensome in any individual case, and not often bearing sensibly upon the interest of any private shareholder in them, would produce a revenue sufficient to cover a large part of the gap now opening between receipts and expenditures. Such a tax would not be a tax upon individual thrift, energy, or enterprise, but in the main upon the earnings of invested capital; and in view

of the exemption from personal liability of stock-holders and other privileges which corporations enjoy, but which the individual business or professional man cannot enjoy, the equity of a tax upon their net earnings seem the more apparent, while the ascertainment of these earnings would generally be easy and reasonably accurate, and free from the offensive inquisitions so much declaimed against in the case of the individual. The very limited public supervision incident to the assessment and collection of such a tax would not work any wrong or any interference with their lawful operations, while as a necessary part of a tax law, and used only for that bona-fide purpose, it might be salutary in its influence."

A. S. H., JR.

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WOFFORD COLLEGE, OCTOBER, 1895.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

A. S. HYDRICK, JR., EDITOR.

W. G. Blake, A. M.

The subject of this sketch was born at Edgefield Court House, S. C., on January 5, 1862. His father, Wm. K. Blake, is a man of a great deal of prominence, being at one time president of the Spartanburg Female college and one of the trustees of Wofford College. He is himself respected for his scholarly attainments, thoroughness of industry, uprightness and high Christian character. His mother, Mrs. M. G. Blake, was also a person of many talents; to her Prof. Blake undoubtedly owes much for his success.

His early education was received in this city, and when quite young he entered Wofford College, from which institution he graduated with the class of '83. At college he spent his days in such a way as to merit the respect and confidence of those with whom he was associated. A large part of his time was given to the studies of natural science, and in the pursuit of these he displayed eminent talent and ability, carrying away the Alumni medal in '82.

Very soon after taking his Bachelor of Arts degree he set himself strenuously to fulfil his ambition in teaching. Being anxious to prepare himself thoroughly for his chosen work, he entered Johns Hopkins University, where he pursued a post graduate course. He then entered the University of Virginia, devoting his whole time to the study of mathematics. In June, '88, he took the M. A. degree at Wofford College. From the first he worked upon a deliberate resolve to succeed, and his friends were not surprised when he was made Assistant Headmaster of the Fitting School, with Prof. A. G. Rembert as Headmaster. He also taught at Evinston, Fla., where he formed the acquaintance of Miss Alice E. Wolfenden, to whom he was happily married on the 26th of June, 1890. In June, '95, he was elected by the board of trustees of Wofford College Professor of Mathematics in this institution. The trustees were exceedingly fortunate in their selection. They could have made no choice more satisfactory to the whole body of students.

Miss Harraden, the bright author of "Ships that Pass in the Night," never uttered a truer statement than when she said that the real importances of our existence are the nothingnesses of every-day life; the nothingnesses which the philosopher in his study, reasoning about and analyzing human character, is apt to overlook; but which, nevertheless, make him and everyone else more of a human reality and less of an abstraction.

So-called athletics have done much to injure other colleges, but Wofford has not suffered from an abuse of it. Foot ball, base ball and Y. M. C. A. work does not count in the course when one is working for a degree.

Arthur Bledsoe Cooke, A. M.,

The recently elected professor of French and German, at Wofford College, was born at Melton's, Louisa county, Va., on the fifteenth day of June, 1869. He received his early education in the public schools of that county, till his fifteenth year when he entered the high school of Gordonsville, Va. He spent three years of study in this school. In the fall of '86 he entered the Virginia Midland Academy, of Culpeper, where he spent one year, receiving the honor of the school, the medal for general scholarship. The next five years were spent in teaching; the first as assistant in the Gordonsville High School, the next two as principal of the graded school at Orange Virginia; and the next two as principal of Hatchie Academy, in Tennessee In the autumn of '92 he entered the University of Virginia where he pursued a continuous course of study for three years, graduating with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and further pursuing an advanced course in French for one year, and in German and Latin for two years each. As student and teacher Mr. Cooke has been very successful.

In August, '95, he was elected by the Board of Trustees of Wofford College to the chair of French and German in that institution. Having diligently pursued an advanced course in these languages he is eminently qualified, both by his talents and acquirements, to fill this position. The trustees and students of Wofford College ought to congratulate themselves upon securing the services of this able young teacher. May his connection with the college be profitable alike to himself and students.

Rev. Geo. W Holland, Ph., D. D.

The death of this eminent educator occurred at Newberry, S. ., September 30. The announcement of his death was a sad and sudden one, carrying grief and sorrow to the hearts of people in every section of this state and to many beyond its borders. He was known as one of the leading men in the Lutheran ' hurch, being for seventeen years president of Newberry College. He gave all of his energies to that institution, and it has been mainly through his work that that college has been placed on a par with the best colleges of the state. His last words were, "God bless Newberry College."

Dr. Holland was born in Augusta county, Va., and at the time of his death was in his 57th year. He graduated from Roanoke College, Va., with the class of '57. Shortly afterwards he married Miss Battle, a daughter of the president of Roanoake College. He studied theology in Union Theological Seminary, New York, and afterwards at Gettysburg Seminary, Pennsylvania, graduating from the latter with the class of '60. In that year he was licensed to preach by the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Virginia, and from '60 to '61 was pastor at Harrisonburg, Va. In '61 he joined the Confederate army and did gallant service through several years of the war, having lost his left arm in the campaigns of Northern Virginia in '63. In '64 he was elected to a professorship in Roanoke College which position he

held for three years, and then for six years again pastor at Harrisonburg. In 1873 he moved to this State and took charge of the Lutheran Church at Pomaria, Newberry county. He held this position for one year, when he was elected professor of Greek and Latin in the Newberry College which was then located at Walhalla. In '77 his institution was moved from Walhalla to Newberry, and the president, Dr. Smeltzer, having resigned, Dr. Holland was placed in charge of the institution. He acceptably and creditably discharged the duties of this position up to the time of his death. He was a polished gentleman, an eminent and close scholar, a citizen who held the respect and confidence of all who came in contact with him. By his death the Lutheran Church has lost one of her best members and the South one of her ablest educators.

Changes Here and There.

In the first issue it may not be out of place to call attention to some changes that have been made in the JOURNAL. The change we have made in the cover, we believe, will add in a very large measure to its appearance. That of last year was not as attractive as it ought to have been.

Those who are familiar with the JOURNAL of last year will note that an improvement has been made in the heads of the different departments. They are larger and are of a more appropriate character for a college magazine than the plain single line used before. The arrangement of the title and table of contents certainly present a more artistic effect, and the large black letters are in splendid accord with the white paper of the outside.

The editor had in view many other changes, but his associates thought that the expense would be more than could be well afforded. It is our opinion that it should be printed on fine white paper. Everything at Wofford is first-class; and though the mechanical make-up of

the JOURNAL is not a part of the College, it is as a rule considered the greatest part of a magazine. The JOURNAL represents the institution to the outside world; it should certainly go to it in a more attractive form. The pages ought to be made wider and longer. This would be a move toward the size of the more artistic magazine published at larger institutions. True, the pages would cost more by the page, but the number of them would be reduced and the price of publishing correspondingly reduced.

In the Alumni Department is published in this issue a full text of the address of Hon. W. J. Montgomery delivered before the Alumni Association last June—something that has not been done before. It is an excellent plea for the improvement of our common school system, and what Mr. Montgomery has to say on this question cannot fail to contain a great deal of interest for all of our readers. Heretofore the editors have strenuously held to the opinion that nothing, save articles written by the students of Wofford College, should appear in these pages. In the Literary, the Local and the Editorial Departments the matter will be furnished by the students of the college; but we have established an Alumni Department, and it is our purpose to make it as interesting to the Alumni of the college as possible. We want the Alumni to consider the pages of the JOURNAL open to the them whenever they care to use them. Indeed, the editor of that Department, Mr. Law, would like to have short communicatiens of some kind from three or four of them every month. Wofford College has behind it about forty-two years of history. During that time men have been sent out from her classic precincts that reflect honor and credit upon the institution. They naturally take a pride in the work of the college and feel interested in the students. Short letters from them would foster the college spirit of all our matriculates by bringing the old and new students together in one common interest. Do not wait for the editor to write you a

letter asking for a short article for the Alumni Department. Let us have it at once; it may not come out in the following issue, but it will show up some time. It is our purpose to keep up with the Alumni, and keep our readers informed as to their work. Reading the JOURNAL, then, is manifestly the best way to learn of the whereabouts of the old college boys. The subscription price is very low for such a publication, and every alumnus should take enough interest in the college to subscribe at once.

The Consoiidated Library.

It is believed that our consolidated library will play a large part in future college life. At present the number of books is about 8,000—an exceedingly fine neuclus for a library that Wofford intends to make equal to any in the South. The "Rules and Regulations" governing the new library have not been made public, but they will doubtless be as fair and reasonable as any student could desire. It has been decided by the Faculty to admit all Fitting-School students to the privileges of the reading room, and this will probably promote good fellowship between school and college. The librarian will be at his desk for a certain hour each afternoon, during which time all business will be transacted for both library and reading room.

It is hoped by faculty and students that the library will soon be the center of Wofford's intellectual life. There is a scheme afloat for the preservation of all important magazines coming to reading room—this in lieu of selling the same after a certain period. If the plan is put into operation, magazines containing valuable articles will be catalogued and kept within easy reach of any student wishing them for reference. The JOURNAL will have more to say on this subject in the next issue.

Now that the fitting school has been moved to a more desirable position—the Alumni Hall—it is hoped that it will be more generally patronized by the residents of the city.

The foot ball boys should realize that they will have to do regular work on the field in order to win this year. Those who know say that we have the best athletic material Wofford has ever had. It ought by all means to be developed.

We wonder if it ever occurs to some students that it is one of their college duties to give the JOURNAL as many good contributions as possible. Let us have all that you can. We may not publish all the articles that are received, but we must have plenty to choose from.

The consolidation of the two Society libraries with the College library is one of the greatest improvements that have been made at Wofford in a long time. The work of rearranging the books was under the management of Prof. Snyder, and to him much credit is due for the splendid appearance that it now presents.

The Board of Trustees of the Fitting School did the proper thing when they elected Mr. A Mason DuPre Assistant Headmaster of that institution. Mr. DuPre spent four years as a student here, and during that time he did honest, conscientious work. His conduct was such as to win for himself the respect and confidence of both the students and faculty.

The young ladies belonging to the Willard Literary Society of the Columbia Female College have decided to change its name to that of the Carlisle Literary Society, in honor of our widely known President, Dr. Carlisle.

It is eminently proper that this has been done. In honoring Dr. Carlisle they have honored themselves. The students of Wofford College appreciate in the highest degree this evidence of love and esteem which has been shown our worthy president.

It is not the purpose of the editor of this journal to censure anyone, but surely if the alumni of this institution were properly sensible of what is due to the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL and to themselves, our subscription list would be much larger than it is, and we would thereby be able to give our readers a more creditable magazine. We send out a number of sample copies with this issue. If you are not already a subscriber, the business manager will be glad to hear from your.

The committee of three who compiled the Y. M. C. A. Hand Book for new students deserve the thanks of the whole college and especially of the Association and the new men. The JORURNAL thinks the little book has done much to introduce the new students among us, and that its earnest appeal in behalf of the Y. M. C. A. has already had its good result in causing the new students to think seriously of this side of college life. The book is full of valuable information for those unacquainted with the college and town; and altogether this first attempt is a success and a good beginning for something better.

It is very gratifying to the well-wishers of the college that, with but very few exceptions, all of the students were ready for work on the first day. It is something in a man's favor to have it said of him that he is punctual. Cyrus W. Field on one occasion said that he considered half of his success in life to be due to his punctuality. He never failed to keep an engagement at the appointed moment. "I have made thousands upon

thousands of dollars," he said, "by being on hand at the right moment, and I consider punctuality as strong a point in a man's favor as—well, it is second only to honesty."

In view of the fact that many graduates and undergraduates, who are members of the different college fraternities in the United States, will visit Atlanta during the Cotton States and International Exposition, it has been decided by the Greek men in Atlanta to arrange for a grand Pan Hellenic Congress and Greek Letter Day at the Exposition. The eighteenth day of November has been selected as the most suitable one. The editor of the JOURNAL wishes to thank the committee, Messrs. Wm. W. Davis, John Young Garlington, Alfred C. Newell, James H. Garnsey, Sam N. Evans, Henry W. Grady and Hugh M. Dorsey for an invitation to be present. Parties who wish to attend are requested to write to one member of the committee before the time.

The college genins is on every campus—the student who pretends to accomplish much with little work. He boasts of having nothing to do, yet he can easily lead his class. If the truth were known that man is up half of the night on his studies. In short, he wants to appear bright and to do so is willing to act the hypocrite. Good results follow labor and thought It is reported of Alexander Hamilton that he once said to an intimate friend: "Men give me some credit for genius. When I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the efforts I make the people are pleased to call the fruits of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought." Thomas Carlyle had the correct idea of genius—an immense capacity for work.

A few months ago the editor of the JOURNAL heard a prosperous young farmer remark that he regretted very

much that he had not used an opportunity to secure a first-class college training; but "the country," he said, "cannot have all professional men. Some must farm and work." People cannot make a greater mistake than to think there is no use in an education except for a profession. It is a popular, but certainly a very incorrect, idea that a boy who intends to be a farmer or a mechanic has no use for a college or a university training. That young man could not tell what was before him. God may have intended him to be one of the country's greatest law-givers. Again, an education may be turned to good use in any vocation. A trained dog is worth more any time than an untrained one. Away with such ideas that only those young men should attend college who expect to enter some of the professions. You have no assurance that you will not be a professional man. At any rate it cannot injure you to prepare for such a life.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

L. P McGHEE, EDITOR.

"Influence is that wonderful power felt, yet unseen, recognized, yet unmeasured, which every human being of God's creation, however humble, possesses to a greater or less degree, and exerts for good or evil, both consciously and unconsciously, upon the lives of those with whom he comes in contact. . . . That we are responsible for our influence is plain. That which we consciously and intentionally exert is a part of our actions, and whether it be for good or for evil, it is voluntarily exerted and we recognize our responsibility for it." These are a few lines taken from an essay entitled "Influence" in the last issue of *The Mephistophelean*. At the beginning of a collegiate year these lines are worthy of every earnest man's serious consideration—every man from Freshmen to Seniors, but most especially to those in the higher classes. *The Mephistophelean* contains several other very interesting pieces on subjects likely to engage a student's attention. We enjoyed especially the one entitled "Sidney Lanier." In comparing this journal with those from many other colleges, we find it a model and according to our notion of college journalism. There are fewer departments and less space given to commonplace jokes than most other journals that have come to us. These two things should be looked to by several journals we have examined.

The May and June issue of *The Erskinian* shows a decided tendency among the contributors towards class history, the analyzing of fellow students, class poetry, and prophesying. This one seems a special issue along this line. These articles are full of college humor and are so meritorious in this branch of journalism that, if

the same talent were turned upon more purely literary subjects, we feel confident that *The Erskinian* would be a more interesting magazine to those not connected with the institution which it represents.

"Pagan and Christian Elements in Anglo-Saxon Literature" is the leading article in *The Carolinian.* The author of the piece had his matter well in hand and expressed it in a real, literary manner. The style of writing and the manipulation of the historical facts show a mastery of the subject. We judge it to be the best essay that has yet come to our notice. Another article, "Let Sectional Animosity be Forgotten," has some good advice to all of us· We can hardly be hurt by the following hint which is taken from this essay: "But this is an age of Christianity, and it is the duty of the Christian to forgive and forget. And though the South has been cruelly injured and maligned, the North, also, has been misrepresented, and motives imputed to her of which the *true* North was never guilty. Our common error has placed us upon an equal footing—let us make mutual apologies and start anew."

The Wake Forest Student stands among the first journals that we have read. The leading article, "Professor Tyndal," for so short an article, brings out in clear light the leading traits of this man's character. It is an exceedingly difficult thing for one to say enough in a half dozen pages to throw any light upon the life and character of a distinguished man. Every college journal will prove this if one will take the trouble to read the many biographical sketches published in them. There is hardly anything so tiring as a biographical sketch when badly written—ancestral descent back to the remotest ages, a long list of dates, long-winded eulogies, hysterical exclamations, enumeration of work, if an author, and such like; and on the other hand there is nothing so entertaining and inspiring as a well-written biography. The writer of this sketch has certainly picked out the

vital points and put them in such a manner as to bring before the mind's eye an image of the man he is talking about. The magazine devotes most of its pages to literary matter and subjects of interest to every man who is earnestly striving to enlarge his information and benefit his mind.

We have before us the May-June issue of *The Elan College Monthly*, which contains numberless articles upon various subjects. This journal of about fifty pages has between twenty-five and thirty pieces, some of them so good that we could appreciate them more if they were more lengthy. We by no means recommend articles of great length, but when one takes up a journal with so many short essays crowded upon each other he is not so apt to read them as he would be if they were fewer contributions and more thoroughly treated.

One of the neatest and most interesting magazines upon our desk is the *Mnemosynean*. "Part of Women in English Literature" is well worth reading by any student of English Literature. The author of this piece has not only shown what women have done in the past for literature, but also what they can still do along this line. There are several other articles beside this one that place this journal in the front rank of college magazines.

CLIPPINGS.

Great men and tramps expect more than any other class of people.

A man may run into debt, but he seldom comes out faster than a walk.

The conscientious Freshmen work
  To get their lessons rough:
The Juniors flunk the Sophomores shirk,
  The Seniors—oh! they bluff.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

ANDREW M. LAW, EDITOR.

A Plea for Public Schools.

The following is the full text of the address to the Alumni of Wofford College delivered by the Hon. W. J. Montgomery, of Marion, S. C.:

It will be conceded no doubt by every thoughtful and patriotic citizen that, at no time in the political history of the American Republic, has there been a greater necessity for a careful examination of the standards of principle upon which the Government is founded than the present. This is necessary in order that a correct idea of the relation of the citizen to the Government may be formed, there being an evident tendency in the frenzy of political partisanship to disregard the simple tenets laid down by the fathers and to ignore the fact that every citizen is an integral part of the Government, making the measure of public duty the amount of money which may be made out of the Government by holding public office, or otherwise. In other words this may be correctly styled the mercenary period in the life of the Government.

The purpose of these remarks will not make it necessary to set out and discuss in detail the unchanging principles upon which our Government is founded. The following familiar doctrines may be stated, to-wit: This is a Government of the people, by the people and for the people; all just powers of the Government are derived from these people. The allegiance of every State and of every citizen of every State to these principles will also be conceded, and this concession includes the sovereign State of South Carolina, she being one of

the original parties to the Federal compact wherein these principles were enumerated.

Without further general statement and without extending the scope of this inquiry to what other commonwealths have or have not done, the reflections of this hour will be directed to this point, whether or not South Carolina, in her educational policy, has in the past or is at present adopting the best means of preparing her youth to be true exponents and correct expressions of these principles. The single object of this discussion is, if possible, to awaken a keener interest among the citizens of this State in this great problem, the successful solution of which means so much to her future. This must be my apology for asking your attention to its consideration this evening.

As a deduction from the principles stated upon which this Government is based, every child born within the State, whether he comes forth into the world with the traditional silver spoon in his mouth, or whether he be a son of an illiterate backwoodsman, is, as matter of right, entitled at the hands of the State to at least such an education as will enable him to fiulfill the duties of citizenship, which the form of government under which it is presumed he will live imposes upon him. This under our system of government means that though born in poverty and of most humble parentage, every child that sees the light on American soil is born of a royal house and is heir apparent to a throne—the Presidency of these United States. It is an elevating conception that all citizens of this American Republic are born kings and princes. Though not of the lineage of the Honse of the Hapsburgs or of the House of Brunswick, indeed this American embryonic king may be without family name or fame, yet he is none the less entitled to all the rights of the purest blood that courses in a monarch's veins. This is a vested rtght attaching to every child that is born in this State and nation.

Having this right by right and virtue of his citizenship, the duty and responsibility of the State to see that he is prepared to exercise and assert it to the fullest extent follows as the night the day and cannot be cast aside. The natural inquiry is at once suggested, has the policy of our State along educational lines kept this object steadily in view, and has she so legislated as to accomplish this result? This discussion necessitates a cursory examination of the State's educational history. From this source it is learned that while the State by her legislation has acknowledged this right to a limited extent, she has been much more generous towards the establishment and support of institutions for higher education than she has for lower or common school education, the latter kind of education universally taught, it is here contended, being a necessary pre-requisite to the stability of the system of government projected by the fathers of the Republic.

ANTE-BELLUM SCHOOL POLICY.

As early as 1801 the law establishing the South Carolina College, not free public schools for the masses, was enacted, starting out with the following preamble and an appropriation of $50,000: "Whereas, the proper education of the youth contributes greatly to the prosperity of society, and always ought to be an object of legislative attention; and whereas, the establishment of a college in the central part of the State will highly promote the instruction, the good order and the harmony of the whole community, be it resolved," etc. Subsequently other most liberal appropriations were made to this institution, and amid all the shifting fortunes of the State in peace and war, with the exception of a short interval these appropriations have been continued until this day.

At this time, 1801, strange as it may seem to relate, no provision had been made for common school education, and it was not until 1811, ten years afterwards, that the

law providing for "free schools" was enacted without any preamble preceding it to herald to the world its objects and purposes. It would seem that the old Legislators did not regard common school education as the kind that contributes "greatly to the prosperity of society," but they did seem to so regard cclegiate education, for they so stated in the preamble quoted when the South Carolina College was established. The Free School Act provided that there should be schools equal in numbers to the members from each district, that is if there were two members from a district (now county) there should be two schools in such district, and the modest sum of $3,000 was appropriated for such schools. And as late as 1828 the beggarly sum of $37,000 was the only amount appropriated annually for free schools. It is thus seen that in the early history of the State higher education was projected and provided for on a scale of great liberality; while the schools for the masses, for the illiterate, were established on a wholly inadequate basis and provided for in a most parsimonious manner. May we not impute error to these wise men in the early days of our State's history in thus attempting to begin the structure of their educational system with higher education—at the capstone—instead of laying its foundation broad and deep in the bed rock of a common school education? No more could such a plan of building an educational system out of which must be created a well proportioned citizenship be approved in any school of political economy than would such a plan of architecture be approved in any well regulated school of mechanics.

The doctrine of educational evolution found no favor with those early projectors of our school system, and it will be attempted hereafter to demonstrate that their posterity have followed their bad example. How different did the old Puritans of Massachusetts Bay lay the foundation of their school system, which is now conceded to be the best and most complete in the United States. Its basic principles laid down as early as 1642

to 1647 may be resolved into two. (1) The universal education of youth is essential to the well being of the State. (2) It is the duty and prerogative of the State to enforce this education. The old Puritans had learned from the Protestant Revolution that learning was a sword and shield of which Luther in his address in 1524 to the councilmen of all the towns of Germany struck the keynote. Said he: "A city's increase consists not alone in heaping up great treasures, in building solid walls, or in multiplying artillery. But this is the best and richest increase, prosperity and strength of a city —that it shall contain a great number of polished, learned, intelligent, honorable and well-bred citizens, who, when they have become all this, may get wealth and put it to good use. Since, then, we must have citizens, we are not to wait until they have grown up. We can neither hew them out of wood nor carve them out of stone. We must use the appointed means, and with all cost and care rear up and mould our citizens."

NO CHANGE OF POLICY.

It is unnecessary, and it would be a violation of the proprieties of this occasion, to trace in detail the history of the State's policy in reference to providing for common school and higher education as exhibited by her Legislative enactments from time to time. The extracts quoted above show comparatively what the State's policy was when both were first undertaken. An examination of the present statute law and the reports of the State Superintendent of Education, according to the contention of this discussion, amply prove that the policy adopted in 1801 and 1811 has not materially changed in all the years that have intervened from then till now.

At page 5 of the report of the Superintendent of Education for 1893 the Superintendent makes the following significant observation: "The Legislature has always been liberal in supporting State institutions for higher learning, and I trust I may be excused for calling your

attention to the fact, without intending to injure these institutions, that there is spent annually in the support of the four State institutions for higher learning for whites, which have not an aggregate of seven hundred pupils, an amount in the neighborhood of one-half as much as is spent on the education of ninety odd thousand white children, who attend the public schools of the State." Again at page 10 of this report he says: "Spartanburg County had this year 13,479 pupils in attendance on her public schools and spent on their education much less money than was spent on the few pupils who attended the South Carolina College during the year." When tested by figures this report of Superintendent Mayfield means that the State spent to make citizens through the South Carolina College in 1893 in time, nine months and in money four hundred and sixty dollars per capita, and to make citizens in the Old Iron District in time three and a third months and in money $2.08 per capita.

FUNDS FOR HIGHER EDUCATION.

In 1894 there was expended by the State for higher education the following sums: To the South Carolina College $30,000, to the Citadel Academy $20,000, Clemson College $84,619.12, and the two latter institutions received from other sources $54,656, and there was enrolled at these institutions a total of 742 students, making (if the total enrollment attended these institutions during the entire session) the cost per capita $206 to the State. There was expended on the public schools, including the graded schools, in 1894, $532,767.25, and there was a total enrollment of 226,766 in these schools, making a per capita expenditure of $2.30 each, or if the negro children are excluded from this calculation, there would be a per capita expenditure in round numbers of $5.00 each and the average school session for the year was 4.3-10 months. In this statement no account has been taken of the immense sums of money which have

been and are being laid out for the buildings at Clemson and the Industrial College for Women and the use of convicts by the hundreds and fifties, while last year the modest sum of $25,000 was expended for school houses for about a quarter of a million of children in the public schools. It should be stated that it is not intended by those comparisons to charge that the cost of education in the State institutions is too high; on the contrary it is admitted that the cost is reasonable, but the comparisons are made to bring out in sharp contrast the striking inequalities of the policy pursued by the State in expending money so lavishly for higher education while she doles out to her common schools such a niggardly pittance.

Under its present laws the State has but two ways of raising money for public schools, viz: The poll tax and the constitutional two mill tax. Many of the more wealthy and more populous communities of the State, recognizing the fact that an illiterate citizenship means a degraded and corrupt citizenship, have imposed upon themselves extra and additional burdens of taxation in order that their children may have the rudiments of an education. This is no part of the State's educational policy, and for it she deserves no thanks. These schools are local, and have sprung up from absolute necessity.

In the $532,000, reported by Mr. Mayfield as raised for public schools last year, the amounts arising from these special tax levies in the graded school districts of the State are included. When they are deducted one-fifth of the amount raised is taken away, and the comparison becomes still more startling.

It is legitimate to inquire why the State from its earliest history to the present has pursued such a liberal policy towards higher education and has given comparatively such small consideration to public or common school education. May it not be answered in a word, that a wealthy, cultivated, slave-holding element dominated the affairs of the State from the earliest days of

her Statehood until after the war, and that her educational policy was shaped in accord with their taste and conceptions of what was the "proper education of youth," as stated in the preamble to the Act establishing the South Carolina College.

EDUCATION SINCE THE WAR.

After the war hallowed memories and associations clustered around the old South Carolina College and the Citadel. Their graduates and students had won renown for themselves and their State in the forum and on the tented field. They were still marked men all over the State; the buildings and grounds in Columbia and Charleston remained the property of the State, while a deep rooted prejudice existed against appropriating money by the State where the negroes would be the largest beneficiaries. With such friends and under the conditions then existing it was but natural at the time that the old policy should have been revived. It is quite unnatural, however, that it should have been continued for thirty years practically the same with but a single break, to-wit: the adoption of the constitutional two mill tax. And this two mill tax was a political concession made in 1876 to catch the negro vote and enthuse the poor element of whites with the prospect of better educational advantages. It is thus evident that while this two mill tax has been a great benefit to the free schools of the State, and Gen. Hampton and the other patriots of that memorable period deserve great honor for its adoption, yet it must be conceded that it was adopted rather as a matter of political expediency than as a permanent basis upon which to build a public school system. It is further an historical fact, politically speaking, that a large and influential white element in the State has never been satisfied with its adoption because the negro population share its beneficient provisions. Already many political prophets forecast that this two mill tax will be wiped out of existence by the forthcoming Constitutional Convention, and what legislation if

any on this subject will be substituted no one will undertake to predict.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS NEGLECTED.

Since the two mill tax provision became a law, nearly twenty years ago, the public school system as such, has had no favoring legislation from the State. Doubtless in the temper of political sentiment as it has existed since that time any scheme that might have been proposed would have met defeat at its inception because the negro population would share its benefits. While this short-sighted political sentiment has ruled to the ends of the State for the past thirty years, the public school system has been an acknowledged farce, and a large percentage of the poor white children, mute and helpless, have been, and are still, groping in the black darkness of hopeless illiteracy. It is submitted that by this course of action not only a great wrong to these children is being perpetrated and perpetuated, but their vested rights ignored, the great principles upon which the Commonwealth is founded set at naught, and its high mission threatened with defeat on account of an ignorant citizenship. While thus being stabbed to the heart over the shoulder of the unfortunate negro, the white illiterates of the State might well say to both factions of the Democratic party in South Carolina, in the language of Mercutio: "We are hurt." "A plague on both your houses."

LAVISH AID TO COLLEGES.

Higher education, however, has not been dealt with so unkindly. It has had and still has friends in the halls of Legislature and on the hustings. When the white people returned to power in 1876 the South Carolina College and the Citadel were reopened and money flowed freely out of the State treasury for their support. The South Oarolina College took on the university system, and an effort was made to popularize it by making its curriculum embrace every study that it was thought

would run current with popular favor. It had at one time, as I remember, 26 professors for about 200 students. It then became an issue in politics on account of the free tuition feature, and because the farmers contended they wanted a college of their own, where applied agriculture and mechanics might be taught. A new order of things came about. The South Carolina College was emasculated, but its appropriations continued. The bequest of Mr. Clemson was made the nucleus, the name of Mr. Calhoun was used to conjure with, the prejudices of the farmers appealed to, large appropriations of money, including the phosphate royalty and unlimited number of convicts, resulted in that magnificent institution with a capacity for 600 students, located under the shadow of the Blue Ridge. Higher education, it seems, had now become a fad, the State had three institutions, including the Winthrop Normal School, besides there were seventeen other private male and female institutions for higher education in the State, notwithstanding the cry of poverty was heard throughout the State, and the tax gatherer was literally grinding the faces of the poor. In all the liberal provisions made for higher education by the State, woman's interests had not been provided for and, with a unanimity of political sentiment not hitherto manifested for years, it was decided to establish a great industrial school for women, which is now about complete. Last year $50,000 and all the convicts needed, and this year $75,000 and all the convicts needed, have been appropriated to build this institution.

It may be safely asserted that during the past five years the State has expended at least one million dollars on higher education, and the surest road to higher political preferment has been found in some one of the schemes proposed for higher education. Even in the last State canvass every speaker, from the candidates for Governor down, was vehement in his allegations of what great things had been done and were being done

for higher education by the State; indeed it might have been presumed from the tenor of the speeeches that every boy and girl in the State between 6 and 16 years of age was prepared to enter the Freshman class at Wofford or any other college of similar grade.

This imperfect review of the comparative support afforded by this State to higher education must make bare to candid minds the gross inequalities of the policy which has been pursued.

Without turning aside in this discussion to question the right of the State as such to go beyond providing the rudiments, the three R's of an education, for her children, it is charged that sound political economy teaches no doctrine that favors spending money with such a lavish hand for the higher education of the few, when illiteracy, the deadly enemy of a Government which depends for its strength and stability upon the intelligence of its citizens, holds in its grasp according to the census of 1890, 45 per cent of its population of the age of 10 years and over.

DENOMINATIONAL COLLEGES.

If the policy pursued in this State could be justified on the ground of necessity, it would furnish some apology for its adoption; but it cannot be forgotten that for years prior to the war there were, and there are to-day, institutions—colleges, if you please—throughout the State, seventeen in number, ample in facilities and scholarship, ready to furnish higher education to every young man and woman in the State who will enter their gates. In all the vicissitudes of the State their doors have stood wide open to the young men and women of the State seeking higher education. Indeed, it should never be forgotten by every true patriot that during that darkest period in the State's civil history, from 1868 to 1877, when this proud Commonwealth was known far and wide as the "Prostrate State," and her higher institutions of learning were under the domination of the alien and the stranger, the boy soldiers and those who

had grown to manhood and womanhood during the war, many of them "without scrip or purse," knocked at the door of those institutions. Their doors were thrown wide open and a hearty welcome accorded to each and all, and from the mintage of these colleges men and women were fent forth bearing their stamp—that of true manhood and womanhood upon them. Yet, strange it would be to relate, were it not in accord with that ingratitude for which republics are noted, no sooner had the State been restored to the control of her own citizens did she not only fail to recognize the service they had rendered, but became their sharpest competitor by offering free tuition. Well might these noble old institutions say to any of their sons who have assisted in adopting this policy, in the language of old King Lear: "How sharper than a serpent's tooth 'tis to have a thankless child." It is pleasant, however, to know that many—it is believed all—of the alumni of these old institutions of the period referred to, each one of whom can say from his heart:

> The mother may forget her child
> She fondled at her knee,
> But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
> And all that thou hast done for me.

The foregoing reflections have been directed more to exposing the inequality of the legislation of this State and its effect upon higher and common school education than in attempting to show the necessity in our State for universal education At the risk of stating matters which, before an audience of this intelligence, may be considered commonplace, a few statements on this point will be ventured.

THE DANGERS OF IGNORANCE.

Thoughtful students of our State's history for the past twenty years have the greatest apprehension for the future of our political institutions without an absolutely pure ballot, and candor compels this speaker to say that he shares these apprehensions. A pure ballot

is of necessity predicated upon an intelligent ballot; and there cannot be an intelligent ballot until the masses are sufficiently educated to appreciate its vast power. Mr. Wayland, in his work on Political Economy, says "the dissemination of knowledge among a people will be made to the extent that provision is made for their universal instruction in the elements of a common school education." "The interest," says he, "of every man demands that all his fellow citizens should be able to read and write, to keep accounts, to understand geography, and thus possess the means of self-government." As a principal means to effect and stimulate this diffusion of knowledge this author further says:

"The right of suffrage should be restricted to those who are able to read and write and that provision should be made in every neighborhood for the education of all children under a certain age." This was sound, political doctrine in 1837 when Dr. Wayland wrote it, and has gained additional strength since by the failures that have been made where its teachings have been ignored. The applicntion of this doctrine in my humble judgment would be a blessing to South Carolina to-day. It would, however, be manifestly unfair to fix an educational qualification for suffrage and not to provide the citizen an opportunity to qualify. The crying need of the hour, according to my apprehension of our political surroundings, is more and better common schools; not schools alone for the classes, but schools also for the masses; not schools in the thickly-settled, well-to-do country communities alone; but in the poorer and sparsely settled sections also; not schools for land owners' children alone, but for their tenants as well; in a word, public schools disseminating universal education. Pry up the masses with the leverage of universal education and thus release them from the bondage of illiteracy.

STOP AID TO STATE COLLEGES.

It may be suggested that this sounds well in theory,

but that it cannot be carried into practice on account of (1) the State's poverty ; (2) the negro in our midst. To the first suggestion it is replied (1) stop these extravagant appropriations for higher education until the masses have at least the three R's of an education and give more money to the common schools. Better tear down these massive buildings and sell the debris for firewood than have an ignorant and consequently a depraved citizeuship. (2) Make the attendance upon the common schools compulsory.

THE NEGRO WILL BE CARED FOR.

To the second suggestion it is replied that the negro and his friends are taking care of his education. Dr. Currie, rgent of the Peabody fund, startled the Georgia Legislature a few years ago by telling it that the negroes were making more rapid strides in the attainment of an education than the same class of whites, and other thoughtful observers confirm the opinion expressed by this eminent authority. Besides, Northern money has been and is being poured into the South to educate the negroes. Dr. Mayo is authority for the statement that at least $50,000,000 has been spent in the South since the war to educate the negro. It is well known that there is not a city of any considerable size in the South but has one or more institutions for the education of the negro supported wholly or in part by Northern money, and many of them, such as Claflin, in this State, are doing fine work. So it is needless to halt longer in extending aid to common school education because it will aid the negro, even if it were conceded, and it is not, that the negro should not be educated. The policy I have indicated would not only improve our citizenship but give a fresh impetus to every institution for higher education in the State. Argument is not needed to enforce the statement. Every boy or girl who has the desire for an education once awakened, though born in a log hut, will shake off his or her surroundings as the lion shakes the dew drops from his mane.

AN EFFECTIVE PERORATION.

Brethren of Wofford, you have my message. You will doubtless acquit me of intending by its delivery to win political favor or popular applause, because you will recognize that the positions here taken run counter to much that is in favor with the public just now. The issue, however, which these remarks suggest is one that has in the past enlisted the sympathy and support of the best talent of the best men of our nation's history, and we can make no mistake in the following where they have led. It means the upbuilding and maintenance of our common country. It battles in behalf of the weak, the poor, the unfortunate. It seeks to provide that which gives to the State a better citizenship, to the individual a friend that never forsakes. Riches may take wings and fly away, the fountains of love may dry up, but an education, in its true sense, once obtained flows on with the gentleness of the Gulf Stream and with the constancy of God's own sunlight.

WOFFORD DIRECTORY.

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FRATERNITIES.

Alpha Tau Omega, Kappa Alpha; Kappa Sigma.
Pi Kappa Alpha; Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Chi Phi;
Chi Psi.

L. P. McGee, Caterer of Wightman Hall.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

O. D. WANNAMAKER, EDITOR.

We shall have—not *a* foot-ball team—but *the* foot-ball team of the year. We are anxious to get up some games and think we shall succeed. The local congratulates Mr. Dendy on his promptness in setting the men to training. More later.

The medal offered by the Calhoun Society for the best essay was awarded to Mr. Augustus S. Hydrick. Mr. Adlai E. Holler won the medal of the Preston Society The medal offered by the Alumni for the best essay on a scientific subject was given to Mr. Geo. W. Fooshe, of '95.

The local editor, being a small man, and moreover very modest, begs the indulgent public to excuse him from any formal introduction of himself and his views on the subject or journalism. He hopes to guide himself by the criticisms, favorabie and adverse, of other college journals, and at the same time to preserve some degree of originality and freshness.

The exercises of commencement were rendered more impressive by the presentation of a beautiful watch to Dr. Carlisle—a gift of the Alumni and a token of their love for the Doctor. Hon. Samuel Dibble presented the gift in an appropriate and earnest speech expressive of the feeling that prompted the old students in their action. Modesty prevents my alluding further to an incident bringing to us all feelings too deep for words.

The trustees conferred the degree of D. D. upon our former professor and agent—and still our friend—the Rev. J. C. Kilgo, of Trinity College, N. C., and upon the Rev. Bigham, an eminent member of the North Georgia

Conference. Mr. Bigham is now educational secretary of the Southern Methodist Church. Messrs. C. R. Calhoun, '93, P. B. Wells, '94, D. D. Wallace, '94, W. A. Dagnall, '92, W. S. Hall, Jr., '91 took the degree A. M.

From present outlook it seems that the Soph's. want to beat the record for a large class. If they graduate more than 34 the faculty should present them with a gold medal.

The commencement season of 1895 was one of great pleasure to all the friends of old Wofford and of the young manhood of South Carolina. Right nobly did our Alumni respond to the hearty invitation of their Alma Mater and of the many friends in the city. From the very first the Societies and Fraternities and the student body as a whole, enjoyed and appreciated the presence of so many older college boys—and they were all boys while here where memory reviewed the life of boyhood. The College owes its thanks, and the local editor takes this opportunity of extending them, to the people of Spartanburg. We believe they love the College and we are sure the college loves them. Their hospitality in opening doors to the Alumni of the College added not a little to the pleasure of commencement.

So this was one source of unusual enjoyment and then the class graduating was such an exceptionally large and fine one that commyncement was necessarily a big occasion.

Sunday morning the chapel was packed long before the hour for preaching and seats had to be placed in the aisles for the late-comers. Of all the immense crowd certainly no one could have regretted having come out to hear the sermon by Dr. Tillett. The Dean's sermon was truly a noble one. His voice suited the chapel well and was deep and clear. It is enough to say that his earnest manner, good voice and rich thought held the close attention of the large, crowded audience for more than an hour.

The address of Dr. Carlisle to the students on Sunday night was of the nature of all our beloved president's addresses—strong and broad. It is, indeed, useless to say the talk was enjoyed. Anything else would be strange to a Spartanburg audience.

Hon. J. P. Kennedy, Bryan of Charleston, delivered the literary address to the Societies. This is always one of the chief features of our commencements and our speaker had a large attentive audience. Briefly introducing the theme by a few remarks on the subject of literary societies, Mr. Bryan took up the theme of *The Progress of Civilization* and treated it in a rapid, energetic style. We regret that the gentleman's voice was not well adapted to our chapel and parts of his speech were not heard by those seated in the rear. The parts of his address in which the speaker became deeply in earnest and strengthed his voice were well received; and a rapid summary which he gave of the progress of our country was characterized by an excellent judge as a "piece of literature in itself."

Monday night was the battle of the Juniors over the question "Resolved, that present politlcal conditions indicate the need of a new political party." Messrs. Paul Hardin and Smith, L. B., of the Calhoun and Preston Societies respectively, spoke on the affirmative against Messrs. Stoll and Wannamaker, of the Preston and Calhoun respectively, on the negative. Messrs. Smith and Hardin proved their view satisfactorily to all concerned, except Mr. Stoll and Mr. Wannamaker.

The Alumni address delivered by Mr. W. J. Montgomery appears in another part of this issue.

All the foregoing was but a preliminary to the great day, Tuesday. Every class and every member of every class was obliged to feel proud of the class of '95. They called themselves the 34 Immortals, were favorites with the faculty, with the students, with base balls, foot balls, tennis balls, and a few with the balls referred to in "After the Ball. In other words the class of '95 was the

very bone and sinew of the athletics and literary and social life amoug the students. They were a set of hard students and good "Society" men. We shall miss them. Long and happy may they all live, noble boys of '95! The speeches on Tuesday were bright and entertaining and not only that but they were full of good thought. The large audience enjoyed them—substance and length.

The Journal for October has been delayed by the trouble of securing advertisements and several other things. The issues hereafter will come out promptly on the 15th.

The usual glad-to-see-you assembling of all the students, under the direction of the Y. M. C. A., was very pleasant. It was held Friday night just before the meetings of the Societies, which were postponed one hour for this purpose. For reasons thought sufficient, the Association did not furnish refreshments, but the new students do not feel that they are any less warmly welcomed among us. A hearty greeting to all by the Journal. We wish you hard work and plenty of it.

It is a pleasure to the local department here also to extend our welcome to Prof. Cook, who takes the German and French. May his life among us be very pleasant. At the same time, Prof. Easter retains his place in our esteem, and far up in Virginia, we hope he sometimes remembers old Wofford and the Wofford boys.

To the new men: Next to your duty strictly as a student reciting in the class room, lies your duty as a student and a young man to support the Association that has striven to make you happy and at home during your first few days in college. It repays you ten-fold in strengthening Christian character and manhood. Join the Y. M. C. A.

FOOT-BALL.

Foot ball enthusiasm is stronger among the whole body of students than ever before in our history. All the old boys among last year's elexen, who did not grad-

uate are back and at work training and helping the Freshmen get ready for a victory. In the Fresh class we have a considerable number of boys who will be good players, but they of course need patient and constant training for several weeks. We intend to play winning ball, and we ask the support of all the students. All of us, whether we play or not, want the college to win; and, in order for her to do this, we must have a helping hand from every one. You do not know the meaning of college pride and will not until you see the team of '96 taking the field and winniug the game, and hear the old yell, all together:

Hackey! Hackey! Hackey!
Sis boom ah!
W. C., W. C., Rah! Rah! Rah!

B. OF THE OLD ELEVEN.

The enthusiasm spoken of by "B" was very evident in the audience that heard Prof. Snyder's address Friday evening on the subject of athletics. Many went into the chapel already hoart and soul for the foot-ball game, and those who were wavering, after hearing Professor's address were anxious to pay the fee and become members of the Athletic Association. About seventy-five members must have been enrolled. After Prof. Snyder's address the students were loud in their calls for Prof's. Rembert and Cook and these gentlemen also expressed in a few words their interest in our athletic spirit. Capt. Dendy thanked the boys for coming out and begged them to join. We then heard a tale about a little boy who was once very much fri0htened, from little Mr. Williamson, who was in the same fix. The meeting adjourned to the grounds where the teams gave us an exhibition of their playing.

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NOVEMBER, 1895

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WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

GIST GEE, EDITOR.

An English Writer on the Carolinas.

MEDAL ESSAY FOR THE CALHOUN SOCIETY, BY A. S. HYDRICK, JR.

Some people are of the opinion that a person who desires to publish an article on Southern life, Southern literature, or any kindred subject renounces by that desire the privileges appertaining to an honest writer, and that there must appear no little perplexity in finding the materials for an account of a literature so meagre and among the makers of it so few men of transcendent merit and genius, and of these the greater number predominated by a foreign element and influence. From this opinion, however well it may at first seem founded, the writer wishes to dissent. In the old or modern arrangement of Southern society it is not true that a man of genius could "ask for bread and receive a stone;" yet that impression seems to have been the one scattered to the four winds of the earth. Men have written about the South, and have implied in very strong terms that the inventor of a strange kind of a cat-o'-nine-tails is pretty sure of a priceless reward in his own day; but the writer of a true poem, "like the apostle of a true religion, is nearly as sure of the contrary." Among such men may be placed Prof. Nichol, of the University of

Glasgow, and one of the most celebrated English teachers. His statements about the South, and most especially the very absurd one about the two Carolinas, take away from him that degree of respect which the Southern people are disposed to extend to European authors. He says:

"The attractive culture of the South has been very limited in extent and degree. The hot-house fruit of wealth and leisure, it has never struck its roots deep into native soil. Since the Revolution days, when Virginia was the nurse of statesmen, the few thinkers of America born South of Mason and Dixon's line—outnumbered by those belonging to the single State of Massachusetts—have commonly migrated to New York or Boston in search of a literary training. In the world of letters at least, the Southern States have shown by a reflected light; nor is it too much to say that mainly by their connection with the North have the two Carolinas been saved from sinking to the level of Mexico or the Antilles." [See article, "American Literature," last issue of Encyclopædia Britanica, Vol., 1, page 719.]

I have chosen this paragraph as the subject of this essay, and for the length of the essay have no apology to make. It covers a very wide subject, and if I accomplish no more by it, which at best must be very imperfect, than to relieve the minds of a few readers of the false and slanderous impressions that have been made, I I shall feel rewarded for my effort. The writer feels confident that the reader will not censure the choice of the undertaking; at the worst one can censure only the performance of it. * * * It does seem that community of speech ought to be a bond of union; but in this particular it seems to have been a medium of offense. * * * As a general thing it is better for a people to be described by a stranger; his perceptions are not likely to be hardened by long familiarity; he is struck by the principal characteristics, and most usually treats the subject with special reference to them.

Such, however, is not true with regard to Prof. Nichol. It would have been better for him to have left that work to an American, or, at least, to some one more capable of doing justice to the Southern people. He was evidently not well acquainted with the historical facts of this nation, and, therefore, wholly unprepared to write accurately and intelligently about us. He has been very unlucky in the choice of a subject, and the managers of the Encyclopædia Britanica certainly unfortunate in inviting him to contribute to that publication upon such a subject They would have done much better to have had him to write about Shakespeare or Ben Johnson; he is, perhaps, better acquainted with them. He wrote about the Southern people because he had read about them, and that was done because he was asked to write. The consnquence is that he has been placed in the position of that author who had to describe men and things without having either a correct or a vivid idea of them, and that he often fell into errors of a very serious kind. He wrote because he had to say something, not that he had something to say. True.Prof. Nichol may have thought he was as accurate as accurate could be, having obtained his information from American authors; but we conceive thatunder such conditions he would have done well to imitate the courteous and impartial correspondent of a newspaper who found himself compelled by duty to report the condition of a public institution. He, we are told, defended successfully that institution until he had made an opportuntty to study its condition for himself. In the same way one who purposes to write an article presumably for popular information on a large part of a continent should first acquaint himself with the people and affairs of that country. * * *

We admit, indeed, that in this country we boast of great material prosperity; we have directed our energies mainly upon the accumulation of wealth. Our writers, eminently qualified by their talents and ac-

quirements, have strained their forces to influence the public mind mainly in political matters. We invite committees from the North to visit our cotton factories and to take back with them new ideas of the manufacture of cotton goods without asking them to visit our public schools. But this is certainly not sufficient cause for some writers of that section to assert that the Southern people have been wholly without an air of culture. The source of the error of Prof. Nichol's views lies in some assertions that have been made by some Northern historians who did not know the facts about which they wrote, or who have utterly failed to apply to the facts of history the plainest principles of historic interpretation. We do not allude so much to deficiency of facts or documents as to the limited and imperfect application of them to the great end of treating the past. Of this we have abundant proof. * * * * To illustrate, take a quotation from "Bryant's Popular History of the United States." The author, while criticising a celebrated speech of Mr. Webster, which was an appeal to the people of the North not to hinder and obstruct the "Fugitive Slave Law," says: "He [Webster] would not or could not see that the question was one not simply of the ownership of black men, but of the supremacy of an ill-born, ill-bred, uneducated and brutal handful of slaveholders over a people of a higher strain of blood, with centuries of gentle breeding and a high degree of moral and intellectual training behind them." Mr. Bryant's notions upon this subject must certainly appear extravigant, but if they are really of consequence enough to be recorded for the instruction of school children, they ought to be answered with some argument. But, before we proceed to do so, it may be well to tarry for a few moments, and make note of several other New England writers who have not written about the people of the South as dispassionately as they ought to have done. Mr. Emerson, on one occasion, spoke of the Southern people as being "not civilized, but barbarous." Mr. Mc-

Master, in his "History of the People of the United States," while writing of the early history of the different colonies, says: "In the Southern States education was almost wholly neglected, but nowhere to such an extent as in South Carolina. In that colony prior to 1730, no such thing as a grammar school existed." In another part of the same work he says that the condition of the people of the South "with reference to education as compared with the Eastern and Middle States was most deplorable." In 1880, there appeared in the "International Review," edited by Messrs. John T. Morse and Henry Cabot Lodge, of Boston, an essay on Henry Timrod. The writer intimates that the Southern people were, in point of civilization, "on a par with Australian bushmen," and that he had thought the South could not give birth to a true poet. Co-existing circumstances certainly modified him, and he in turn affected them. In culture, in extent of view, Timrod may have stood above the average southerner, but his words, "if they are earnest and sincere," found some response within the people who lived about him, "for in spite of all casual varieties in outward rank or inward, as face answers to face, so does the heart of man to man." The imagination that shudders at the hell of Dante is the same faculty, weaker in a large measure, which created the picture. So the genius that called into being the lyric "Carolina," is the same with power added by being still more patriotic. The true poet finds in external circumstances a help which inspires him to his work. Yet the writer of that essay on Henry Tenirod cannot understand why or how the people of the South could produce a true poet. There is but one explanation to the simple mystery. His intimation that the "Southern people were on a par with Australian bushmen" is false. * * *

Rev. Stafford Brooke, in 1880, prepared for D. Appleton & Co. a lengthy article on "English Literature with Special Reference to American Works." The entire work includes nearly two hundred pages of closely

printed matter; and, although the author states in the preface that it was his purposo to make it as inclusive and as general as possible, he has not more than a dozen sentences in his entire work on Southern writers. Mr. John C. Calhoun is mentioned in but one paragraph of the entire production, and this one is headed "Political Discussions." It reads:

"The debates in Congress have had influence in moulding that portion of 'American Literature' which belongs to politics, as understood in the best sense; for the laws of the government and its policy at different times have always interested the thinking portion of the people. This arises from the nature of the case, when they, as voters, have to do with the government of the nation. It was a brilliant period in this field when Henry Dlay, John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster, Robert Y. Hayne and others discussed questions of national importance. These discussions have been reported and are valuable as specimens of eloquence. The marked contrast of these great leaders is very striking. Webster's speeches and addresses, arguments and State papers read today as if imbued with the spirit that inspired them at the moment of delivery, and they are almost as fresh to the reader as they were to the hearer; they glow with the eloquence of thought. Henry Clay's are smooth and eloquent, but need the grace, the animation of the orator, who, at the time by his magnetism, allured his hearers into sympathy with himself, and compelled acquiescence in his arguments. Calhoun, more theoretical than practical, held his hearers by the fascination of easy flowing sentences that were designed to support fine-spun theories. His was the eloquence of metaphysics, but to his readers cold and plausible."

The author then proceeds to give a lengthy discussion of Mr. Webster's work, and by his silence on Mr. Calhoun implies that he did not take rank with Mr. Webster. He mentions only one other South Carolinian in his book, William Gilmore Simms, and speaks of Paul

H. Hayne and Henry Timrod as being from the State of Georgia, when in fact both of these men were born and raised in South Carolina. * * *

Views in substantial accord with these have been expressed by many of the foremost writers of the North; but I deem it unnecessary to make any further citations. * * * In the light of such statements from American authors, it is no wonder that Prof. Nichol, an Englishman, writes as he does about us. It is, indeed, a great pity that such authors as Messrs. Emmerson, Bryant and Morrison should have been so influenced by their dislike of one section of the country as to lose all sight of the fact that the people of the South were their own neighbors. They ought to have known better. Prof. Nichol, it is possible, did not have an opportunity of learning. This calls to one's mind the words of Thomas Carlyle: "If he seek truth, is he not our brother and to be pitied? If he does not seek truth, is he not our brother and to be pitied still more?" Who can justify his monstrous slander? Certainly the facts of history do not support it. Vituperation, O, 'tis a monstrous sin! * * *

If the people of the South were, as Messrs. Emerson and others say, "not educated, but ignorant and brutal," it is, indeed, a most remarkable fact that Charleston, S. C. should have at one time been recognized as one of the literary centers of America, second only to Boston. This section is really the New England of America; it came nearer repsesenting old English life than did the extreme northern colonies Massachusetts was too much oppressed by religious ideas. To me it is a question whether or not such charges would have been made had the writers only made an effort to verify their statements. * * *

One result of Mr. McMaster's quotation, that "in the Southern States education was almost wholly neglected, but nowhere to such an extent as in the Carolinas," has been the appearance of an excellent essay on "Colonial Education in South Carolina," by Gen. Edward Mc-

Crudy, in which the slander has been clearly refuted and "the true attitude of South Carolina towards education in colonial times is brought more clearly to the light." But the testimony of the party charged of an offense is not always ample and convincing. On this subject, I wish to introduce the remarks of that celebrated historian, Mr. J. C. Ridpath, who has written less dispassionately about the Southern people than perhaps any other writer from the great State of which he was a citizen. He says:

"The people who colonized South Carolina were brave and chivalrous. On the banks of the Santee, the Edisto and the Combahee were gathered some of the BEST ELEMENTS OF EUROPEAN NATIONS. The Huguenots, the Scotch Presbyterian, the English dissenter, the loyalists and high churchmen, the Irish adventurer and the Dutch mechanic composed the powerful material out of which soon grew the beauty and renown of the Palmetto State." * * *

A reader who looked down upon the affairs of men about the year 1668 saw several small vessels battling with the high waves of the Atlantic, slowly and anxiously working their way to the wild shore in the West. On them were intellects among the best of that age, gifted and accomplished graduates of Oxford and Cambridge. There were poets, historians, novelists, biograyhers and essayists." "Raleigh, the Historian," pointed out the path to the Old North State. The early visitors to South Carolina were the Sales and the Wests and other men of note. They wrote accounts of their adventures, and various descriptions of the country appeared from the pens of the different visitors. But the intellect of the early settlers soon gave way to something else. The settlers had to pay more attention to their rice and indigo fields than to the establishment of a great university. With the early settlement of any country there is something more important than the writing of books, something more pleasant than a fine

narrative, something more life-like than the fancies and splendors in which the poet rejoices and loses himself, something more substantial than the dreams of the novelist—it is the gaining of a livelihood. Those were days of action, not of tne expression of thought about it. People make history before they sing about it. This is true not onlp of the American people, but of every people. As soon as the visitors were fixed in their new houses they began to establish schools. They were intelligent, accomplished, trained in the great universities of the old world, or self-educated and fond of literary pursuits. They founded schools, and thus handed through generations the intelligence and culture which they had gathered by contact with European civilization. The industry of the people was extraordinary. Throughout the State a taste for literature prevailed. Cultivated men everywhere set an example of careful study. Intelligent lawyers, merchants and farmers were found in every part of the country. Dr. Ramsay, in his history, says that "a knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages and of mathematics could be obtained in Carolina any time after 1711, or the forty-second year after the settlement of the province." * * *

The sons of wealthy men were frequently sent abroad for their literary training. Hugh S. Legare remarks that before and just after the Revolution many—perhaps it would be most accurate to say that most—of the youths of opulent families were educated at English schools and universities. Instead of education having been wholly neglected in the South in Colonial times, it seems that the people of this State regarded it as of the foremost importance, and were determined that their sons should receive not only the very best that America could afford, but the best to be found abroad. "Such a constant and close intercourse," says one who has made a very careiul study of our State's history, "with the Mother country through her universities and inns of court was kept up by that colony that at the commence-

ment of hostilities with England, Washington feared less South Carolina had contracted so strong an attachment for the mother country that she would not strive so vigorously for her independence." An interesting narrative of this is told in a recent number of the Peterson Magazine.

The movement for independence brought into prominence a new and remarkable set of men; the newspapers were filled with their discussions, and pamphlets and speeches fell from fluent writers and eloquent talkers. Predictions of optomists were strikingly realized. Intellect in South Carolina rose to unprecedented. activity. Rutledge, Pinckney and nearly all the eminent statesmen of that day were peculiarly fond of letters. * * *

Although the first college in South Carolina was not established until after the Revolution, there is every evidence that the people of the State were interested in education and were especially anxious to found an institution of a very high order. An effort was made in this direction in the year 1732. In the "House Journal" of that year we read of proposals being made for establishing a college in this State. Nothing more is said of this, and it is safe to infer that nothing came from it. The next step in this direction was taken in 1769, when a bill prepared, it is said, by John Rutledge, looking to the establishment of the South Carolina College, passed the State Legislature. The fact that Rutledge prepared the bill is not an established one. The bill "provides for a president, who shall be Professor of Divinity' Moral Philosophy, Greek and Hebrew—salary £350 sterling; a professor of Mathematics and Natural and Experimental Philosophy; a professor of Civil and Common Law and of the Municipal laws of the colony; a professor of History, Chronology, and of the modern languages." Unfortunately, this measure was not suggested until the agitation cf the plans of National independence, and it

was on account of the war with Great Britain that the plans were not carried out.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century—1785—Carolina saw dawning upon her a new world with different hopes and prospects. A new nation had been founded, an independant state had been created, new impulses and feelings, a strong sectional pride, a deep and confirmed love for their country impelled its varied population. The State Legislature, in 1785, showed the effects of an influence that came of a bolder, nobler and freer life. This was expressed in an act to establish three colleges in different sections of the State—one in Charleston, one at Winnsboro and one at Ninety Six, and in the year 1794, were granted the first diplomas from a South Carolina college. Later, however, the regular college course was abandoned, and instead of there being three colleges, there were three first-class high schools. An excellent charge. The writer has often thought that we have had too many so-called colleges and not enough good high schools. This, however, has not been merely local. Besides the regular state school, in the city of Charleston, there were several excellent private institutions. These were united with the state school, and under the efficient management of that celebrated man, Bishop Bowen, did much towards raising the intellectual tone of that section of the state. Eleven years after the establishment of this school it failed on account of a deficiency in the means of supporting it. The state then gave the school to the city of Charleston on the condition that the city would support it. It had an excellent faculty, Prof. Agassiz, the celebrated scientist, being at one time a member of it. Prof. Whillip, while writing about this distinguished man, says: "He is not merely a scientific thinker; he is a scientific force, and no small portion of the immense influence he exerts is due to the energy, intensity and geniality which distinguishes the nature of the man. In personal intercourse he inspires as well as informs, communicates not only knowledge, but the

love of knowledge." The young men of that section of the state were, indeed, fortunate in being under the guidance of so capable a man and educator. Among a large number of distinguished alumni may be mentioned that well known minister, Rev. C. C. Pinckney, Hon. W. D. Porter, Gen. Charles F. Fremont and Paul H. Hayne. From this time to the establishment of the South Carolina College, in 1802, quite a large number of small schools were founded throughout every section of the state. The South Carolina College College was made one of the best in this country. The promoters of the institution exerted themselves to make it the peer of any American institution. Most of the professors were men of note. There was Francis Lieber, Stephen Elliott, James Wallace, Chas. S. Venable and the two LeContes. Take a list of the presidents up to the time of the Civil War, and you will have the names of some of the most distinguished educators of this country. There was Jonathan Maxey, Thomas Cooper, Robert Henry, Robert W. Barnwell, Wm. C. Preston, Jas. H. Thornwell, Chas. F. McKay and A. B. Longstreet. It has turned out a number of men who reflect much credit upon their Alma Mater. Among them are such men as James L. Pettegru. Baylis Earle, J. B. O'Neal, McDuffie, Legare, D. L. and F. H. Wardlaw, Richard Yeadon, Basil Manley, T. J. Withers, Edmund Bellenger, James H. Thornwell, Wm. C. Preston and Dr. James H. Carlisle. It may be interesting to note some remarks about these men. Dr. Cooper was successively professor of chemistry in Dickinson College, Carlisle, then in the University of Pennsylvania, and finally in the South Carolina College. "Dr. Cooper," says Mr. Hart, "was one of the most noted political economists of this nation." Says another critic from the North: "He was a man of great mental activity and of very pronounced opinions." A. B. Longstreet, atone time president of this college, was known the country over as "the most successful humorist of his day." A distinguished critic, speaking of President

Longstreet's celebrated work, "Georgia Scenes, Characters, Incidents, etc," declares that though it was written in a spirit of broad fun, it is probably, like "Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York," the best and truest picture of the times that it describes, and will be valuable as history a hundred years hence. It was suggested to the writer several years ago by that well known Carolinian, Capt. J. A. Hamilton, and he has never regretted having read it. Dr. Thornwell, who at the age of twenty-five was elected Professor of Logic and Belles-Lettres in the South Carolina College and afterwards made president of the institution, Professor of Theology in the Theological Seminary in Columbia, S. C., with intervals of pastoral labor int he Presbyterian church at Columbia, and in the State Street Church in Charleston, is recognized by universa consent as one of the ablest of recent Presbyterian theologians. Concerning him I introduce the remarks of Prof. John S. Hart, of New Jersey, a man who evidently has little love for the South:

"Dr. Thornwell was a man of varied learning and persuasive eloquence, and one of the oldest theologians of the Presbyterian Church· Whenever he was a delegate to the General Assembly his opinions carried great weight in that body. By his lectures as a theological professor and by his publications, chiefly in the Southern Presbyterian Review, he has left a deep and abiding impress of his character and opinions." The same writer speaks of a number of young men from the North who attended this Theological Seminary at Columbia, S. C., and says that they "went South for the splendid opportunities afforded at the State institution of South Carolina, and to attend the lectures at the Theological Seminary." * * *

I might proceed with quotations on South Carolina educators, but I deem it unnecessary. Such as I have given were made by Northern men, and so our enthusiastic friends who assert that it was "only by their con-

nection with the North that the two Carolinas were prevented from sinking to the level of Mexico, or the Antilles," or that "nowhere was education neglected to such an extent as in the two Carolinas," can not say that the writer has introduced prejudiced witnesses. It is certain that the facts of history do not support the statement of Mr. Morrison that education in the South has been almost wholly neglected, but nowhere to such an extent as in the two Carolinas." * * *

Again, what is to become of the influence of environment? Does one wonder that John C. Calhoun, Henry Timrod, Wm. C. Preston and that innumerable number of men who have made the history of this State glorious, would it not be amazing if such personages should spring from a people "uneducated, barbarous, brutal." and "corrupt and depraved?" The history of a people is the record of the doings of that people as a body. You cannot separate a man from his age and appreciate in the highest sense of the term his works. Tc understand properly any man he must be studied in his relations to every man. He is but one of the great number of fibers that form a strange and complex web, tangled by destiny, separated by death. It is one of the undisputable facts of literary history that a worthy piece of literature never occurs uuless the intellectual culture of the people affords reasonable hope that there will be a reading public. In more common, every-day affairs you speak of the law of supply and demand. Literature regulates itself by this same law. William Shakespeare could never have been the great dramatist that we know had it not been for those large, sympathetic audiences that greeted him in the London theatres. Edmund Burke's name would not have been written in history as, perhaps, the greatest of England's political thinkers had it not been for the principles which he represented and which were impressed upon him by the conditions predominant at that time. Mr. Calhoun's name conveys a much more definite idea to the American people than

that of either of his compeers, Mr. Webster or Mr. Clay, the explanation of which is very easy. Mr. Calhoun was the representative of an idea, a principle that will live in history, and his name will be associated with this principle. * * *

There is nothing strange or even puzzling about this. "It is obvious that societies are organisms," says a distinguished Southerner, "that constitutions and laws cannot be made to order like a suit of clothes or a pair of shoes; but that they grow and develop into their varied forms under the irresistible influence of subtle and powerful forces, which for the most part can neither be understood nor controlled by human agencies." If this statement be accepted as a truism, if societies are, as he says, "organisms," in which the several parts are in harmonious and independent relations, then, beyond any doubt, the writing of history reduces itself to an accurate science. The general acceptance of this view must certainly revolutionize the methods and aims of studying the past; and when this becomes the case no country will suffer less at the hands of historians than the two Carolinas.

But, perhaps, this principle is not most generally admitted, and it would be better for me to explain more of it. The best illustration this writer has found of it was stated in an address which was delivered by an an honored member of Congress in the city of Charleston in July, 1891. The speaker, among many other illustrations, said:

"Cuvier, the great French naturalist, demonstrated many years ago that extinct animals could be reconstructed from fragmentary remains—that is, that from a single bone of an extinct animal the whole animal could be known, or that from a single scale of a fish the fish could be known." The principle is that between the minute and apparently most insignificant parts of animal organism there exist a well-defined and harmonious and mutually dependent relations with all other

portions of the body; that from a careful study of any one part a person may, within certain limits, "infer with precision and certainty what the whole is." It is the application of such a principle to the mere facts of history that ought to form the basis of history, the scientific method of treating the past. The principle is older than the celebrated scientist. Long before his day men judged of the whole by the part. Every schoolboy has heard of that celebrated Latin maxim, "Ex pede Herculem." "Hercules is known by his foot." "The Trojans fear the Greeks even though they bring gifts," was current in the days of Xenophon. They had had a slight experience with those few men in that deceitful horse, and these were sufficient for them. * * *

M. Taine, that celebrated French scholar and a consummate master of a charming English style, expresses a view very similar to this. He says:

"What is the first remark on turning over the great, stiff leaves of a folio, the yellow sheets of a manuscript, a poem, a code of lows, a declaration of faith? This, you say, was not created alone. It is but a mould, like a fossil shell—an imprint, like one of those shapes embossed in stone by an animal which lived and perished. Under the shell there was an animal, and behind the document there was a man. Why do you study the shell except to represent to yourself the animal? So do you study the document only in order to know the man." The same writer, while speaking of "Roman Civilization," remarks: "A civilization forms a body, and its parts are connected with each other like the parts of an organic whole." * * *

Prof. Whitney, also, adheres very strongly to this principle. He says, "The individual has no power to change the community; he is but a part of it; affects it, and is affected by it." Professor J. R. Green, Professor of Modern History at Oxford and author of "A History of the English People," remarks that invariably constitutional progress is a result of social development. Francis Bacon holds that "the bonds of human socoiety can-

not be dissolved." If it were necessary, I might multiply quotations of this kind; but this would serve only to extend the length of this essay beyond what the writer at first intended.

Indeed, you can not conceive of a few men differing very largely from the men and the society which exist about them. Behind the leading characters of the world there are the combined forces of nations. Whether the greatest man knows it, or not, he lives not as the only great man. As by the side of a lofty mountain peak are to be seen smaller ones of the same kind, so, by the side of the most renowned personages, are to be found others of the same mould. The famous writer fashions his characters only to bring to light the dim creative conception which raises and combines them. Behind all of Homer is the grandly simple life of heroic paganism and of happy Greece; behind Virgil lies the beautiful outlines for a progressive, intellectual people; behind Demosthenes was the culture and creative faculty of proud Athens; behind Dante was the Italian people in waking from the dull sleep of the dark ages and the Italian language in all its purity and sweetness, in its special aptitude for the tenderness of love and the violence of passion, or the clearness and charm of philosophical argument. Chaucer revived for us Plantagonent England; certainly not alone, Voltaire could never have lived among a people who were not worthy of attention. The inner life of modern England has a voice in Tennyson and the Brownings, but these do not stand alone. The Southerners of the days before the war "were ill-born, ill-bred, uneducated and brutal" said Mr, Bryant; but we are quite our own way of thinking on this point. With such views, or rather feelings, it is impossible to understond the past; perhaps; they did not even wish to do so; perhaps, they mostly regarded their own section as the only one in which the people were cultured and educated, in which polite manners had existed. * * *

All of the historical references that have been made in this essay are intended as but avenues converging at one center. You go therein simply to learn this one fact that "societies are organisms, and as the most minute and apparently insignificant part of the animal organism bears a most remarkable resemblance and is of the greatest assistance to the scientist in discovering the other parts, so there exists a well-defined and harmonious relationship between all the parts of society." Having established this fact, we need only to introduce the testimony of some outside, impartial witnesses to disprove the absurd statements of Prof. Nichol's about the two Carolinas. Such quotations as I shall give will be upon those that are of the greatest interest to Carolinians.

President C. K. Adams, of Cornell University, certainly ought to be regarded as a competent critic. He says "The essays on Demosthenes in Legare's collected writings are vastly better than a similar paper by Lord Brougham," and then says that they are perhaps, the most brilliant and scholarly summary in the English language on the writings and character of the great orator. Mr. James Schouler speaks of Legare's "rare attainments" as a scholar and jurist· Praf. John S. Hart, writing of him, says: "Mr. Legare was one of the most eminent and popular jurists that America has produced, and also a man of wide attainments, elegant culture and genial manners." Judge Stony says, "Fifteen years ago (1828) I knew him as an eminent lawyer. * * * His argumentation was marked by the closet logic; at the same time he had a presence in speaking which I have never seen excelled." How can one reconcile this with the assertion that it was mainly by their connection with the North that the two Carolinas were kept from sinking to the level of Mexico, or the Antilles.

Mr. Robert Y. Hayne has been spoken of before in this article. Rev. Stafford Brooks speaks of him in a paragraph on politicians. Mr. Schouler describes him

as follows: "Gifted for a life of public eminence, nobly born, bearing a Revolutionary name pathetic in its memories, well fortified by wealth and marriage connections, dignified, never vulgar or unmindful of the feelings of those with whom he mingled, Hayne moved within an atmosphere where lofty and chivalrous honor was the ruling sentiment." Mr. Edward M. Shepard, the author of a "Life of Martin Van Buren," says: "Hayne made the really eloquent and masterly speeech [in the great tariff debate of 1824] for which he ought to stand in the first rank of orators and which summed up as well for free-traders now as then the most telling arguments against artificial restrictions." How can one reconcile this with the assertion that the "few thinkers —born South of Mason and Dixon's line * * * have commonly migrated to New York or Boston in search of a literary training," * * * and that the people of the South were not far from a level with those of Mexico and the Antilles? * * *

Most frequently historians concede the superiority of the South in point of statesmanship, and attribute it in a very large measure to the fact that in the early days of the republic the North gave more attention to the study of theology and the South to the study of law. One author speaks of the influence of the clergy at the North, and then says: "In the South it was different. Parliamentary influence was more prized than pulpit oratory. Law was a favorite professsion, not so much from considerations connected with local influence as from its leading to distinction in the national councils." This explains why congressmen and senators from the North did not take rank with those from the South. A representative historian, speaking of Congressman Lowndes, of South Carolina, says: "When less than forty he was reputed the wisest man in Congress." (See James Schoule's History of the United States under the constitution.) He also speaks of his "urbane and genial manners." * * * Mr. John C. Calhoun, as a states-

man, ranks among the foremost men that America has produced· "He has displayed powers as a speculative political thinker superior to anyone who has appeared in American politics since the authors of the Federalist." (Representative Government by John Stuart Mill.) This is certainly out of harmony with Prof. Nichol's assertion. Mr. Calhoun was evidently admired by men from every section of the country. However much his compeers may have differed from him in his views, there was among them but one opinion in regard to his trans cendent abilities. One of his great opponents says: "The eloquence of Mr. Calhoun, or the manner in which he exhibited his sentiments in pnblic bodies, was part of his intellectual character. It grew out of the qualities of his mind. It was plain, strong, terse, condensed, concise, sometimes impassioned, still always severe. Rejecting ornament, not seeking far for his illustrations, his power consisted in the plainness of his propositions, the clearness of his logic and in the earnestness and cnergy of his manner." (See collected speeches of Daniel Webster, reported by Prof. Hart in his "American Literature.") Edward Everett, whose character, standing and influence may be inferred from the fact that during his life he successively held the offices of Professor of Greek in Harvard College, President of Harvard College, Governor of Massachusetts, member of Congress from Massachusetts, United States Senator, Secretary of State of the United States and Minister to England, said: "Calhoun, Clay, Webster! I name them in alphabetical order. What other precedent can be assigned them? Clay, the great leader; Webster, the orator; Calhoun, the great thinker."

South Carolina has also given to the world of literature a poet who takes rank with the best American or European singers, Henry Timrod. We are to weigh his greatness by all that he has contributed to literature. He has already been spoken of in connection with the essay which appeared in the International Review on

"Henry Timrod." Although the writer distinctly intimates that the Southern people were on a level with "Australian bushmen," he places Timrod in the first rank of poets." Some of Timrod's verses recall to a classic memory "the easy elegance of Catulus." There are others that "have a memory of which Poe might have been enraptured, and of whose finish Pope would have been proud." "Some lines call to mind the luscious liquidity of Virgil." Again he says it "partisan feelings aside, the lyric entitled "Caroline" is superior to any martial Greek poetry now extant." The war afforded a splendid opportunity and furnished an abundance of material for poems that would bring an immediate recognition and fame for their author. "A Call to Arms" and "Ethnogenesis" are among the best of his poems of this kind. One critic declares that the "Carolina" is destined to outlive the political vitality of the State whose antique fame it celebrates—

"I hear a murmer as of waves
That grope their way through sunless caves,
Like bodies struggling in their graves,
Carolina!

"And now it deepens, slow and grand,
It swells, as rolling to the land,
An Ocean broke upon the strand,
Carolina!

"Shout! let it reach the startled Huns!
And roar with all thy festal guns!
It is the answer of thy sons!
Carolina!

Certainly, for martial poetry there is nothing in American literature equal to this. One critic says that while Timrod has not, like Poe and Tennyson, created new forms in style and verse, "he presents in his small volume more quotable lines in proportion to the quantity than any writer since Byron." Thus it appears that

from a people, "ill-born, ill-bred, uneducated and brutal," a small portion of the nation that was "kept by their connection with the North from sinking to the level of Mexico or the Antilles," from a people "on a par with Australian bushmen," from a people that "neglected education" to such an extent as to astonish Prof. Morrison, came in a very short space of time "Calhoun, the great thinker," "Legare, the most accomplished Greek critic and statesman," "the peerless Timrod," and a number of distinguished educators. * * *

Carolinians have always been proud of their state's history. The wrier thas yet to find one who regrets that that one was born a Carolinian. Some few months ago it was my duty to report the dedication of a very handsome school building in the State. The orator of the occasion was one of our most distinguished citizens. Among other things, he said in substance: "I am proud that I am a Carolinian. I am proud that our state has such a history behind her. She has contributed her full share to the number of great men who have made the history of this nation. For every man that can be brought forward from the North one can be named from the South. For the two Adams we have Thomas Jefferson; for Abraham Lincoln we have the priceless example of Jefferson Davis, and for Daniel Webster we have our own peerless John C. Calhoun." One would be safe in saying that there are thousands of people in this state who would make the same speech and it is not the enthusiasm of a national holiday either. * * *

Recalling our history and gathering encouragement and inspiration from it, a Carolinian can hopefully and honestly contradict the slanderous reports made against the earlier people of the state; and mindful of the past, let us aim to take the state forward to all virtuous achievements that is consistent with that which is noble and pure and true, and wise and honorable.

Milton and His Masterpiece.

Milton was a man of his own ideas and opinions; at times when he was forsaken by all he stood firm and steadfast fighting the multitudes by himself. He was a great man who lived in a large degree in himself, entirely wrapped up in his own productions; and he spent no small portion of his life in making these productions. From his early college life until his sad death he was *busily* working for the Church, the State, private parties, or for his own pleasure and good. Although he devoted the prime of his splendid life and his magnificent talents to the defense of his country and of his religion against the slander and abuse that was being heaped upon them, yet he had one strong purpose continually before him, and that was to write the greatest epic poem the world had ever seen. Milton was the man for this; he was the broadest, most intellectual and best poet of his, or we might say, any age. By profession he was a Puritan—one of those who would humble themselves in the dust before their Maker, but if needs be would put their foot on the King's neck. In their devotions they prayed with convulsions and tears, and were half crazed by heavenly illusions; but when they took their seat in the council chamber or girded on their swords for battle they were very different. No one wished to encounter them either in debate or on the stern battlefield. So much for his religion.

Furthermore, he was ascholar and an author. He was not to undertake his great desire unlearned, but he had received the best education that his age could give him, and was noted for knowledge and love of philosophy, literature, music, architecture, and the other fine arts. He did not dare to go into this work without experience. Even at the age of eighteen he was collecting the material from which he was to make heavy draughts before the end of his

life. In the "Lycidas," the "Comus," and other of his earlier works, we see the master hand-fashioning in his inimitable style the mere commonplace thoughts so as to make them attractive. His readings and writings were not confined to the English tongue alone, but he read Homer, Vergil, Dante, and several other of the famous ancients in the original, and no doubt he drew part of his inspiration from these masters and might have borrowed from them, but as he says "to borrow and better in borrowing is no plagiary."

He was a politician, though not in our acceptation of the term, yet he was employed by the government to write several defences of its actions, and also treatise on political subjects, and to go on several important missions to other countries.

He was a musician and a traveller; he had a natural musical talent and had cultivated this to its highest degree of perfection. In his references to music he is generally very technical and always correct. As a traveller he was especially blessed. In going from place to place his ability was recognized, and consequently he was entertained by the most learned men all of the country, and from them as fountains his cistern of knowledge, experience and love for the sublime was filled to overflowing. His travelling was not only beneficial to himself, but also to all with whom he came in contact, for he made a lasting impression on them of the Englishman and his abilities.

With all of this intellectual preparation for his grand project he linked "devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. From such a promise like this, at once fervid, pious, and rational, might be expected the Paradise Lost."

Milton knew wherein his strength lay and chose a subject fit for the talents over which he was master, "the whole system of the intellectual world, the chaos

and the creation of heaven, earth and hell enter into the constitution of his poem."

So great was the fire of his mind, that it was not only not put out by the great mass of fuel, but infused into it part of its own heat and radiance. In the Paradise Lost we notice the great imaginative powers of the author, how he goes up into heaven and sees the rebellious angels cast out from there; how they fall through illimitable space and are swallowed up by floods of fire in hell, and how Satan gathers his hosts about him to do battle with the angels; and then the creation, how vividly he presents all of these scenes to us; we feel almost as if we were present and saw it all. There are not merely the well chosen words and phrases by which Milton has carried our language to a greater height than any English poet before or since his day, but "more is meant than meets the ear." In almost every line, and certainly on every page, there are found great truths strongly and beatifully expressed.

Though he wrote the Paradise Lost at a time of life when the beauty and tenderness begin, in general, to fade out, yet he adorned it with all that is beautiful and delightful in both the moral and the physical world; as Addison has said: "Our language sunk under him, and was unequal to the greatness of his soul, which furnished him with such glorious conceptions."

"Dryden remarks that Milton has some flats among his elevations. This is only to say that all parts are not equal. In every work one part must be for the sake of others; a palace must have passages, a poem must have transitions." We may liken it all to a very high mountain, towering above the surrounding peaks until they become insignificant, and the "flats" are merely the lowest of the rough places on the very summit. As some one has very fitly said:

> "Three poets in three distant ages born,
> Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;

The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she joined the other two."

G. G.

"Sweet Dreamland Faces."

When sleep had fanned my face with zephor wing
Even till my eyelids, heavy with the dew
Of her sweet-odored plumage and the breath
Of silent night, closed all the moonbeams out,
The body in oblivion's mantle wrapped,
Then glad on dreamy wings the soul set free
Went swift to seek the souls of those beloved
Lain down in sleep. It fluttered here and there,
And gathered sweets of love as honey bees
The flowers suck. And often it would come
To store the golden bowl with purple life
While sleep kept watch and pressed upon the lids
Her velvet fingers, breathing on the lips
Soft peaceful breath. So all night long the soul
Took joy in life and filled the heart with dreams:
Sweet dreams of loving ones and loving words.
The words to sense seemed spoken long ago,
But soft recallings of the misty past,
Dim echoes of the bygone far-away.
But when at length the blushing cheek of dawn
The sun disclosed upon the breast of night,
And night skulked silent from his mocking face,
Gray daylight locked the dreamlife door and sleep
Wide opened her broad wings and fled away.
The sunbeams, jealous of old Night's long rule,
Drew ope the eyelids. Day fanned off the breath
Of drowsy darkness. Once again the soul
Went joyously into the freshened heart
As with a holy water sprinkled pure,
And life with eager throb and quickened pulse
Flowed gushing through the body strong and bold
To do, the soul recalling all the day
The dream and sacred whisperings of the night.

OLIN WANNAMAKER, '96.

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No article will be published unless the author's name and address have been deposited with the editor.

WOFFORD COLLEGE, NOVEMBER, 1895.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

A. S. HYDRICK, JR., EDITOR.

The Cotton States and International Exposition.

Some of our readers who have not yet found time to visit the Atlanta Exposition should certainly do so, provided they can spare a few dollars. One who can afford the expense of the trip will be neglecting the opportunity of a decade to fail to visit Atlanta within the next few months, and carefully and intelligently inspect the exhibits in detail. Since the writer returned from the Exposition the questions most frequently asked him are, "how is the Exposition, is it worth going to see?" and "how does it compare with the World's Fair?"

To the first question I answer that it is good. One can not go there without being struck with the beauties of the place. The plans of the great show were conceived on an elaborate and grand scale; they have been carried out to the last details in a most admirable manner, and the outcome is apparently commensurate with the expectations formed at the beginning of the enterprise.

There, in vast buildings for the accommodation of splendid collections, the whole south has placed on ex-

hibition the fruits of three decades of peace which followed the close of a terrible civil war, and this exhibition is beyond all doubt the third greatest that has ever been held in this country, being surpassed only by the Centennial and the great Chicago fair. The educational value of it, its important relation to industry, and its manifold indications of the great progress of the useful and liberal arts are considerations that cannot be overlooked in an article on it. That the promoters of it have done magnificently is but to express their success mildly. Not only Atlanta, but the south generally, deserves a great deal of praise for the indomitable pluck which has been shown from the beginning of the show. And certainly we can never put it to a better use than in building up our home industries and resources upon ruins that not many years ago seemed barren and hopeless.

Atlanta and the South have invited the world to come and see the work that has been done among us, and so far the invitation has been very extensively accepted. The success which the promoters of it have already met is an assurance that there can be no question about the successful outcome of their efforts, nor of the benefit which it will bring to the South from beyond her borders. The people of the South must see to it that the education to be gathered there shall lift np not only visitors but also the Southern people, and the mission of this great industrial show will have been very largely accomplished.

THE TRIP THERE.

The South Carolina State Press Association visited the Exposition in a body the third and fourth weeks in October. Since the return of the party I have seen many reports of the trip. Indeed, the Press Association is a unit in commending the Exposition, and as a member of that association the writer endorses everything that has been said about the Exposition and Atlanta. It was certainly a very enjoyable trip, and the party was royally

entertained. Leaving Columbia on Wednesday the 16th instant, the association went over the Seaboard Air Line in a special train tendered by the General Passenger Agent of that system. The writer joined the rest of the association at Greenwood. The party reached the city Wednesday afternoon, going in on the Southern, the Seaboard Air Line and the Georgia Railroad, and in a short time we were comfortably quartered at the Hotel Oriental, a new and elegantly furnished hotel, centrally located at the intersection of Peachtree, Pryor and Houston streets.

It is a mistake that some people have made in sending out the report that Atlanta is gouging its visitors. The hotels are very reasonable in their prices. One can go to the Exposition and spend as much as one chooses. Like all large places, there are hotels there to suit any man's purse. The best ones are run on the European plan, and a good meal can be had for fifty cents. The writer stopped with the association at the Hotel Oriental where we had a very comfortable room for $1.50 a day, two being in it.

Here we were met by a reception committee from the South Carolina Society of the "Gate City," and at 9 o'clock were escorted to the Society rooms on Marietta street, where a most delightful reception was tendered the press gang. We were particularly impressed with the warm and hospitable manner in which the South Carolinians of Atlanta treated us. The grand reception tendered the members of the association has caused many Carolinians, says the Atlanta Journal, to resurrect the old saying, "once a South Carolinian, always a South Carolinian," applying particularly, we think, to the members of the South Carolina Club, of Atlanta.

At the reception the association was welcomed to Atlanta on behalf of the South Carolinaians of the city, by President Wm. P. Calhoun. Mr. E. H. Aull, president of the association, responded to the welcome. Mr. Thad E. Horton welcomed the editors to Atlanta. Several other

speeches followed these, among them Colonel Thomas R. R. Cobb's brilliant welcome to the editors and the excellent response of Mr. J. C. Garlington, editor of the Spartanburg Daily Herald.

The ladies in the party were : Mrs. C. W. Burchmore, Mrs. R. H. Sweeney, Mrs W. P. Hanseal, Mrs. R. W. D. Rowell, Mrs. J. C. Garlington, Mrs. Yates Snowden, Mrs. T. B. Crews, Miss Knight, Mrs. G. B. Price, Mrs. W. G· Elliott, Misses Britt, Mrs. R. J. Jaymes, Mrs. J. Irving, Misses Cheatham, Miss Milaher, Miss Osteen and Miss Hydrick. The gentlemen numbered about fifty.

AT THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS.

There was no special program for the days that we spent in Atlanta. On Thursday the association went to the exposition in a body, but after calling upon Commissioner Roach, from this state, and looking thoroughly over the South Carolina exhibit, the party separated and began "taking in" the sights to suit their individual notions. The writer would advise no one to attempt to see the Exposition in a party; what would be interesting to one person might not contain any interest whatever for another. "The best way is for every one to look out for one's self."

There are three entrances to the grounds, and at each place the visitor is at once struck with the beauty of it. The buildings are large and are striking examples of architectural beauty and artistic coloring. Nature and the art of the landscape gardener have united in making the grounds as beautiful as one would wish to see.

The view from the summit of the higher terraces, across the exposition grounds, takes in at a single glance of the delighted eye the various buildings, sparkling Clara Meer, the green area, the gaudily colored and queerly shaped structures in Midway Heights, and the hills shaded by the blue haze in the far away perspective.

Beautiful statuary adorns the grounds in front of each

main building. At night the scene is, as one of the young ladies in our party expressed it, "perfectly grand." There are thousands of various colored lights on every side. This of itself is worth a trip to Atlanta.

Decidedly one of the most interesting buildings is that of the national government. The exhibits in this building constitute a unique, complete and instructive illustration of its wise and benificent function. With a building of moderate size, examples are given of the work of the Federal government in its relation to statesmanship, international intercourse, the administration of justice, the promotion of commerce, domestic and foreign, the postal service and the control of the national finances, the arts of national defense on land and sea. the development of agriculture, forestry, mines and mineral wealth, fiseries and fish culture, the protection and promotion of commerce by surveys of the coast, the lakes, the rivers and the mountains; the study of the climate and the forecasting of the weather; the maintenance of light-house and life-saving stations, the education and civilization of the Indian; the encouragement of invention, literature and the fine arts, by protecting the rights of the inventor, the writer and the artist; the advancement and diffusion of knowledge through the agency of the Smithsonian Institution, the national museum, the manifold services of the bureau of education and the collection of great libraries; the study of the diseases of the human race and also of plants and animals; and the proteetion of life by cautionary and remedial agencies, the prevention of epidemics and the regulation of the food supply; these all, exhibited in a compact form, bring before the people the noblest offices of a strong, comprehensive, well ordered government, and are the best exhibition of the kind that has ever been made.

The other principle structures are the administration building, 440 feet long, 50 feet wide and three stories in height; electrical building, 260 feet long, 35 feet wide

and 109 feet to the centre of dome; machinery building, 118 feet wide, 500 feet long and 80 feet high; fine arts building, 245 feet long, 100 feet wide and 50 feet high; woman's building, 150 feet long, 126 feet deep and 90 feet to top of statue on central dome; transportation building, 450 feet long, 156 feet wide and 68 feet high, with two end galleries 48x117 feet; auditorium, 200 feet long, 135 feet deep and four stories high, with mezzanine stories; manufactures and liberal arts building, 356 feet long, 206 feet wide and 90 feet high; agricultural building, 304 feet long, 50 feet wide and 110 feet high, negro building, 276 feet long, 112 feet wide and 70 feet high.

These buildings can be seen and the exhibits given the cursory inspection that satisfies the average visitor within three days, and the Midway shows and the fakirs visited also.

One of the most agreeable surprises for South Carolinaians is the exhibit from this State. Many had expected to find a very poor exhibit from South Carolina, but Mr. Roache has evidently done a great deal of hard work, and by his efforts the South Carolina exhibit is more extensive and representative than those of many other States. The writer is certainly pleased to be able to say that our State has made a showing as creditable as any and much better than many.

It is impossible to give in one article a report of everything that can be seen at the exposition; at best only a few imperfect ideas can be had of it. Those who want to know more about it must go to Atlanta and see the exposition for themselves.

Opening of the Winthrop Normal and Industrial College,

On the fifteenth of last month Governor John Gary Evans, in behalf of the board of trustees, formally delivered to President Johnson and the faculty the buildings and pupils of the Winthrop Normal and Industrial College, and then was opened an institution of which

the people of the State have good cause to be proud. The public spirited and plucky and heroic citizens of the town of Rock Hill deserve the congratulations of every good citizen of South Carolina for the sacrifices and noble and patriotic efforts they made to secure this institution and for what they have generously contributed to carry it to its completion. The plans were most elaborately arranged, and they have been executed to the last detail. To Senator Tillman no little credit is due for the constant interest he has manifested in promoting the educational advantages of the State which has so frequently honored him. But Senator Tillman was not alone in the work. The people of South Carolina, through their representatives, said that they were tired of having the education of their daughters limited, and demanded better and improved educational facilities· The consequence is that we have an institution that is a monument not only to the pluck and enterprise of the citizens of Rock Hill; it is a monument to the good common sense of the people of South Carolina. President Johnson also deserves a great deal of praise for the patience, tact and ability he has displayed in the management of the affairs of the institution since it was first planned. He has shown a remarkable energy and enthusiasm in his work, and under his management it is impossible to conceive of it doing otherwise than succeeding.

The completion of this institution and the formal opening of it marks the beginning of a new era in South Carolina; not the appeoach of the "new woman" attired in "bloomers" on a bicycle, but one who is prepared to assume woman's duties anywhere—from the kitchen to the author's desk—with all her senses admirably trained and her mind well developed. I need not tell you how ideas have changed with regard to female education; how and why woman was once regarded as a sort of "beast cf burden," as a chattel to be bought and sold, to be led home with a bunch of keys by a string by her lord

and master, and then that she became a helpmeet, then a hot-house bud, and that she is now approaching "the coming woman." All of that is a twice-told tale. People have laid aside old ideas of female education, and are coming to believe that the same training which is necessary to make Johnnie a cultured and successful man must be given to Mary in order to make of her the same kind of a woman. This is the object of the Winthrop Normal and Industrial College. It is to train the girls to do anything and everything for which their maker called them.

Nearly all of the States have made ample provisions for the proper training of their sons; but in this particular some few of them have "seemingly failed to realize that the State's welfare is more dependent upon the women on account of their greater influence upon society and citizenship through the home, where are originated the forces which determine the character of the community, the State and nation."

Let us hope that it will not be long before all of the States will awake to the need of a splendid normal and industrial school. It is not a difficult matter to account for the neglect of the education of girls along these lines. Formerty women, in the South especially, did not need very much the education provided for in such institutions, and girls among us have been trained mostly with special reference to what they are supposed to need for success in life. Certainly a girl of this age is supposed to need more than one who lived a hundred years ago. Their wants increase with each succeeding generation. A parent used to think that his son must have some force of brain and character in order to make his way in world; but all that his daughter needed was "*graces* of mind and person." If our system of education is to be based with special reference to what we are merely supposed to need for success (and that is certainly a very low plane upon which to place it), then our deepest conception of woman's intellectual training depends upon

the answer to the question, What is a woman to do? All women are not sure that they are going to marry. What will that girl do who does not marry? She may be thrown upon her own resources. Does it not follow that, in view of this, the best thing that a girl can do is to furnish herself with such an education as will prepare her for a combat with the working world. Such an education prepares her for two purposes: to be a wife if she chooses to marry, and to live by labor of brain and hand if it becomes necessary. It is a hopeful sign that the State is coming to the conviction that a good industrial and normal training is an "excellent thing for woman" without regard to her social relations and duties. The Winthrop college will fill a long-felt want in South Carolina. May it meet its mission nobly.

A Good Report.

Mr. Tucker, the librarian, reports that the students are doing a great deal of reading. Already many good books are being taken from the library. Outside work of the right kind is highly beneficial, and all first class students must read a great deal privately if they would become scholars. Many students are overtaxed on account of too many studies or a lack of preparation, and do not have the time for that. The average one, however, finds that he is able to study some out of the routine work. The Professors at Wofford do not care to emphasize routine college duties to the exclusion of an opportunity for general culture. None of them care to make their departments "one-sided ones." They all want it to become a subject of general remark how much the students of Wofford read. A biographer of George McDuffie remarks that the students crossing the campus of the South Carolina College late at night used to see Mr. McDuffie's light burning, and hear his sonorous voice as he read aloud some English masterpiece.

Some of the students cannot say they have not the time for that; they have, and let it be turned to the best purpose.

Here's a Chance.

The JOURRAL offers a handsome gold medal for the best article that is published in it between now and the fifteenth of next June. No member of the senior class. or any who are pursuing a post-graduate course will be allowed to enter the contest. We will ask Professors Gamewell, Snyder and Rembert to report after the June number appears the six best pieces, and the editorial staff will select a committee to name the best of these.

We shall be glad to have the seniors to contribute to the JOURNAL, but the committee will exclude their contributions.

Texas is a large State, but we are glad to see the brutal element could not find room in it for a prize fight. Score one victory for civilization in the Lone Star State.

We sincerely hope that the students will attend the Cotton States and International Exposition in a body. There are many things to be learned there, and besides it would be a good advertisement for the college.

The merchants of Spartanburg who advertise in THE JOURNAL do so because they want to induce the student trade. The students of Wofford College own THE JOURNAL, and they should give the preference of trade to those who patronize their magazine.

It is a good sign that so many of the students are interested in athletics—foot ball especially. The members of the second team deserve a great deal of credit for the work they have done to develop the first eleven. The best way to bring out the material is to have two good teams both striving for the first position.

All visitors to the Exposition should go into the Negro building and study its contents. This is the first time in any exposition that the Negro has had anything like a good chance, and the parties in control of this building are doing magnificently to show what the Negro race has done and what it is capable of doing. It is a hopeful sign for the race that they have such a creditable show.

Work in the Literary Societies this year ought to be better and more thorough than ever before. Some few changes may be necessary, but these need not be discussed here. The older students believe that there is a brighter day at hand for them. The writer modestly suggests that there should be several competitive debates between them during the year. These contests would bring about new life and interest in society work. Such debates would improve the attendance at the weekly meetings, and the individual member would give more attention to preparation and service in the weekly debates.

The September number of *Woman's Progress*, published by the *Woman's Progress* Company, of Philadelphia, contains a splendid article on a well known South Carolina lrdy, Mrs. Virginia Durant Young, of Fairfax, S. C. Mrs. Young is closely identified with the W. C. T. U. and the woman suffrage movement. While seeing the sights of the Exposition, we had the pleasure of meeting her. Mrs. Young's public career has brought her into close contact with many of the most distinguished personages in this country and Europe, and her conversations are very interesting and instructive. She enjoys the distinction of being the only lady member of the State Press Association. Besides being a newspaper writer of wide experience, she is an excellent story teller having written several excellent novels.

The result of last Saturday's game against Bingham shows that while the college eleven has not been boasting, they have been doing hard work. In the game there were several pleasing signs, The men from Bingham showed themselves to be possessed of all the qualities that go to make up gentlemen. Even in a foot ball contest there was nothing against them. They lost, not becanse they did poor playing, but because Wofford did better work. Their work was in marked contrast to that of the Athens game. The defensive work of our eleven was great, and the boys went through Bingham's line and around their ends with surprising ease. Jenning's tackling was splendid, and Blake's running and dodging was very fine. Most of the players, however, do not throw enough energy and life into the game; they work too slow. One thing our men do not seem to do so well and that is interference . They need to practice this. The interference did not begin at the right time, and it would seem to go to pieces after the opposing line had been passed. It ought to continue until the man is downed.

Very recently the public has been struck by the attention newspapers have been giving to reports of criminal cases before the courts for adjudication. Generally, men of the press are content to give "the facts and evidence in the case" merely as a matter of news, dismissing all purposes of "finding a verdict" one way or another; but sometimes it happens that one discusses all the evidence and reaches a conclusion before the case has been brought before the proper tribunal. When one undertakes to speak about this, one is met with the assertion, "oh! you cannot interfere with the liberty of the press." "Freedom of the press!" What made it free? It has no more freedom than individuals, that of speaking right. Every citizen has the freedom of right speaking, but no one has a right to discuss a person in the wrong way. The right which some editors assume, that of dis-

cussing a case before the court for trial, is not a part of an editor's duty. A paper has a right to report a trial, but there ought to be some way to prevent it from expressing an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of a party charged of an offense. They sometimes say too much about a case? they exceed the bounds of prudence and justice; they play the roll of witness, attorney, judge and jury; and all of these duties they discharge in one article. What right has a newspaper to champion either side of a case. In doing so they are apt to become guilty of "a double crime—injuring the cause they intend to help and helping the cause they intend to injure. Every truth is consistent with every other truth. No right is in conflict with any other right. When you try to fit truth to falsehood, right to wrong, there is going to be a jumble. Newspapers have rights; individuals have rights; the public has rights. They are all co-ordinate and co-extensive, and if all the rudders are well managed, there will never be a collision."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

L. P. McGEE, EDITOR.

It would be a difficult question to decide just what sort of matter college magazines should present to the public. No sane man would think of laying down a clearly defined rule on this point.

It may be safely presumed, however, that a college journal should publish matter likely to be of interest to the general mass of readers as to the students of the particular institution it represents. Literature of any value appeals to mankind at large and not to a sect or community.

Now, no one accuses the essays written by college students of being literature, but most of them have a tendency at least in this direction, and the more a college magazine discards local facts and incidents, the higher it ranks as a literary publication. No doubt, we like to see our names in print, but a college magazine ought to have a higher mission than simply to gratify our vanity. We find page after page that the strongest acts of the legislature could hardly force us to read.

In some journals, the mishaps of the green freshman seem to furnish an invaluable budget for the editors to fill up their columns with. What a sad predicament some journals would be in for lack of matter if there were no athletic affairs or Freshman anecdotes to be reported.

This criticism was suggested in part by a certain Western magazine. On examination, it presents nothing of interest to an outsider except possibly one article, an oration. It is surprising that the orator got a hearing at all amid the din of conflict. There is no end of detailed descriptions of tennis and base ball, foot ball and bi-

cycle races with the names of the participants thereof, then a sort of summary of each contest in round numbers, also minute accounts of oratorical conventions and athletical conventions are carefully noted, and in conclusion is a printed schedule announcing games to be played in the future.

Now, it seems much better to do away with the idea of a literary magazine altogether, and just get out a regular bulletin for athletic concerns in which there will be no pretention whatever towards literary work.

It is interestlng and instructive to read the October issue of the *Central Collegean.* It opens with a poem upon a very prosaic subject. We have no criticism to make on the poem as an artistic production, but we think the poet has chosen a subject not very likely to arouse his rythmic powers, for it would be difficult for one of the old masters to chant the "Death of a Bachelor," "in harmonious numbers."

There are several essays following this dirge which discuss the problems now agitating the minds of thinking men. They are well written and come about as near the solution of the silver question and women's rights as any other articles that we have ever read on these subjects. One of them is especially good. The writer of it not only interests us with his subject, but he has that power which all good writers have, of setting the mind to thinking upon lines of thought other than those he is treating.

The *Peabody Record* of October has two orations upon historical questions of equal interest to students of modern institutions. We hardly know of two subjects affording more food for thought than the crystalization of the Græco-Roman spirit and the genius of the Leutons into the modern Englishman, and the past and future development of civilization. These orations are free

from that sonorous velocity which usually mars orations upon historical subjects. Besides these, there are other articles that help to place this magazine among the greater costellations.

CLIPPINGS.

"We rise by things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of good gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet."--Ex.

"We snatch an education like a meal at a railroad station, just in time to make us dyspeptic; the whistle shrieks, and we must rush, or loose our places in the great train of life."—Lowell.

"We spend all our youth in building a vessel for our voyage of life, and set forth with streamers flying; but the moment we come nigh the great loadstone mountain of our proper destiny, out leap all our carefully-driven bolts and nails, and we get many a mouthful of good salt brine, and many a buffett of the rough water of experience, before we secure the bare right to live"

—Lowell.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

A. M. LAW, EDITOR.

The Editor of this department is sorry not to be able to publish one of our Alumni letters in this issue. However, he has written several prominent Alumni begging for a short article and hopes to have a treat for the readers next time.

Alumni! This is your department! You should keep it up. Write to us and tell us what you are doing. We are waiting to hear from you.

L. C. Cannon, '71—is now interested in the West Springs gold mines in this county and has moved his family out there.

Mr. Marcus Stackhouse, '71, is editor, proprietor and manager of the Marion Star.

W. H. Wallace, '71, was recently elected Superintendent of the Newberry Graded School and has moved back there.

J. F. Brown, '76, is professor of mathematics at Converse College.

A. B. Calvert, '80, was recently re-elected mayor of Spartanburg.

T. B. Thackston, '80, is publishing a monthly magazine—The Products of the Piedmont. The first number came out some weeks ago and makes a very creditable show. Such a magazine as this will do a great deal toward building up interest in the manufactures of a community. The JOURNAL wishes Mr. Thackston great success in this enterprise.

J. E. Ellerbe, '87, spent a few days in the city last month.

Giles L. Wilson '88, is fiilling the position of bookkeeper and cashier of the Gerard Hotel in New York City.

J. J. Gentry, '88, was married a few months ago to Miss Lizzie Bateman of this city—formerly of Baltimore.

W.P. Few, '89, recently was awarded a scholarship in Harvard College and has returned there to complete his course.

M. M. Lander, '90, has a very fine position with the Southern Express Co., in Columbia.

W.W. Bruce, '91, is Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General of the State. He is kown every where now as "Colonel Bruce."

H. F. Jennings, 91, is a very prominent young lawyer of the Columbia bar. He is said to be rapidly moving to the front.

W. A. Lyon, '91, is in the insurance business in Augusta., Ga.

Eugene Bearden '92, is now keeping books for the Berkley Hotel in Asheville.

H. W. Fair '92 is Principal of the Spartanburg Graded Schools, which position he has held for some years.

W. J. Cocke, '92, is cashier of the National Bank of Asheville, N. C.

J. F. Fooshe, '92, is one of the professors at the Bamburg Fitting School.

T. H. Law, Jr.,'92, is now connected with the Clifton Manufacturing Company in this city.

C. B. Waller, '92, is Superintendent of the Public Schools at Union, S. C.

R. W. Allen, '93, is tutor in Tulane University at New Orleans, La.

H. M. Lanham, '93, is studying for the degree of M. D., in Philadelphia.

H. Z. Nabers, '93, spent a few days in the city at the

first of the month. He is stlll teaching school in Laurens County.

W. P. Baskin, '94, is Principal of the Bishopville city schools.

H. L. Bomar, '94, is reading law with the firm of Bomar & Simpson.

R. L. Daniel, '94, paid us a short visit some weeks ago. He also is teaching school.

Geo. F. Kirby, '94, is principal of a large and flourishing school near Asheville, N. C.

Frank Lander, '94, is at the Charleston Medical College taking his degree.

E. M. Lanham, '94, is reading law at his home in Texas.

Smilie Taylor, '94, has a very fine school at Witts, Texas. He says he likes the "wild west" very much.

W. L. Walker, '94, has been elected to fill one of the chairs at the State Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute at Cedar Springs. He will have charge of the Blind department.

MARRIAGE NOTICES.

Preston B. Wells, '94, was married, Oct. 2d, to Miss Wallace, in the Washington street church, Greenville, the Rev. J. O. Wilson officiating.

Jake D. Craighead, '93, and Miss MacDonald of McColl, S. C., were married at the residence of the bride's father on Oct. 31st. They went from there to Fulton, Mo., which Mr. Craighead will make his future home.

Of last year's class ("the 34 Immortals") we have been able to hear of the following:

Gus M. Chreitzberg is keeping books for the Henneman Jewelry Co., in Spartanburg.

Wm. Coleman is at Harvard taking a literary course.

T. C. Covington is teaching school in Marlboro county.

A. H. Dagnall is studying law at S. C. College. He was Reading Clerk at the Constitutional Convention for some time.

W. G. Duncan is teaching school in Darlington county.

A. M. DuPre is assistant headmaster at the Fitting School.

S. C. Hodges is working in a drug store in Greenwood.

J. P. Hollis is teaching school.

J. F. Lyon is with the law firm of De Bruhl & Lyon, Abbeville.

H. H. Newton is taking a business course at the Southern Business College in Asheville, N. C.

H. J. Shoemaker is at Vanderbilt pursuing a literary course.

R. E. L. Smith is teaching near Glenn Springs, Spartanburg county.

B. W. Wait is also at Vanderbilt.

W. H. Wannamaker is principal of the Mullens graded schools.

J. A. Wiggins is principal of the Denmark graded schools.

M. C. Woods is at Harvard College.

F. E. Dibble is teaching school in Laurens county.

B. H. Henderson is taking a law course at the S. C. College.

J. B. Humbert is teaching at Covington, Marlboro county.

Geo. C. Leonard is preaching in Rock Hill circuit.

Sam McGhee is teaching in Laurens county.

Nickels is teaching at Latta, S. C.

F. H. Shuler is preaching in the Spartanburg circuit.

W. F. Stackhouse is reading law at Marion.

Dick Simpson, '96, has for some time filled the position of City Editor of the Columbia Register. He has grown very fond of his work and won't give it up for anything. He says he always was a Tillmanite, but didn't like to say so. We wish him much luck.

Pierre H. Fike, '97, paid us a short visit this month. He is looking well and seems to be enjoying life.

WOFFORD DIRECTORY.

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

O. D. Wannamaker, Pres't; G. M. Moore, V. P.; Paul Hardin, 1st Critic:
Thos. M. Raysor, Rec. Sec.; N. M. Salley, Cor. Sec.;
Albert F. Woods, Censor Morum.

PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETY.

A. E. Holler, Pres't.; Gist Gee, V. P.; P. H. Stoll, 1st Corrector; C. E. Boyd, Rec. Sec ; G. T. Pugh, Cor. Sec.; G. W. Peurifoy, 1st Censor.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

O. D. Wannamaker, Pres't.; N. G. Gee, Vice P.; Robt. Truesdale, Secretary; J. R. Walker, Cor. Sec.; G. T. Pugh, Treas.

SOCIETY OF ALUMNI.

J. C. Kilgo, Pres't.; W. E. Burnett, V. P.; J. F. Brown, Sec. & Treas.
W. J. Montgomery ('75), Orator for '95.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

H. N. Snyder, Pres.; G. M. Moore, Manager.

FRATERNITIES.

Alpha Tau Omega, Kappa Alpha; Kappa Sigma.
Pi Kappa Alpha; Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Chi Phi;
Chi Psi.

L. P. McGee, Caterer of Wightman Hall.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

O. D. WANNAMAKER, EDITOR.

Wofford College.

One hundred and forty-seven students are in the College and forty in the Fitting School. Old Wofford still holds her own. Her work is strong and abiding, her progress steady and sure. During all the political and social changes in our State, with a firm faith in the principles of her foundation and with a constant and earnest endeavor to carry out those principles and to broaden and strengthen with the years, we can entertain no doubt of her great power for good as to the past, the present and the future of South Carolina.

The Y. M. C. A.

Our association, from her present outlook, will do more genuine work toward the development of Christian manhood during this year than we have yet done. The new men seem already to be impressed with the interest felt by the old boys in the association, and indeed we have already added to our number twenty-five new men. We shall probably take in a few more college boys very soon. But we shall introduce this year a new feature into our association. We have invited the Fitting School boys to join with us, and we hope in this way to benefit these boys, who can scarcely with their present number support an organization of their own, and at the same time to strengthen our own Y. M. C. A. The local editor feels sure this plan will work admirably, and heartily recommends the new men to the Y. M. C. A. and the association to the new men.

The Senior class will accompany Prof. DuPre to Atlanta, leaving here about the 25th of November and re-

turning about the 30th. The faculty have about decided to give a holiday season of about a week just before the Christmas holidays begin at the usual time. This will give the whole student body an opportunity to see something of the exposition, and those who cannot go to Atlanta will have a longer and happier holiday at home. Thanks to the faculty.

Profs. Snyder and Rembert represented Wofford at the convention of Southern Colleges in Atlanta. Prof. Snyder has returned, hastening back for the sake of a pleasant examination for the Fresh. He is very enthusiastic on the subject of Atlanta and we hope to hear something good from him in a few days on that line. Prof. Rembert, at this writing, is still enjoying the exposition.

Foot Ball!

What a disappointed set of boys! We confidently expected to meet the University of Tennessee at the depot Saturday morning and take what was left of them back to go home to mamma Monday morning. A little telegram caused a vast deal of disappointment to a number of confident boys. They telegraphed Thursday saying it was impossible for them to come. Faculty would not let them. Very naughty faculty to treat those boys so. But after all perhaps they were looking to the best interests of the University and her team. Sorry you couldn't come, Tennessee, and hope we can yet arrange a game.

Being disappointed as to the game with Tennessee, our efficient and energetic manager, Mr. Marshall Moore, got Bingham School to come down on Saturday, the 9th. Below is the official score of the game as taken from the Daily Herald:

Wofford played and won her first foot-ball game of the season yesterday morning, her opponents being the Bingham School eleven. The game from start to finish

was interesting and exciting and was unmarred by serious injury to any of the players or by more rough play than was necessary. The game was fierce and fast, not brutal, as is attested by the fact that only two men had to leave the game on account of injuries. Wofford won by fast, skillful playing, and showed themselves to be a strong, gritty set of players who will keep any team in the South hustling to beat them. Bingham team played good ball and kept Wofford at her best every minute of the time. Her line is considerably lighter than Wofford's and could not stand the terrific plunges of Wofford's backs, but the men back of the line are quick and fleet, and often made good gains. The Bingham team is a credit to the insritution they represent. They were out-classed yesterday, but in the face of certain defeat they persisted like men and made Wofford earn every advantage.

THE LINE-UP.

Wofford.	Position.	Bingham.
Blake	Right end	Gedzendada
Barber	Right tackle	Lawrence
Choice	Right guard	Page
Williamson	Centre	Wilson
Rushton	Left guard	Lewis
Cannon	Left tackle	Bynum
Jennings	Left end	Reed
Shannon	Quarter back	Commer
Manning	Right half back	McAllister
Allen	Left half back	White
Chreitzberg	Full back	Bingham

SUMMARY.

Touchdowns—Manning, Evins. Goals from touchdowns—Blake (2). Injured—Allen (Leonard), Jennings (Evins). Umpires—Snyder of Wofford and Clark of Bingham. Referee—Lane of Vanderbilt. Linesman—Wurtenbaker of University of Virginia.

THE JOURNAL hasn't space to copy the report of the progress of the game in detail.

Wofford may also play Mercer in Atlanta. We shall win an easy game from the S. C. College, at least so the local hopes, on the 14th. Our boys will all remember Mr. Faber Smith, formerly of Wofford. He is playing great ball on the S. C. C. team.

If Wofford plays Mercer THE JOURNAL hopes we can make a better show than we did at Athens. Of course we did not expect to win the game. Athens had such an advantage in numbers to choose from and besides she was under a good trainer. When we played there no man on our team had ever been in the hands of a trainer. For the sake of tender recollections, and also as it is rather late, we do not give a detailed account of the game.

ATHENS VS. WOFFORD.

The Athens-Wofford game was a disappointment to the Wofford boys. We could scarcely expect much better, having had no trainer. Still we should have liked the score to be as good as last year. Some good playing was done by our team, especially during the last ten minutes of the first half. The Georgia boys, however, had us in weight and in training. They could do nothing with our centre, but made end plays almost entirely. It is rather late for a detailed report. THE JOURNAL takes this opportunity to thank the Athens boys for their courteous treatment of our players.

President Cleveland's passage through Spartanburg was the cause of much excitement and pleasure to our citizens. A vast throng of people, about two thousand including the whole body of students from Converse and and Wofford, were at the depot. The engineer had to feel his way, so to speak, through the dense mass of excited humanity. The President seemed to be anxious to make a short speech, but with the noise of hundreds of rattling tongues on all sides it was impossible to make himself heard. His time was entirely occupied in shaking hands with people who struggled for that honor.

The cabinet was also on the rear platform with President Cleveland and took part in the jubilee of handshaking. Long live the President!

The election of Marshalls resulted as follows: From the Calhoun Society, Chief, E. L. Culler; Junior, H. A. C. Walker; Sophomore, A. F. Woods; Freshman, Carroll P. Rogers. From the Preston the Junior Marshall is Robert Truesdale; Sophomore, R. R. Goodwin; Freshman, George Harmon.

The election of officers in the Preston Society: A. E. Holler, President; Vice-Preident, Gist Gee; 1st Corrector, P. H. Stoll; 2nd Corrector, C. E. Boyd; Secretary, G. T. Hugh; Corresponding Secretary, W. A. Medlock; Treasurer, W. G. Ward; 1st Censor, G. W. Peurifoy; 2nd Censor, John Allen.

In the Calhoun Society the following gentlemen were elected for the next term: Pres., Olin Wannamaker; V. Pres., G. Marshall Moore; First Critic, Paul Hardin; Second Critic, Wm. A. Cannon; Third Critic, Edgar L. Culler; Rec. Secy., Thomas M. Raysor; Cor. Secy., Nat M. Salley; Treasurer, Wm. M. Connor, Jr.; Censor Morum, Albert F. Woods.

The measels found about twenty boys on the campus with whom they were unacquainted. Most of the boys have become quite intimate by this time. No serious sickness has resulted. Messrs. Woods, Major, Daniel, Humbert, Tucker, Gabe Cannon, Leitner C., Smith F., Inabnit, Wood, Carraway, Dantzler, L. M., are some who have been or are suffering from the epidemic. Mr. Shannon has been sick for several days. Mr. Wolfe had to leave college several days ago on account of bad health. The JOURNAL hopes he will speedily recover and return.

There is an error in another page of this issue in saying Prof. Rembert had not returned from Atlanta. He is here and we must hear from him also.

Mr. Wm. Watson was on the campus some time ago. He is still in the employ of the State, Columbia. His many friends were glad to see him again.

OUR TRAINER.

The Athletic Association did the right thing when they secured Mr. Wurtenbaker of the University of Virginia to act as trainer for our foot ball team. This gentleman makes a good trainer. Out of a mass of unorganized, undiciplined boys he has given us the best team Wofford has yet had. Mr. Wurtenbaker told us in his few introductory remarks that when he left he wanted every man in college to be his friend. The Local Editor feels sure his wish has been gratified . He is still here and we shall regret to see him leave.

A Well Deserved Tribute to a Popular Line.

(By reques .)

The Robesonian of October 23d says editorially:

"The facilities for reaching Atlanta from this section are unequalled anywhere. The Seaboard Air Line runs double daily trains over the road, making close connections for the South and West at Atlanta, and for New York, Boston and other points. Indeed, as a gentleman of large travel remarked last Monday, the Seaboard Air Line has the best schedules and the best connections of any road within his knowledge. He also said that he —as not aware of but one train in the United States that furnished cars equal in magnificence and without additioual cost, to the Atlanta Special, and that was (we believe) the Buffalo Express, running from New York City to Buffalo."

As we go to press the winning elven are on the gridiron at Shandon in Columbia, preparing for the contest against the South Carolina College team. Our boys average more in weight, and it is expected that the game will be an easy victory for Wofford. About sixty of the students accompanied the team to Columbia.

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SUPPLEMENT TO LOCALS.

Wofford Ever on Top.

Listen to a description of the great S. C. C—Wofford game of foot ball played in Columbia, Thursday November 14th·

At six o'clock on the morning of the battle, the entire body of students and something like a hundred citizens were at the depot, and when the train pulled out of the yard the crowd left was noticibly small. Of Wofford boys alone there were sixty on board.

A livelier and better natured company never rode on a railway train. At Union and other points the citizens were given the yells and they appeared glad to to hear and to see the boys. At Alston there was a great crowd upon the platforms and it was intended by one of the jokers to introduce a heavy-weight, distinguished looking player as Grover Cleveland, but the stop was too short.

The extra reached its destination at 11:20 and was met by hundreds of people who lustily cheered Wofford's colors which floated from the engine in the shape of a great flag and which were hanging from every person's coat lappel. The boys went through the streets much noticed because of their old gold and black. All registered at the Hotel Jerome.

During the morning many old Wofford students from here, there and everywhere called in to pay their respects. Scores of Columbians and S. C. College men dropped in to get a peep at the great players.

At 3 o'clock the Shandon cars came along and the boys went to the grounds—the sight that they experienced gave them good feelings through and through.

The grand stand was a mass of old gold and black, and

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in every direction on the field could be seen the colors of the victors. The grand stand was largely occupied by the young ladies of Columbia Female College, and they were for Wofford first, last and all the time. Every play that Wofford made brought forth enthusiastic cheering from the sweet girls. In addition to these loyal ones there were visitors from all over the State wearing our colors. The most enthusiastic man on the field was Col. W. W. Bruce, of '91, who was arrayed in colors and who yelled himself hoarse for his alma mater.

The constitution-makers were out in force, for Wofford is largely represented there. Hons. J. Lyles Glenn, Geo. E. Prince and others were in our colors. The presence of these friends helped both "rooters" and players, and when such plays as "Jimmie Shannon's tackle of Vass, Manning's great run, Chreitzberg's tremendous centre bucks and other plays equally as well appreciated were made, the "rooters" simply made the air ring.

When the game was over and the victory was ours our friends gathered around our team and all but kissed them.

At 7:30 the club left for home well pleased with Columbia's courteous treatment and with everything connected with the day. Ours is a great team, and Mr. Wurtenbaker is a great trainer.

THE GAME

was called at 4 o'clock. Columbia won the toss and chose the north goal. Chreitzberg kicked off 30 yards; Bryan caught and advanced 2; Vass fumbled; Bryan around left end, no advance; Mason punt; Blake caught, advanced 5 yards; Buck centre for 5; Evins right end 10 yards; Chreitzberg centre 5 yards; Manning around left end lost 1 yard. Ball to Columbia on foul. Johnson bucks, lost 2 yards; beautiful tackle by Blake; Smith fumbles and loses ball to Wofford; Manning right end 5 yards; Chreitzberg centre 1 yard; Manning right end run 10 yards, touch down. Time, 12 minutes. Chreitzberg

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kicked goal. . . . . This shows the playing in earlier part of game. We have not space for a report of the whole. Here below are some samples of Wofford's quick movement.

Note those eight consecutive downs by Wofford in second half.

Jennings right end 10 yards; Manning left end 15 yards; Cannon centre 10 yards; Evins right end 20 yards; Chreitzberg through centre 1 yard touch down. Time of second touch, 19 minutes.

During the game Columbia made only one advance of any distance through our line. Vass made one beautiful run of 30 yards on the quarter-back frick. For Wofford, Shannon made two 30 yards and one 20 yards runs. Evins played beautiful ball, making long distance every time through their right end· Columbia predicted that they would go through Williamson "like pickle," but they must have found he was pickled in pepper vinegar, so it seems.

"Some people say Wofford can't play,
  Way down yonder on the ball ground;
But we showed them that very day,
  Way down yonder on the ball ground.

"Some people say Jim Shannon can't run,
  Way down yonder on the ball ground;
But we'll tell them what he has done,
  Way down yonder on the ball ground."

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A Literary Magazine, published monthly by the Calnoun and Preston Literary Societies of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.

Contributions are solicited from the Alumni and students of the institution.

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Established 1888 | DECEMBER, 1895. | VOL. VII. No. 3.

Literary.

Christmas Morning.

(For Christmas Number.)

Judean shepherds guard their sheep
  Tonight beneath Judean skies;
  All while, with simple childish eyes,
A loving watch and ward they keep.

The myriad starlight twinkles down,
  The moonbeams melt into the night;
  A holy, silent, silent light
Is on the dreamy hills around.

They murmur low with muffled tongue
  Of home, and flock and pasture-lands;
  And now and then with lifted hands
One wonders how the stars are hung.

The hours slip and glide away,
  The stars climb higher up the sky;
  Night, while the swift-winged moments fly,
Draws near upon the skirts of day.

But hold! There swells some strange sweet sound
  Of harmonies; and music floats
  Flows soft and mellow. Angel notes
Seem falling from or Eden-bound.

The shepherds strain their earth-dull ears,
  And question one another's eyes;
  And all stand gazing in the skies,
And tremble in their unknown fears.

With mystic strength of hallowed grace
  The angel choir catch their souls.
  Old Earth seems breathing as she rolls,
And rocks and sways, and rocks and sways.

Now faintly heard and sweet and low,
  Now grandly loud and deep and strong,
  It comes and goes, the angel song:
It comes! It comes! It sinks no more.

Oh see! A dazzling glory gleams
  From heaven's portals open wide,
  And down the path of light a tide
Of heaven's music bursts and streams.

The intolerable brightness flashes so;
  One moment, and the next the sight
  Is bathed and flooded in a light
As soft as falling flakes of snow.

Entranced, the shepherds look in fear
  Along the radiating lines
  Of light etherial that shines
From angel wings approaching near.

The hovering ones break into song
  Again, and now a sweet, sweet calm

Falls like the starlight after storm
Upon their hearts and makes them strong.

"Peace be on earth. Good will toward
Mankind. To God glory for aye;
For unto you is born this day,
A Savior which is Christ the Lord."

The holy messengers announce
Where he, the Holy One, is layed,
And swift, on pinions wide outspread.
The angel army heavenward mounts.

"What means it all? This we have heard,
That Thou hast sent the promised one,
The strong Redeemer, Savior, Son;
Oh mighty God is it thy word?

"Oh angels, tell us yet again
If this be true, if this be true.
Oh tell us what is told to you;
Shall he redeem the world from sin?"

No more the heavenly voices come,
The starlight twinkles down once more
As it has gleamed and shone before;
The heavenly portals closed are dumb.

But it was truth. The Christ is born;
The life of life, the light of light,
The Prince of Peace, the King of right.
Be glad, it is his natal morn.

The long, long years have rolled away
Since angel heralds told the Earth
That Christ was come. But since his birth
The world is young again today.

Today let myriad voices ring
The Song of Ages, Seraph hymn;
From ocean's rim to ocean's rim
The universal choir sing.

OLIN WANNAMAKER.

Willington.

At the beginning of the present century the educational advantages of South Carolina were very limited. There were none of the colleges and high schools that surround us on every side at the present time, and what education the masses of the people of those days received was obtained in the old field schools.

At this time the rich planters of the country sent their sons to England, where they obtained a good education; but comparatively few were able to send their sons abroad, and all of their daughters were compelled to be content with the mere rudiments of an education. Therefore the need of a better educational system was felt very early, and first-class work in the academies, which were established all over the State, supplied, to some extent, the need of colleges.

The most famous of these academies was that one established at Willington, in Abbeville county. It was situated in a locality famous for its intelligent classes of people, and also as being the birthplace of many prominent people, the most noted of whom were James L. Pettigrew, George McDuffie and John C. Calhoun.

The academy was situated on the high ridge between Savannah and Little river, and was surrounded by groves of classic oaks and sturdy hickories. Instead of large, luxurious dormitories for the students, were built log huts with chimneys of sticks and mud. These huts were placed in two rows in such a manner as to form a very grotesque street. It was an ideal place for a school, as it was far removed from the noise and dissipations of the city. The student had nothing to detract him from his studies, and consequently he applied himself more diligently than he would have done elsewhere.

The life of the student was simple and plain—in keeping with his surroundings—and his food consisted of

corn-bread and bacon. Instead of gas and students' lamps, he studied by the light of a pine torch. His games also were of an old nature, being such as running foot races, jumping, wrestling and playing town ball.

The founder of this school, Dr. Moses Waddell, was a worker himself, and he required his students to work. Drones were unknown at Willington. The most backward students prepared one hundred and fifty lines of Virgil at a single lesson, while the *smart* boys would sometimes prepare one thousand lines. By this hard work they were well prepared to enter the colleges of other States. The president of Princeton said that the students from Willington were as well prepared as those from any other part of the Union.

Moses Waddell has no statue erected to his memory, but his name is written in living letters upon the lives of the great men who received their early training at his school. The good of this school can only be measured by the lives of the men who have gone out from its walls. Many of them rose to be the leading men of the nation, while many, not so ambitious for fame and renown, erected a good influence and lived useful lives in the communities where they settled.

There went forth from this school "one vice-president and many foreign and cabinet ministers, and senators, congressmen, governors, judges and presidents and professors of colleges." It would be impossible to get a complete list of the great men who were at once students at this school, but only a few will suffice to prove it to have been the most famous academy in South Carolina or in the South. The following is a partial list: W. H. Crawford, of Georgia, candidate for the presidency; John C. Calhoun, vice-president and United States senator; Hugh S. Legare, attorney general, foreign and cabinet minister; George McDuffie, governor and United States senator; George W. Crawford, governor of Georgia; Patrick Noble, governor of South Carolina; Eldred Simpkins, W. D. Martin, Andrew Govan, George R. Gil-

mer, George Carey and John Walker, all members of congress; Henry W. Colley, D. L. Wardlaw and A. B. Longstreet, judges; and a score of others equally as prominent.

J. R. T. MAJOR.

Dante and the Divinia Commedia.

I would not attempt in any way a criticism of Dante, but simply to give a few bare facts in the life of that great poet as seen through the Divinia Commedia. And first, Dante was born in 1265, that dark period called the Middle Ages. It seems to me that this, if nothing else, would forever hush the cry of a poet being out of his time—of his being only a creature of circumstances. No circumstances alone ever made Dante a poet. He stands there the one lone star of the thirteenth century with no guide to follow, but his own inward being. All Pagan epics before this time had singled out some one heroic family, and out of that family some one man, "like unto the immortals." This man became the hero of the poem. Their theme had been a man. But Christianity had changed all things and Dante recognized the difference between the Pagan epic and the Christian epic. He knew that according to Christianity not only one man was "like unto the immortals," but that all had been made in the image of God. Dante's theme is therefore *man*, not *a* man. Then this was something new and Dante was the first Christian poet.

Dante's early life was one of success and comfort, but this did not last long, for he was at an early date banished from his native city. It was during this exile that he wrote the Divinia Commedia. Under such circumstances would it be amiss to enquire what caused Dante to write this poem? Some have argued that it was jealousy, and jealousy alone, that caused him to write; that he wished to people hell with as many of the inhabitants

of Florence as possible. But this cannot be the motive force behind the poem, for if it was it would never have been alive until this day. It is the intense faith of Dante that is behind it. In fact the whole poem is nothing more than the setting forth of his faith. It is so sincere, that is the reason why it endures. Every word that Dante wrote was as true to him as true could be. Why, we read Dante not for the poetry, but for the story. It is, as it were, the journal of "the lonely traveler through the nation of the dead." Life with all its sorrows had pressed too hard upon him to be wasting his time talking about unrealities, and sometimes he became even rough and coarse in his effort to be so real.

But I would not have you think that the exile from from Florence had nothing to do with the writing of the Divinia Comedia. I believe that if Dante had not been exiled it would never have been written. Dante had had great success, and this exile served the purpose of turning him away from earth and earthly objects, and fixing his gaze upon other and different worlds; it showed him that worldly success was not all that was to be desired.

But there is another and a greater motive than these two I have mentioned. It is found in the person of Beatrice. As the lonely exile went from land to land, and from house to house, begging for that shelter and that bread that Florence had denied him, in his dreams he went back to bygone days, when life ran merrily and all things were pleasant. From among all these but one thing remained immovable, unchanged to him—that was Beatrice. As time went on, his day dream became a dream of glory, and his woman of flesh was changed into a holy ideal, "having combined in her that grace of God which higher souls learn to find in the trial that passeth all understanding, and that perfect womanhood, the dream of youth and memory of maturity." When Dante caught this idea all suggestions of jealousy vanished from his mind and he became filled with one overwhelming desire to speak such things of woman as mor-

tal tongue had never before uttered. Was it a real woman or only an image of the poet's imagination that caused this?

Throughout the whole Christian era there has been but one more like him who has attempted to tell us what those upper and nether worlds are; how they are inhabited and what we shall see and become when we get there. The chief difference between Dante and Milton are in how they have told it and how they have inhabited those other worlds. One believes what he believes, the other is not; one is didactic, the other is not.

I think no better summing up of the life of Dante can be given than those words written by his own hand:

"The rights of Monarchy, the Heavens, the Stream of Fire, the Pit,
In vision seen, I sang, as far as to the fates seemed fit;
But, since my soul, an alien here, hath flown to nobler wars,
And happier now hath gone to seek its Maker 'mid the stars,
Here am I, Dante, shut, exiled from the ancestral shore,
Whom Florence, the of all least-loving mothers, bore."

The indomitable will of the man as exemplified through his whole life is set forth in capital letters in these few lines. But men after the death of Dante have heaped as much honor upon him as can be bestowed on one dead, until now all nations and people and tribes join in ascribing "all honor to the loftiest of poets."

J. EASTERLING WALKER.

Nibbled Toes.

Mr. Bostick chuckled ecstatically when he entered his house on Christmas eve night with a peculiarly shaped box under his arm. He had just returned from a flying trip to Florida and, being a man who relished nothing better than a good joke, had brought back with him a live alligator about twelve inches long, which he intended giving his wife for a Christmas present.

He had his plans all well laid. He was to place it on her dressing table so that her eyes would rest on it the

first thing when she arose the next morning ; and many a silent laugh did he indulge in as he pictured to himself her horrified surprise and the record breaking jump she was sure to make.

His wife plied him with numerous questions concerning his trip, which he answered good-naturedly, telling her marvelous stories about Florida, its tropical beauties and novel sights. And when she remarked just before retiring for the night that she hoped he had brought her something distinctly unique from that land of tropical wonders, he laughed inordinately and told her to wait until morning and her anticipations would probably be realized. This excited her woman's curiosity, and knowing he would be as silent as the sphinx concerning the present, she asked him questions that were meant to be skillfully diplomatic, hoping that she might surprise out of him some inkling or hint as to the mysterious meaning of his words. He saw through it all, however, and enjoyed immensely her two-edged interrogations.

Mr. Bostick awoke that night about two o'clock tumbling all over and bathed in a cold perspiration. He had dreamed that his live alligator on the table near his bed had broken out of its box and had gone on a nocturnal expedition in quest of food. Naturally, he thought, it had crossed over to the bed the first move it made, and Mr. Bostick could have sworn it had made an early breakfast on his toes.

So strong had the illusion taken hold of his mind that he was afraid to move or raise his foot for fear he would find the terminal members of his pedal extremities gnawed off.

He lay quite still for about fifteen minutes, fearing to stir a muscle. He imagined he heard the scaly little monster crawling and scratching about among the folds of the quilt, and if ever a man did want to scream, have hysterics or some other feminine ailment, that man was Mr. Bostick.

Perspiration in large, salty drops poured from his body, and while he didn't exactly "cuss," still he called himself innumerable things of doubtful meaning for being such a consummate idiot as to bring a live alligator all the way from Florida to amputate his toes.

Mrs. Bostick meanwhile was sleeping like a cherub, now and then giving utterance to just the faintest suggestion of a snore, and dreaming no doubt of the "unique present" that would be hers in the morning.

Her husband, as he listened to her soft, regular breathing, wondered why that "infernal lizard" had preferred his toes to his wife's; and then with a cold, chilly smile he soliloquized: "Well, there is no accounting for tastes." And then another thought oozed slowly through the fear-stricken bounds of his mind: was he going to be such a miserable coward as to lie there in abject terror while the dear little woman whom he had sworn to love, cherish and protect was in immediate and awful danger?

"No, sir," he muttered to himself. "I'll get up and slam thunderation out of that dirty little sourian." And then he spent another fifteen minutes ostensibly in vilifying the alligator, but really, I am sorry to say, trying to get up courage enough to turn over and wake his wife.

And then another thought struck him. Mr. Bostick had always heard that in moments of extreme danger the human brain performs its functions with wonderful rapidity, but he had put little stock in such assertions until his present condition convinced him of their virtue. This last thought of his was a wonderfully bright one, he thought, and he resolved at once to put it into operation. He was satisfied that his toes were gone, but he was not absolutely certain. Moreover, he was afraid to investigate the matter with his eyes because the slght of blood always nauseated him and generally made him dizzy; and, being an exceedingly prudent man, as the reader has possibly observed, he had no idea of running

the risk of fainting in such close quarters with an alligator. So his ingenuous plan was this: he would try to work his toes—of course the reader knows what that means—and if the muscles moved all right and were flexible he might safely conclude that the alligator had not yet breakfasted on them. Unfortunately, however, he was not aware that the strained position in which he had been lying had deadened the nerves of his leg, and very naturally when he went to work his toes he couldn't feel them move.

This was horrible! Far worse than he thought; and he began to call in feeble tones for his wife.

"What is it, dear?" she murmured sleepily.

"My darling, don't get alarmed or frightened, but there is an alligator in the bed."

"A what?" She was wide awake now, and fired the question at him like a cannon ball.

"An alligator, my dear," he repeated weakly. "I brought it with me from Florida and it has broken out of its box and has been gnawing on my toes all night. I wouldn't move for fear he'd go over and tackle you, and—"

But he got no further, for Mrs. Bostick's feet, having come in contact with the cold, polished surface of the foot-board, she drew them up with such lightning-like rapidity as to send her knees with awful violence right in the center of Mr. Bostick's back.

For two minutes he was perfectly breathless, and thought he was done for, but he recovered just in time to see Mrs. Bostick literally fly out of the bed and light among a pair of old shoes. Thinking she had stepped into a regular nest of alligators she emitted a shriek that tore the window curtains into shreds and vaulted lightly over the back of a high old rocking chair.

She then began to perform sundry gyrations and athletic jumps that would have done credit to a Numidian lion. Ever and anon she would light in the midst of some article of furniture or dress, and then would come

forth that terrible shriek that shattered all the glass for a square around.

Mr. Bostick, who had been temporarily paralyzed by the severe jolt he had received from his wife, looked on in silent amazement. Finally he ventured to gasp out: "Why—why don't you light the lamp?"

"I kicked it out the window the first jump I made," she replied, with an hysterical laugh, still keeping up her gyrations.

"See here," interposed Mr. Bostick, more firmly, "we've got to have a light. This thing can't go on any longer. What in the mischief are you jumping around so for?" he added, as his wife gracefully leaped over a large table and capered to the other side of the room.

"I just can't help it," she shrieked. "Something impels me to move."

"Well, where are the matches," he demanded.

"Can't yet up and find them?" she asked tearfully. "I'm so fri—frightened I'm afraid to move."

"Well, it don't look like it, the way you are cavorting over chairs and stepping over tables," he retorted. "I'd get up myself, but you've kicked me nearly into eternity, and if I ever walk again I'll count myself doing well."

"I never did think you'd talk that way to me, Mr. Bostick," she returned sobbingly. "especially when I'm so frightened and helpless. I never would have believed you'd have been so cruel."

"Now see here, wife," said Mr, Bostick softening, "you can't expect a man that has been attacked by an alligator and kicked by a woman all the same night to retain his natural equanimity of mind. Just get the matches like the dear little woman that you are and strike a light and I'll get up and brain that infernal little lizard with a chair, I wouldn't ask you to do it if I could move."

"It seems to me," said his wife in the same tearful

tones, "if you could move enough after I strike the light to kill the alligator, you could move before·"

This was a poser, the logic of which he couldn't get round; man-like he got mad. "Get the matches," he cried angrily, "don't stand there jawing all night. I never saw such a womam! I believe you'd stand there arguing and crying until doomsday if it wasn't for me·"

"If it hadn't been for you there wouldn't have been any of this at all." she returned getting indignant. "Here you've let a whole box of allgators loose in the room and you are afraid to get up and strike a light. I never would have thought it of you," disolving into tears again.

Muttering an imprecation of forcible meaning, Mr. Bostick sprang out of the bed and commenced a search for the matches; carefully avoiding all dark corners, and frequently giving vent to an ill supressed yell as his cold, shivering shin came in violent contact with the cruel edges of a rocking chair. Finally his search was rewarded and striking a light a scene met his eye that he swore would never leave him.

Mrs. Bostick, shivering and cold with fear, was perched on top of a heavy oak table, the only article of furniture she had not succeeded in overturning. Chairs were upset, bric-a-brac demolished, clothing scattered and a general air of somegthing that had been in the track of a cyclone pervaded the room.

Gazing down at his feet, Mr. Bostick was inexpressibly delighted to find them as he somewhat ambigiously quoted, "'Heart whole and fancy free.'"

"The first thing that demands our attention," he said to his wife, "is that alligator. I intend to——" A vigorous gesture of his right arm finished the sentence.

"Well, I'll be swiggledum!" he ejaculated a few minutes later as he picked up the box that contained the alligator and examined it carefully. "Mrs. Bostick do you want to know what is the gospel truth? This dirty little lizard has been caged up all the time and all this racket

you've been raising has been for nothing." And Mr. Bostick sat down and laughed until the tears flowed. His wife said not a word until his merriment had subsided then she went for him.

"I've been raising all the racket have I? I've been the only one frightened have I? Oh yes, yes, I'm the only one of course. But it seems to me this little caged animal has been gnawing at somebody's feet! It seems to me, although it has been boxed up all the time, somebody let this alligator nibble at their toes the greater part of the night and did not move or offer resistance for fear the animal would attack his wife! I have a faint recollection of something of that sort, havn't I?"

Mr. Bostick was downed; effectually squelched.

"Wife," he said in humble tones, "if you won't mention this night's adventure I won't."

"No, I don't guess you will," she returned shaking with laughter.

"Wife," he repeated, "the only Christmas present I want you to give me is your promise never, by word or action, to refer to this night's work again. Will you make the compact?"

And with a woman's ready forgivness, she relented and promised.

Frequently, however, in after years when Mr. Bostick would become stubborn and show unmistakable evidences of opposing her will, she would merely look at him with a queer sort of smile and say "nibbled toes," and he would become submissive at once.

J. A. SULLIVAN.

The Carolina Paroquet.

(Conurus Carolinensis.)

Among the many things of which South Carolina has to boast, one of them is of having the only member of the parrot tribe, which inhabits the United States, named after it. This bird was first seen in Carolina, and

hence its name. It was called by one of the European ornithologists, not knowing that it had been named before, the Illinois Parrot (Psittacus Pertinax). It also goes under the name of Psittacus Carolinensis.

There are about one hundred and eighty (180) species known that belong to this brilliant genus, but this is the only one found in North America north of Mexico.

The head and neck are of a bright yellow, the forehead and sides of the head are a reddish orange, the body and tail is green and the wings green and yellow, tinged with orange. The length is between twelve and fourteen inches.

The Paroquet shows a peculiar predilection for the dark, rich and alluvial forest bordering the principal rivers and larger streams, in which the towering cypress and tall sycamore spread their vast summits over a wide waste of moving or stagnant waters.

From the beech and the hackberry they derive an imimportant supply of food.

The flocks, moving in the manner of wild pigeons, dart in swift and airy phalanx through the green boughs of the forest. Screaming in general concert, they wheel in wide and descending circles around the tall cottonwood and all alight at the same instant, their green vesture, like a fairy mantle, rendering them nearly invisible beneath the shady branches, where sit seeming to caress and scratch each others heads with all the fondness and unvarying friendship of affectionate doves.

At times when gratifying the calls of hunger they descend to the banks of the river or neighboring fields in search of the inviting kernels of the cockle burr and of the bitter weed, which they extract from their husks with great dexterity.

With that peculiar appetite which characterizes them, they are often observed to frequent the salt springs or "licks" to gratify their uncommon taste for salt.

Out of mere wantonness they often frequent the orchards and appear delighted with the frolic of plucking

apples from the trees and strewing them on the ground untasted. They are also fond of berries, especially of mulberries, which they eat piecemeal in their usual manner, holding them with their feet.

They nest in hollow trees, and take little if any pains to provide more than a simple hollow in which to lay their eggs, which number two, like the other members of the tribe. They are at all times particularly attached to the large sycamores, in which they rest in close community. They are said to cling close to the sides of the tree, holding fast by the claws and bill.

They are readily tamed and early show an attachment to those around who bestow any attention on them. It soon learns to recollect its name and to come when called. It does not, however, show much, if any, capacity of mimicing human speech or sounds of any kind.

One which I saw tamed was wounded in the wing in the Everglades of Florida. Within a week or two it seemed perfectly reconciled to its domestic condition.

A very general opinion prevails that the brains and intestines of this bird are a sure and fatal poison to cats.

I heard a lady say that she herself had made the experiment, and whatever might be the cause the cat had actually died upon the next day. If there is any truth whatsoever in this statement it is to the cockle burr, or something which the bird had eaten, more than to the bird itself, that the cause must be attributed.

Audubon says: "A tame bird which I had having died, I tried the experiment. The bird had been fed on Indian corn alone. A cat and two kittens eat up the entire bird, but were not affected in the least." Perhaps if cockle burrs, etc., had been given it instead of Indian corn, the case might have been different.

But alas! the story of this elegant bird is nearly finished. It is not quite exterminated yet, but of the large flocks that were once seen all over the Southern States, only a mere remnant can be found, and these are hidden amid the dense swamps of Central Florida and

along the lower valley of the Mississippi. The farmers and fruit growers were obliged to kill large numbers, and later woman's vanity and man's greed have joined hands to carry on the slaughter. From the combined attack of such foes the remnant has but slight chance of escape.

H. B.

PROF. CHARLES B SMITH.
Wofford's representative at Conference.

The Editor's Desk.

The Closing Year.

Two days after the appearance of this issue of the JOURNAL nearly all of the students will go to their various homes for the Christmas vacation. They will not return until the first of January '96. While this does not close the college session, many of them any way will doubtless ask, what does a year at college mean? Is there really anything in it for me? Is it nothing more than a little Latin, a little Greek, a little German, a little French, a little English, a little mathematics, learning the latest styles of dressing and of parting the hair, and the polish for entering a certain kind of "society"? and then, perhaps, some of the boys feel themselves under a kind of necessity of learning to so conduct themselves after they reach their homes as to be looked upon as a kind of a second edition of Solomon, an epitome of the way they do at college. They want their hair longer than the Princeton style, the football regulation. They feel like filling their minds with knowledge sufficient for an encyclopedia in order that they may answer correctly all the questions upon any and every subject referred to them, so as to avoid the mortification, in case of failure, of the "O, Oh!" accompanied by the silly, but almost invariable expression, "a year at college, and he does not know that!" How many people there are who suppose that colleges are machines that ought to turn out in one, two, three, or even four years a well trained man prepared to meet and overcome all of the difficulties of Life—one prepared to solve instantly the most difficult problems that may be presented.

But the boy who has been to college knows better; he knows that a year at college does not mean that a man

knows a great deal; it means that he has had an opportunity of learning something. "A diploma;" as our esteemed president has frequently expressed it, "does not show that one knows a great deal; it shows that he has had an opportunity of learning a great deal."

Here, in one year you can not learn all; you find the opportunity for mental culture you ought to desire. Here have been opened to you the storehouses of the knowledge you are presumed to wish, and instruction given by men of recognized ability. During the year you have had an opportunity to develop systematic methods in all you have done. Here, in a select little community, secluded as far as possible from all ruder elements, you have had influences to train and develop your moral nature. Here you have come in contact with young men from every section of the country, varied in character and disposition, but of the best families, association with whom must certainly afford a pleasing social advantage. The year has not been lost if your work has made you stronger intellectually, broader in your views and sympathies, a man who will be a power, though unconsciously, wherever you may be; and better fitted to continue your education.

The President's Message.

The message, which President Cleveland sent to Congress on the 3rd day of December, is in many respects a note worthy document. Despite its great length, it has been probably more generally read, and has evoked more commendation, and outspoken condemnation than any previous utterance of the distinguished author. Like the now famous "tariff message" it will likely be the opening chapter in the political history of the next decade. The all absorbing financial question was elaborately considered and the views of the President presented in that clear yet vigorous style, which has given a distinct charm to the State papers prepared by Mr.

Cleveland. The friends of "sound money," whatever that may mean in the political world, are jubilant, and hail the message as the expression of a statesman who has had the most favorable opportunity and the highest incentive to study the financial situation, and who has the courage to express his honest convictions and the ability to enforce them with the most convincing arguments. On the other hand the friends of "free silver" regard the message as but another proof of what they have from time to time asserted, that the President is unduly influenced by the "money power" of Wall Street, and, therefore, is not in sympathy with the toiling masses of the republic, whose interest and that of silver, they would have us believe is inadvisably connected. Thus the respective issues of "sound money" and "free silver" are being prepared for presentation to the electorate of these United States, who, right or wrong, but with patriotic intent, will decide the question with much less ado about it than the politicians are making in framing the issue for them. If the tariff campaign was one of education, the pending financial one, which this message distinctly inaugurates, promises to be even more so, because as a matter of fact, there exists greater need for it. The science of finance, if indeed it be a science, is so intricate that it will be difficult if not imposible to so simplify it that the average voter will be able to apprehend it aright, and cast an intelligent ballot. There can, however, be but little doubt that we will at the next election have a decision from the people that will, temporarily at least, see this question at rest. The President's message is a strong paper and will have considerable influence. We commend to our readers a careful study of its statements, and the arguments that are given to support them, leaving in mind the meanwhile that there is another side which invites their closests scrutiny. The part of the message which treats of our foreign relations has been very generally commended. The policy of our nation to cultivate friendly relations

with other powers, at the same time carefully avoiding entangling alliances with any, has in the main been adhered to. A noticeable exception is the arrangement about the government of Samoa which the President wisely recommends abrogated.

The School Tax.

And as the question of increasing the free school tax has at last been settled, and the members of the Constitutional Convention of South Carolina have placed themselves on record as favoring popular education.

They did the proper thing when it was decided to levy a tax of three mills instead of the present two mill tax, and for this they will doubtless receive more credit than they deserve. The common schools of the state needed the money, and the convention could not have refused to do something for them. This is, indeed, one of the most gratifying works of that body. It will give a great stimulus in the direction of improving the free public schools, and that there is room for it no sane person will deny.

The discussion on this subject brought out some interesting and instructive facts. The school sessions have been entirely too short, and even with this increase the people can not become educated unless this sum is supplemented very largely in all of the districts. But what is become of a great majority of the school districts where the people can not afford to pay an extra tax large enough to support properly good schools? The state superintendent of education, in his last annual report, remarks that "in many of the poorer districts it would require an extra tax of from seven to ten mills to raise a fund sufficient to properly sustain such schools. This the people of these districts could not stand" what then is the duty of the state but to assist by means of a general tax? The state contrib-

utes quite enough to the support of excellent public schools. While there is no disposition on our part to injure any state institution we hope, however that an enlightened public sentiment will see to it that the future develops no more high systems of education until the state, assuming to teach all of its citizens as preparation for the responsibilities of citizenship, adopts that plan which affords the greatest good to the greatest number.

A Fraternity Gathering.

A few weeks ago a conference of fraternity men representing many of the colleges of this country was held in the city of Atlanta. The purpose of the gathering was that the fraternities might get better acquainted with each other, and that each might get some valuable suggestions from the other. The conference was held in the parlors of the Kimball House, and was followed by a sumptuous banquet. Representatives from different orders were heard from, the speeches of all showing that while working under distinct names they were all directed alike by high and noble purposes. There is room for co-operation between the different fraternities of this country, and it is well for their representatives to sometimes come together and talk over matters that interest them all. To this end a national association has been found, and Mr. John Young Garlington, a prominent young South Carolinian, we are glad to note, was elected the first president of the association.

It is certainly very encouraging to note the disposition on the part of many colleges to lend aid to college publications. For this most of the best magazines published in this country have cause to be profoundly grateful. We are anxious to improve the JOURNAL in many ways; but to be candid we can not with the funds at our disposal publish a first-class periodical. Will it be

useless for us to appeal to the college authorities for aid ? They certaily ought to appreciate the importance of a good college magazines? We can not increase the subscription price because the majority of people are averse to paying more than one dollar for a publication of this nature. Our advertising rates are certainly very low, but there would come a general objection if we were to think of raising the price over what we now charge. The only hope we have of being able to improve the JOURNAL is in an appropriation from the college authorities. Every year large sums are paid out for advertising. Why not give a large part of this to the support of the JOURNAL. Several hundred copies judiciously distribted every month would do Wofford more good than all of the advertising that could be placed in county newspapers. The men at the helm of our institution are deeply interested in the students and their work, and are willing to do all in their power for the promotion of their interests. The JOURNAL is managed solely by the students of Wofford, and we hope that the facultv will give us that aid which will be necessary for us to maintain a first-class magazine. We know that Wofford college is not a very rich institutution, and that it takes almost all of her means to provide for those things which are necessary for her sustenance as an educational institution ; but we believe that it would be a judicious investment for the college to appropriate each year one hundred dollars for the support of the college magazine. In case we secure a liberal appropriation from the faculty, we will be able to publish a JOURNAL that will be a credit to Wofford College. Let the faculty take such a step, and it will not be long before we will show the wisdom of the action taken. Many colleges do this, and they all look upon it as a good investment.

We wish to call special attention to the notice to the class of '95, published in the Alumni department.

It is again speaker Reed, of Maine. The other officers are: Clerk, Alexander McDowell, of Pennsylvania; Sergeant at arm, Ben Russell, of Missouri; Doorkeeper, William T. Glenn, of New York; Postmaster, J. C. McElroy, of Ohio; Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Camden, of Michigan. The South has no representative among the state house officers. The Republicans would have done a wise thing if they had given the South one representative.

Let us hope that congress will leave all business legislation alone except that which will surely tend to improve it. The country can well afford to wait until well matured plans give assurance of some permanent benefit. The industries of this country are too frequently injured by hasty legislation. Speaker Reed gave the Republican caucus good advice when he urged the members of his party to shun crude and hasty legislation.

Mr. James L. Strain, of Union, S. C., has issued a very important circular in regard to a confederate history. He wants to obtain all the facts and dates pertaining to the history of the South Carolina troops during the war. The record that the brave men and women of this state made for themselves during that eventful struggle ought to be preserved in a substantial form, and the work should be done by one of their own number. There are publishers in this state who would be delighted to do the mechanical part of the work. It would pay them handsomely.

A very interesting and instructive feature of last year's work was the series of lectures by different professors in the college chapel. They proved very beneficial to the majority of the students, and we do not know why they have been discontinued. The first of the year will be a good time to begin them anew.

"Recollections of War Times," is the title of a little book recently written by Dr. S. P. H. Elwell. It is a simple, yet eloquently told narrative of what this distinguished minister went through during the war. Senator M. C. Butler, who ought to be a competent critic upon such a work, remarks that "the narrative is an extremely interesting and graphic one—very valuable as illustrative of the hardships and trials the Confederate soldior had to bear."

The South Carolina State Baptist convention convened at Greenville, S. C. during the last week in November. That work of the convention which has attracted the most attention was the discussion about the co-operation of the southern and northern Baptists in the interest of providing better religious training for the colored people of the South. It seems that there is to be no real union between the Baptists of the South and those of the North. The co-operation is limited to the work of negro religious training in the South. Aside from this, the two sections will remain as they were before. There is good feeling, kindly affectioned one toward another; but the extent of the interest involved and the wide range of operations will demand separate machinery for the prosecution of the work entrusted to them.

It is nothing short of folly to spend large sums of money in erecting monuments of brass and marble to commemorate the gallant deeds of the Confederate dead when there are many living "old soldiers" who are actually suffering from a want of the necessities of life. This is mockery of the worst kind.

We are glad to note that there is a movement on foot looking to better sleeping accommodations for travelers. The St. Louis Republic very properly remarks that Duke Pullman is the only unregulated evil in the

transportation business. He charges what he pleases, and when the good accommodations have been taken you have to put up with the worst. The railroads and the public are together in the fight against Mr. Pullman. We sincerely hope he will come out "second best."

Senator David Bennett Hill is one of the few men in political life who is aspiring after literary honors. He has been most generally considered as a proctical politician, giving only a passing attention to matters beyond this ; but he has recently shown a position to affiliate a poetic genius with his studies of history, general literature and politics. There has lately appeared from his pen a volume of poems which will doubtless take the country by surprise. The New York Senator draws from ancient and modern history, and sings of another Helen of Troy. The language in which he writes "is replete with the orange flowers of figurative speech and the bay leaves of poesy."

The Charleston News and Courier did the proper thing when it sent a special man to report the annual Conference. Its writeup of the prominent members of that august body was read and enjoyed by Methodists all over South Carolina. This newspaper can always be depended upon to keep up with the procession. See their ad.

The editor of THE JOURNAL will be glad to receive any hints or suggestions looking to the improvement of our magazine. We are trying to improve it in every way possible, and want the co-operation of all the students along with the members of the faculty. We have secured as complete a list as can be had of the alumni of the college, and to each one we purpose to send a copy of this number. We are going to look to them for all the help they can give us in maintaining this medium of communication between themselves and the college, and

we feel that the cost of subscription is too insignificant to afford anything like a reason for not taking the JOURNAL. This is intended for those who are not already subscribers. Should you like to receive the JOURNAL regularly, send us your name on a postal card and we will send the bill some time during the college year.

———

The board of trustees of Newberry college has elected Mr. George B. Cromer president of that institution. He has accepted, and will enter upon the discharge of the duties on the first of January. Mr. Cromer is a native of Newberry County, and is thirty-eight years old. He graduated from Newberry College in 1877 with the first honors of his class, and taught in the college very acceptable for four years, when he resigned to enter the profession of law. 1881 he was admitted to the practice of law, and has been eminently successful in his profession on both the civil and criminal side of the court. His retirement from the practice of law removes one of the brightest minds from the profession in this State.

———

James J. Corbett has taken to the stage. Nowadays, it seems to be fashionable for a man who has once been a pugilist to aspire to theatrical honors, and 'tis a sad comment on American histrionic taste that they most usually base their claim to recognition upon their pugilistic records.

———

When literature lays a claim upon one, you know that one mainly as a follower of literary pursuits. The literary man lives with antiquity and with posterity—"with antiquity, in the sweet communion of studious retirement; and with posterity, in the generous aspirings after future renown." It is the solitude of a scholarly mind. that makes such a state one of the highest enjoyment. Those elevated meditations peculiar to poetic faces are proper ailments of noble souls, and "are, like manna, sent from heaven in the wilderness of this world."

Education in the South—Some Difficulties and Encouragements,

Is the subject of a recent address of Julius D. Dreher, A. M., Ph. D., president of Roanoke College, Salem, Va. Dr. Dreher is a native of Lexington county, this state, and his pamphlet will be read with peculiar interest and pleasure by his friends in his native state. The writer shows no purpose to treat the subject in a general way; only the most prominent features being discussed. His remarks concerning the public schools of the South are of especial interest just now. Our public schools are not as good as at the North, and the explanation is that we have not money enough to support them. "The South sustained immense losses by the war, while the North came out of that great struggle richer than at its beginning." Comparing a few Southern states with a few Northern ones, according to the census of 1890, one finds that "Massachusetts, with less than one-fifth the area of Virginia, has an assessed valuation five and a half times that of the Old Dominion. Texas, although five and a half times as large as New York, has an assessed valuation less than one-fifth that of the Empire state. Pennsylvania has an assessed valuation more than seven times that of Kentucky; Connecticut, more than double that of West Virginia, and Rhode Island, one forty-seventh the area of Georgia, has eighth-ninths as much taxable property as that great state." He explains by these comparisons why schools are neglected in most of the Southern states. This is one of the greatest difficulties in the way of common sceool education. The editor of THE JOURNAL is glad to note a tendency towards improving them. Too much public money is spent on so-called colleges, and entirely too little on the public schools.

"The sparseness of population throughout the Southern states" is also one of the difficulties that Dr. Dreher handles with good effect.

His experience is that the negro race "is eager for education," and that they are making steady and substantial progress. The white man who wishes to live without work ought to be "slow to condemn the negro for indolence."

A very important consideration is that there is "no University in the New England or the middle states that is owned, supported and governed by a state." Several states have shares in them, but they are not under the control of the state. Most of the Southern states have state universities and several military academies, "supported by legislative appropriations." The South ought first to lay a broad and deep system of popular education. It cannot well bear the burden of maintaining common schools and state universities also.

Writing of our preparatory schools, he remarks that we have very few of them, and only a small part of what we have "are well equipped for their work, and scarcely any of them are well endowed. The college courses vary so much that no academy can prepare pupils for the Freshman class in a dozen colleges as can be done in New England."

Prof. Charles Foster Smith, an alumnus of Wofford College, has written a pamphlet covering this question, and while speaking of the miserable preparation most applicants for Southern colleges have, remarks that "from actual trial, both in New England and Southern Colleges, that the teacher must expend at least twice as much vital energy on our mixed lower classes as on the better arranged classes there." In South Carolina, so far as this writer knows, Wofford is the only college that has made effective efforts in the direction of establishing good preparatory schools. While these have not been as generously and as generally supported as the friends of the college had hoped for, they have enabled the college to maintain a high standard while many other institutions, from a lack of preparation on the part of the applicants for the Freshman class, have been

compelled to compromise their courses. One of the greatest needs of to-day, not only in South Carolina, but in every other Southern state is the establishment of good preparatory schools. The fact that several good academies have been recently founded in Virginia and that Wofford College has made a move towards them in South Carolina may be taken as a hopeful sign for a better system of preparatory schools in the South. THE JOURNAL is responsible for what has just appeared. Dr. Dreher does not discuss particularly any institution.

Dr. Dreher very truly says that "the fact is plain enough that from the report of the Commissioner of Education that it (the South) has too many colleges and universities." * * * "In this very abundance is our weakness." We heartily agree with him. It is passingly strange that our legislatures can not see the folly of appropriating large sums of money for the maintenance of State colleges and universities when it gives nothing for the maintenance of schools where applicants can be prepared for the Freshman class at a first-class college. We would like to discuss more of the points Dr. Dreher mentions, but a lack of space prevents us from doing so. The address is a notably strong one, and we wish a copy of it could be placed in the hands of every lawmaker in the Southern states. Perhaps it would have some influence towards moulding public opinion in the right direction.

It seems to be pretty generally believed that the new constitution will give general satisfaction.

The three gold medals which South Carolina won at the Exposition is a cause for congratulation to all of her people. Commissioner Roche especially deserves commendation. With almost nothing he has collected a wonderfully good exhibit of the resources of the State. What will be done with this exhibit when the Exposition is over? It would not do to let it go to pieces. It ought

to be placed in one of the public buildings in Columbia where visitors, passing through, can get a very good idea of the resources of the State. It is a splendid but small state fair, and ought by all means to be held together.

The attendance at the Cotton States and International Exposition continues to increase. On Thanksgiving Day over sixty thousand people were on the grounds. No one can estimate how much this means for Atlanta and the South.

The American people are certainly in sympathy with the Cuban patriots. We wish them all the success possible in their efforts to obtain for themselves independence of thought and liberty of self government.

Among Our Exchanges

The *Colorado Collegian* has reached us for the first time. We must say that we are not very favorably impressed with this magazine. It has about sixteen pages of printed matter including advertisements. One will be just about as much interested in reading the advertisements as anything else in it. It is mostly filled up with football reports and tennis matters. There is but one article approaching anything like a literary essay and that is the description of a certain barbecue. Long dreary wastes of college note fill up the remainder. This is a fault too common in a great many college journals. The editors of such journals may get much profit from the following criticism: "Departments of this kind are rarely interesting to the general reader—few of us are excited over the announcement that Mr. Smith is teaching in Chuckatuck, or care to know what Miss Jones is doing at Bozoo Flats."

William and Mary College Monthly is a neat, well printed journal, and its pages are full of well written articles. The pieces are fresh and original with little of the class room smack about them. "His Ideal" is a little high sounding and somewhat of a delicate spirit, yet very good reading. The Exchange Editor's department is especially good. He is the kind of critic much needed in the field of college journalism. He comes down pretty heavy with the critical axe—not even sparing the ladies, yet we think he does not hit a a miss lick.

The *Elon College Monthly* of the last number shows a marked improvement. There is much less miscellaneous matter, and a decidedly more literary tending in the article of this number.

The November number of the *Erskinian* takes a high place among the journals we have looked over. The articles cannot fail to interest any thoughtful student.

The *S. W. P. N. Journal* is among our list of exchanges. The mechanical part of this journal is very fine. The literary department is very good, tco, although we think if this department were enlarged and some of the other departments lessened, it would be a much better journal.

The *Furman Echo*, of November, comes to us full of thoughtful and interesting matter. The articles on "Nature," and "The Value of Mistakes" show original thought and that the writer's know how to express themselves in good, clear language.

The *Tiltonian* is mostly filled up with fourth-rate doggerel and local incidents intended to be funny. There is great room in this journal for improvement.

CLIPPINGS.

Let me now introduce two persons who figure in our polite circles:

"Bessie Brooks and Tommy Snooks
Went out to walk on Sunday,
Said Tommy Snooks to Bessie Brooks
To-morrow will be Monday."

—*Mnemosynean.*

Prof. S.—"What is characteristic of the writing of Charles Brockden Brown?"

Senior R.—"Horror, terror, and psychology,"

A physician has discovered that the older a man grows the smaller his brain becomes. This explains why the young man knows everything and the old man knows nothing.—Ex.

A Soliloquy.

A flunk or not a flunk—that is the question ;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to enter
A class-room and take a zip,
Or to pony and make a ten,
And by ponying pass ? To pass—to flunk—
No more ; and by passing to say we end
The horrid fear and a thousand shames
That flunking would incur—'tis consummation
Goodly to be wished. To pass—to flunk—
To pony ! perchance to be caught ! ay, there's the rub
For in that direction, what horrors may come !
That's what makes ponying so apprehensive ;
For who would bear the scoffs and jeers of college,
The professor's scorn, the bright student's ridicule,
The pangs of mocking and unsuccessful effort,
The reproach of his class and the spurns
His family would heap upon him,
When he himself might safely pass
With a few notes ? Who would tax his mind
And grunt and sweat wearily over books,
But that the dread of something following,
Makes us rather think of awful grinding
Than to leap the gulf with a pony ?
Thus fear of "fire" makes cowards of us all ;
And thus the mighty power of resolution
Is vanquished by the ghastly thought
Of the Prof's good eye-sight at Exams,
And ventures of great risk and issue,
With this regard, expire ignominiously.
And lose the name of action.—Ex.

Our Alumni

When we went down to Columbia a few weeks ago to beat the South Carolina College team it looked as if we had struck a Wofford town. We were hailed on our arrival by the old Wofford yell given by a number of our Alumni who had not lost any interest whatever in their alma mater. Among them were most prominent, B. W. Crouch, of '95; A. H. Dagnall, of '95; B. H. Henderson, of '95; W. W. Bruce, '91; R. L. Shuler, 90; T. S. Shuler, '93; Roy C. Spratt, of '98; W. Boyd Evans of '95; R. W. Simpson, '96; and Jas. J. Wolfe, of '96. These gentlemen escorted us to the city with the black and gold sailing on all sides.

On the grounds we met quite a number of the other Alumni who showed their preference by the black and gold. There were just such men as Geo. W Prince, '76; J. L. Flem, '79; H. F. Jennings, '91; R. A. Few '89; W. D. Dent, '92; and R. B. Hamer of '93. These men all did a great deal to cheer us on to victory and make us feel at home. It did us all good to see that our old college was never forgotten by the Alumni.

J. M. Crosswell, who completed the Sophomore year with the boys of '94, spent a few days in the city lately. He is now on the road for a wholesale grocery house and his congenial manners and pleasant ways have made him very popular among traveling men.

Eugene Beardon, of '92, paid us a short visit on his way home from the Cotton States and International Exposition. He is looking very well and has grown quite stout.

Mr. James B. Hamer, of Little Rock, S. C., was in the city recently visiting friends on the campus. Mr. Hamer was a student here in '90 and '91.

Theo. R. Rembert, of '93, came up from Columbia on the 20th and spent the day with his brother, Prof. A. A. Rembert, on the campus. He is now making Columbia his headquarters.

T. S. Shuler, of' 93, paid us a visit last month. He was on his way to Poole's, S. C., where he goes to take charge of a large and flourishing school. Mr. Shuler has been on the road for the past few months.

Rev. J. Marion Rogers, of'89, was at the chapel a few days ago. He was passing through on his way to conference and spent a few hours with his friends in the campus.

N. J. Gaines, of '95 is in the city for a few weeks on business.

We were pained to hear of the recent death of Mrs. Wells, the mother of Mr. Preston. B. Wells of '94. The JOURNAL extends its sympathy to Mr. Wells in his sad bereavement.

Kirkland-Henderson.

Spartanburg Herald.

Chancellor James H. Kirkland, of Vanderbilt, who is so well known in this city, married in Knoxville, Tennessee, on November 20th. A special to the Atlanta Constitution from Knoxville says: "One of the most brilliant weddings that has occurred in the South for years was that of James Hampton Kirkland, chancellor of Vanderbilt University, to Miss Mary Henderson, which occurred tonight at the elegant residence of

Col. W. A. Henderson, on Summit Hill. More than a dozen states were represented in the wedding assembly. Among the distinguished guests were George W. Vanderbilt, the millionaire, and a distinguished party of Nashville citizens, who came down in a private car with Judge Horace K. Lorton. The Judges of the Supreme Court were guests. Miss Mary Lorton, of Asheville was maid of honor and the bridesmaids were fifteen young ladies from nearly every city in the South. There were fifteen male attendants. Among them were Elmere Tierty Adamson, of Georgia. The best man was Dr. W. R. Dudley, of Nashville, one of the leading spirits of Tennessee centennial. It was a home wedding and one of surpassing beauty.

The bridal pair stood in the hallway under an immense bower of flowers. Ranged on either side were the groomsmen and in two lovely lines reaching the entire length of the broad staircase were the bridesmaids. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Sunderladd. After the wedding the bridal party marched into the spacious parlor where the wedding reception was held. Over 500 people were present. The wedding presents were most elegant, including magnificent gifts from Cornelius, George and other members of the Vanderbilt family.

Law-Sibley.

At the residence of the bride's father, 508 Telfair St., Augusta, Ga., Miss Pearl Sibley and Mr. John A. Law, of Spartanburg, were married on Nov. 14th, Rev. J. T. Plunkett, officiating.

Mr. George F. Kirby of '94, former business manager of the JOURNAL, spent a few days at his old home here recently. Mr. Kirby is now preaching in the Swannanoa circuit, Western North Carolina Conference.

Mr. P. W. Simpson, Jr., of '95, the brilliant young local editor of the Columbia Daily Register, was in the city recently on his return from a visit to the Atlanta Exposition.

Notice to Class of '95.

The members of class of '95 will please remember that the secretary's address is Greenwood, S. C., and that letters to the class are due January 1st. Don't forget the regulations.

S. H. McGHEE,
Secretary.

WOFFORD DIRECTORY.

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

O. D. Wannamaker, Pres't; G. M. Moore, V. P.; Paul Hardin, 1st Critic:
Thos. M. Raysor, Rec. Sec ; N. M. Salley, Cor. Sec.;
Albert F. Woods, Censor Morum.

PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETY.

A. E. Holler, Pres't.; Gist Gee, V. P.; P. H. Stoll, 1st Corrector; C. E. Boyd, Rec. Sec.; G. T. Pugh, Cor. Sec.; G. W. Peurifoy, 1st Censor.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

O. D. Wannamaker, Pres't; N. G. Gee, Vice P.; Robt. Truesda'e, Secretary; J. R. Walker, Cor. Sec.; G. T. Pugh, Treas.

SOCIETY OF ALUMNI.

J. C. Kilgo, Pres't.; W. E. Burnett, V. P.; J. F. Brown, Sec. & Treas.
W. J. Montgomery ('75), Orator for '95.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

H. N. Snyder, Pres ; G. M. Moore, Manager.

FRATERNITIES.

Alpha Tau Omega, Kappa Alpha; Kappa Sigma.
Pi Kappa Alpha; Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Chi Phi;
Chi Psi.

L. P. McGee, Caterer of Wightman Hall.

Local Items.

The Trip to Atlanta.

On Tuesday morning, November 26th, about fifteen of the Seniors, with Prof. DuPre, left Spartanburg for a visit to the Exposition, partly for pleasure and partly for the purpose of studying the mineralogical collections of the Fair, perhaps the largest ever in one city in the South. The Seniors expected to have all the pleasure of these special holidays to themselves, but learning of a very cheap ticket to be on sale Wednesday morning, the Faculty gave permission to any students who had consent from home to visit Atlanta on that day and remain several days. It had been decided that the Christmas holidays should be lengthened, college exercises being suspended on December 17th, and that the student body, or all who wished to, would go during these holidays, and this idea will still be executed as far as giving the holidays is concerned; but as so many have already seen the exposition there will be only a limited number to take the Christmas trip.

But to return to the first party. There were in all about 75 boys from Wofford on the exposition grounds Wednesday and Thursday of the dates mentioned. The party was not at all organized, however, stopping at various hotels over the city and taking in the sights as each one liked. The college ought to have a very good idea of the exposition from the 75 student accounts. One thinks the schutes the feature of all the fair, another the scenic railway and perhaps a third concludes that the government building is the best thing there. Anyway the boys had a jolly good time, and came back with their heads full of new and large ideas, having learned, as the local editor heard some one say: "There is something to be seen outside of Spartanburg."

Of course it is an impossibility to follow the Fresh., Soph., and Junior, especially the last in his journey round the world to Atlanta. It would be a brother to "Samantha at the World's Fair." But we may speak something definite of the pleasure the Seniors found in the various exhibits and in the city. Some of these, as soon as they had secured lodging upon their arrival in Atlanta went to the grounds and got a peep during that afternoon. Others spent the few remaining hours of the day in seeing some parts of the city. A few climbed to the top of the capital dome and saw the city spread out 237 feet below. From there this small party visited Grant park, and near the park enjoyed the cyclorama of the Battle of Atlanta. Tuesday night some of the students heard Mr. Moody.

From Wednesday morning until the boys returned home at different times Friday evening and Saturday, was spent in the exposition grounds. Wednesday morning a part of the class spent three very pleasant and instructive hours under Prof. DuPre in the study of minerals. The class seems to have been very much pleased with the fair. Those who visited Chicago in 1893 say this is only a miniature of the World's Fair, but to others who had not the advantage of seeing the former our exposition is a revelation indeed. It will have great influence over the future of the South and marks an era in our history.

Furman-Wofford.

It grows monotonous. Suffice it to say the score was appalling—44 to 0. Who made the 44, Furman? No; Wofford, of course. Furman was surprised or rather shocked but took the defeat like men. They say it was the "cleanest" game of ball they ever played in. There was no kicking at decisions during the game and everybody kept quiet except when Chreitzberg or Evins hit the line or the ends. At those times several of them

usually called for water! Evins made one 70 yards run. The interference of Wofford's team was perfect, thanks to Mr. Wertenbaker, our coach.

The football is over. We hoped to get a second game with Athens or with Furman, but neither could be secured. Wofford rests very well content, however. She played four games and won three. She is the champion of South Carolina. We expect to hold the championship now for many years to come. Let the association elect officers in due time for next year and devise a practicable plan for meeting all expenses as we are doing now. We must have a trainer, the same gentleman, if possible; or another as satisfactory to all.

Wofford's Founder's Forty-First Anniversary.

FOUNDER OF WOFFORD COLLEGE.

The college founded by the Rev. Benjamin Wofford celebrated its founder's birth and its own forty-first anniversary by an appropriate programme of exercises in the chapel on Nov. 15th. The two speakers were Mr. Adlai E. Holler, of the Preston, and Mr. Marion Tucker, of the Calhoun Society. Mr. Holler spoke on the subject, "Democracy." Mr. Tucker's subject was "An Unscientific Argument." An unusually pleasant reception completed the programme; and altogether the occasion was an honor to the college.

Mr. Holler of '96 attended Conference in Rock Hill, his home.

Baseball.

The football team as soon as the weather permits must resolve itself into the champion baseball club for next Spring, and get to work on the fresh material. Of course it will be some time before even any practicing can be done, but a committee should be appointed by the Athletic association to select two teams from the students in order that we may be prepared to begin regular and constant practices as soon as milder weather sets in. Let those who intend to play make this known to the committee and be appointed as players or substitutes.

Mrs. Lanier.

On the evening of the 21st of November an audience of several hundred in Wofford Chapel heard Mrs. Sidney Lanier read some of the published and unpublished work of her husband, the noblest product of the South. It is something to be proud of, to have heard Sidney Lanier's poems read and commented on by his wife. The lady's voice was not strong enough for so large a hall, but those who could hear must have enjoyed her reading, certainly, if they had given the poems any study before. Mrs. Lanier called attention to the "scientific" sunrise in the poem called "Sunrise." It is a remarkable prophecy of the union of poetry and science.

The Literary Societies are doing good work. The local editor is in position to know more of the Calhoun. In this Society the debates are better than usual, even than last year, perhaps; and the other literary work is very good. We do not have enough essays, however. We need a little improvement in this part of the programme. The Monthly Oration for November was delivered by Mr. J. A. Sullivan on the subject, "The Modern Politician." It was excellent.

Three students from the Fitting school joined the Y. M. C. A. and are regular in attendance upon the prayer-meeting. Let us have some others.

Mr. Wm. Cannon of '96 is patiently undergoing a case of measles. He will be well now in a few days.

The Library committee has just received sets of Matthew Arnold, and Ruskin and several single copies for the library. There can be no doubt of the permanence of the combination of the three libraries. Every one likes the arrangement and is waiting for the experiment time to expire before making a final catalogue of the books and a lasting arrangement is merely a matter of form.

Sad death visited our sister college on the 7th of December. Miss Crouch, a young lady of Charleston, who had been suffering long with typhoid pneumonia, died on that day. We extend our sympathy, sincere and heartfelt to the young ladies in this their first experience of the sad loss of a fellow student. May the tender mercies of God bless and sustain the young lady's bereaved parents.

We welcome to Spartanburg as the pastor for Central and Wofford Brother W. A. Rogers. May he find his work here pleasant and prosperous for the next year.

The election of Junior debaters on Friday night, Dec. 6th, resulted as follows: From the Preston Society Messrs Pugh and Shannon were elected, and from the Calhoun Messrs. Culler and Walker.

TAKE THE

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Literary

A Visit to Oid Jamestown.

It is sweet to stand on historic ground. The places renowned for great events in man's development have a charm and sweetness that ever draw from our inner nature those sublime sentiments the traveler experiences as he stands upon the field of Marathon or Thermopylea. The common-place events in history are clothed in brighter hues after the lapse of centuries; distance casts over all her "fairy wand," until at last much of their former identity is concealed under the glamour of romance. But romance is history—history that, like a shrouded ghost, comes to us out of the mists and shadows of the past and reveals to us the traditions of bygone ages. "Bolder the Beautiful," "Beowulf the Hero," and "Arthur the Liberator," are examples which

we may cite as characteristic of the noble ideals of our great ancestors.

Today as I stand amid the crumbling ruins of all that was once Jamestown, as I observe how, step by step, the sea is encroaching and burying forever in its bosom the old landmarks of our ancestors, thought goes back to that little band of pioneers who on May 13th, 1607, landed on this spot and began to construct their rude homes, which, wonderful to relate, have in less than three centuries grown to be the most prominent nation of the ages.

Being weary, I threw myself down on the soft grass, under the shade of a magnificent tree, in front of what appeared to have been a very large old house, and indulged in a short period of quiet rest.

The day is intensely hot; scarcely a leaf stirs, and the only sounds that greet the ear are the twittering of birds in the branches of the great tree overhead, the drowsy hum of bees sucking clover near by, and from down the river comes the faint clatter of a grain reaper, the monotony of which is relieved by an occasion outburst of rude laughter from the dusky sons of Afric, who in the performance of their labor find pleasant opportunity for joking.

A few rods away flows the majestic James, its wavelets, formed by the incoming tide, dance merrily in the sunlight like polished silver. What wonderful dramas have been enacted upon its bosom! Here, a few centuries ago, the red man plied his canoe; then from across the great waters came the pale-faced men in their winged ships. The rattle of their musketry and the roar of their cannon soon expel the red man. The woodman's axe fells the forests, "art and science usurp the bowers of nature," solitary places "rejoice and blossom like the rose," "elegant homes spring up in the midst of the howling wilderness," and "a nation is born in a day." Nothing in romance ever equaled this. No "Utopian dreamer" ever conceived of a parallel, . . .

but here my revery comes to a sudden stop.

"Will you have your horse fed, sir," came a voice from behind, and on turning a gentleman courteously advances, inquires if I am exploring the old ruins and kindly offers me any assistance in his power.

On telling the gentleman that I would be very glad to have my horse fed, I take occasion to remark that I also would be able to do justice to a good square meal, if such could be obtained. The gentleman tells me that a nice, warm meal cannot he had, but that some cheese, crackers, banannas, and, after measuring my proportions, he meekly added: "You can also get a bottle of beer if you choose."

While partaking of the above-mentioned refreshments, conversation drifted to the old ruin, and the gentleman said it was the remains of the fifth building erected on that spot, and all of them had been destroyed by fire. The first building, erected by William Cary in 1640, was burned during Bacon's Rebellion ; the second was burned during the Revolution ; the third by some British vandals during the war of 1812 ; the fourth was, it is supposed, accidentally burned during the war between the States ; and the fifth was accidentally destroyed by fire in March, 1895. A summer and tourists hotel is to be erected on the old site.

The repast being finished, I proceeded to the enclosure in which are the crumbling tower of the old church and the old tombs of the pioneer settlers. Finding an iron gate locked by strong bolts prevented my entering. I was about to give up in despair, when a colored man near by called out, "De boss man am comin' soon," and on looking up a white man is seen approaching, twirling a huge key on his finger and whistling the air, "Two Little Girls in Blue." He inquired how many were in our party, and when informed that I composed the whole party, he said that parties of one were not hard to watch, and as he turned the key and the massive iron gate flew open, he informed me that I was not to carry

away anything in the enclosure as a relic, and that I need not attempt to bribe him, for I could not get the smallest piece of brick for $5.00, or for any amount.

However, I informed him that I would not attempt to bribe an honest man, but would steal a brick if possible, and then play the part of an honest thief, and he would not be responsible if he did not see me take it. Whereupon he informed me that he was under oath to protect everything, and that I must not think him rude for watching me all the time, for it was his duty to do so; that he received a salary from the Virginia Historical Society, and their orders were to the effect that not even a blade ol grass was to be taken from the old church yard.

When I found it was impossible to steal a relic, I proceeded to explore among the old tombs. One very old tombstone had been grasped by a growing tree more than a century ago, and as the bark grew over it in two different places the expansion of the tree snapped it asunder, and now we have the phenomenon of the stone one half on one side of the tree and one half on the other, partly buried in the hard fiber of the wood. Another old tomb interested me much, but I was not able to spell out the epitaph, and my guide did it for me. It is the most remarkable one I ever saw, if my guide translated it correctly. This is what he spelled out:

There lies ye body of ——
He lived a very great
sinner; he died hoping to
be saved.

The old church tower and a heap of debris are all that remain of the old historic church of Jamestown, renowned for its being the scene of many wrangles between the royal governors and the Virginia burgesses. The tower was intended as a sort of fortress, and when an alarm bell was rung the inhabitants rushed "en

masse" to the church and remained until the danger was past. Some of the old port holes for small cannon may still be seen on the top. It would be quite a frail fort in modern warfare. One well-directed discharge from a cannon would knock it into a "cocked hat," but it served its purpose well against the puny darts of savages. It was built of excellent brick, which are said to have been brought over from England. This, however, is denied by present investigators of the subject.

Having seen all of interest in the old church yard, I bid my guide farewell and leave the weed-ridden tombs and the old moss-covered tower to corroding time.

The old tower will crumble into dust; time will erase every epitaph from the old tablets; the wild ocean waves will sweep over it and sing its funeral dirge, but the memory of those nobler heroes, the Scalds of our history shall not perish. Wherever thy noble deeds are told hearts shall beat with transport and heroes blood grow warm. Free America, the proudest of the proud, the bravest of the brave, is thy handiwork.

Sleep well, mighty dead! Ye are dead, but your works survive. Ye laid a foundation, ye built a fabric, and ye builded better than ye knew.

E. E. W., '96.

Why Horace Has Been Popular.

Many of us can recall our childhood and see ourselves spelling out the name of Horace from a dusty volume in the family library; still more indelibly impressed on the memory are the days when, with grammar and lexicon, we toiled at the subtile meaning. In manhood's flush we go forth to grapple with the problems of life nerved and strengthened by his high-born sentiments; and finally when we are almost done with life, his wisdom and humanity give a sunset tinge to the calm and peaceful evening. Though nearly twenty centuries have rolled over him, he is still warm and breathing as when

the center of the famed Maccurian circle. It is then our purpose to trace those qualities that have won him such widespread and undying fame.

We begin with the childhood of Horace in obedience to the belief that early associations play no small part in shaping the course of future life. Born on his father's farm, he early made nature his companion in solitude; and later, in the crags and dells of Apulia, made her his study. Debarred from high life by the fact of his father's being a freedman, he was brodght into closer relation with that middle class of simple, honest Romans. In such society heart touches heart untrammeled by the conventionalities of failure. Here he found his first and best studies in the great basis principals of human nature. From these combined sources he imbibed tnose habits of thought and observation for which he was distinguished in after life.

We owe no small debt of gratitude to Horace's father who, though himself deprived or high training, gave his son the benefit of the best schools of his day. By his father's means he was educated at Rome and given the finishing touches at Athens. Nor was the training intellectual alone; the father was his constant companion, giving to his studies a practical turn and ever instilling into him a love of purity and truth. From that father he gathered many of those "rugged maxims" so often quoted and admired. Among the most valuable of the many gifts to his son was that independence which sustained him through a consciousness of inward merit, and fawned not even for the favor of kings. Nor is Horace loath to acknowledge his debt to him; on the other hand, in many a graceful verse he attributed to that father all his own success.

The Augustan age was one that would naturally quicken a man of genius to his best efforts. Such spirits as Virgil, Ovid and Varus could not fail to kindle the dormant flume in a Horace. Of his appreciation of these three, let him speak:

"Three souls, the brightest ever born on earth;
Three souls forever dearest to my own."

By Marcenas he was brought into contact with these men and other great thinkers of that celebrated age. This good patron presented him with the little Sabine farm whose returns made it possible for him to devote himself exclusively to literary pursuits. He rescued him from poverty and oblivion after the overthrow of Brutus' party at Phillippi. So it is probably due to Marcenas that we have Horace at all.

So much for the outward influences; all these which have undoubtedly had their effect could have wrought nothing but for the genius of a Horace. Among the many traits which endeared him to friends and posterity alike, were sympathy, kindness, charity and friendship. A broad, human sympathy throbs through every line of his works. His kindness and charity cannot fail to win the love and respect of every reader Friendship was a grand passion with him. Listen to his words to Marcenas, his dearest friend and patron:

"Yes, we shall go, shall go,
Hand linked in hand, where'er thou leadest, both
The last sad road below."

Strange to say, this prophecy was fulfilled almost to the very letter. Unwilling to be severed from his friend even by death, in less than a twelve-month he goes to join him in moody Pluto's realm.

All these qualities and a thousand others go to make up what we love in Horace. His one ambition was to be a poet—a correct poet. Like our own Pope, he does not thirst for new fields of learning, but—

"What oft had been thought before,
But ne'er so well expressed."

How well he succeeded is easily seen, for his thoughts and sentiments are all commonplace, but are clothed in such an elegant and forcible style that they command our attention. He paints the simple home life so dear

to us all and in no mean colors. Not a few of his most beautiful odes are all aglow with the "purple light of love." Pyna, Glycera and Lydia are really very charming women. It would be difficult even in our own age of perfection to find a more captivating lot of feminine perverseness than she whose—

"Pretty, purt, provoking ways
And face too fatal fair to see"

shot rankling arrows into our poets heart. Some prefer to doubt that he was ever touched with the real fire of genuine love. Despite all this his charming love-ditties have stood the test of time which is always so hostile to any affectation. In all his verses there is uniformity and fitness combined with a Grecian sense of proportion. He pruned and repruned his lines, not to kill the life in them as did Pope, but only until their outward dress was in harmony with their inward meaning. He had studied nature in his youth and thus possessed himself of every key to the human heart. He knew the power of a smile and of a tear. Some poets instruct, others please. Horace blends them all in one. Not too imaginative, he yet constructs for us ideal beauties, but these ideals are material. He

"loves to dream
And browse upon the grass beside the stream."

With a true Roman's hatred for all sham and pretense, he hampered to no prevailing taste, but took truth as his standard—therein lies his immortality.

The sum total of Horace's philosophy is "plain living and high thinking." Believing that none could be happy save the good and wise, he followed the path of virtue only to make this short life more worth the living. He teaches both by precept and example that we should adapt ourselves to our surroundings—that contentment is the "pearl of great price." Possessing miraculous powers of insight into hidden mysteries, he was unsatisfied with the superstitions of Rome. Though

eternity was an impossible problem to him, we hear him musing in doubt:

"The manes are no dream and the wan visaged shade
Escapes unscathed from the funeral fires,"

and driving home the truth in his epitaph—

"Non omnis moriar."

To epitomize with man in every condition of life, Horace has something in common. He touches thoughtful and frivolous, warrior and statesman, Christian and Pagan; he is many-sided. The causes which lead to this result are found in the peculiarly fitting surroundings of this early life, together with a natural gift of broad, human sympathy, great genius and a happy style. He has won his popularity as he himself desired—

"Not by an ancestry long known to fame,
But by life and heart devoid of blame."

DAS KIND.

Convictions—Founded on Wisdom.

There is a period in our lives between childhood and maturity when we may be excused for being somewhat at sea in regard to our opinions and principles relating to the great problems of life. These mental undulations must be very uncomfortable when we have reached the age of reason—of manhood—when, though we cannot escape the buffetings of the surging billows, we may stand so high and so firm as not to be swallowed up. What is the estimation put upon that man whose views vary with the winds; who has no defined course of action; whose principles are never permanent unless, perhaps, when the power to believe in everything is terminated in believing everything? This may be with him the period of old age—the evening of life—when he can no longer look forward with hope, and, therefore, looks backward with complacency in the feeble effort to rekindle the fires of youth with the expiring memory of events which he never could comprehend.

A man may go wrong in conduct and opinion, then retrace his steps, start afresh on the right road and secure admission into the circles of the most worthy, but he will be deemed to have abdicated the dignity of reason or to have lost all sense of honor and virtue when it is found he can adopt no principles but to betray them. Indeed, the soundness of his mind may be questioned when he is vigorously, at different periods, advocating a series of very different theories, declaring that which was yesterday the sun, to-day to be the moon. It is remarkable that there is scarcely an instance in this world of pure conviction founded safely upon reason—unbiased, freed entirely from all semblonce of passion or selfishness.

Mankind is often over-ruled into acquiesence by the most trifling circumstances, or swayed into opposition by influences which a cool, sound judgment would despise. To-day a great name is followed and courted from mere admiration—to-morrow it is traduced from the direst envy. Let one man praise our hobby; how quickly are we recruited to his side. The Pharisees almost became partial to Christ at the moment he defended one of their doctrines against the Sadduces.

Political mastership is fast becoming the most popular attainment to which the American citizen aspires, though no field is so crowded and fraught with trials and disappointments as that of American politics; and what we are most to fear as a Union is that our trusted leaders may sink to the level of mere designing political tricksters incompetent to meet great issues, filling high places without the patriotism to defend them, and assuming respnsible duties which they have not the wisdom to discharge. It is said the greater the statesman the less his chances for the Presidency, which demonstrates that true merit in politics is seldom properly rewarded, and that the people are not sufficiently guided by honest convictions in selecting those whom they have over them. The immortal trio—Webster, Calhoun

and Clay—who are down in history as the greatest of American statesmen, were jostled from the goal for which they contended, and are now cold and silent in the ghost chamber of disappointed ambition.

Some men, we say, are born leaders of men. If this is true, and literally it cannot be if we are the architects of our own fortunes; but if it is even partially true, it follows as equally certain that this world is well supplied with those whose destiny it is to be led, even blidly led, on forever—it may be to a haven of rest or it may be to the depths of degradation and despair.

Often when the way pointed out to us by our leaders seems perfectly clear to the eye, when all is smooth sailing, the ship in charge of the master properly rigged with a clear sky above and the rich, flowing hues of the sun reflected upon the bosom of the placid waters, which bear us onward. even then we may be beguiled like the mariners in the story who followed the directions of their compass, infallibly right as they thought, until they arrived at an enemy's port, when they were seized and doomed to slavery. The wicked captain, in order to betray the ship, had concealed a large loadstone at a little distance from one side of the needle.

How are we to prepare ourselves against descriptions? We may have deep-rooted convictions upon all the material canditions to which we may be subjected, and without knowledge and wisdom they must be false and worthless. They may be of such a character as to make us too obstinate to be led, but at the same time they will be such as to cause us to be be ruined.

G. C. SULLIVAN.

Constructive Criticism.

There is a tendancy that has been growing for quite a while on the part of criticism to get the best there is out of a character that comes into prominence in literature. There has been also a criticism on the part of some to

demolish what has been done by the masters of the art of portraying human character, but these are short-lived, not being in accord with the idea that suits the thinking reader. There is a mysterious union of good and evil in all men; this the master takes, blends it into the beauty of a character, and gives it to the world. By so doing he does not put the man out of the bounds of human sympathy, but brings him even closer to us because he is the more like us with his bone, flesh and blood.

Writers who paint their characters in such gaudy colors, making them absolutely faultless, at once thrusts them out of the field of human action. There is a feeling that exists between all men and binds them together, because all are subject to the same joys and griefs. The strength of the character painter lies in his regard for this tie that makes all men as one, and the whole line of humanity to respond to the same heart-throbs of joy and sympathy.

A master of his art takes one or two persons, strong in intellect and consequently subject to the strongest temperament common to mankind, surrounds them with circumstances that may be utilized in doing and acquiring the best things, or may be turned into the vilest channels of human thought and action. This is one of the characteristics of man that he can live along by the side and under the gentle protection of God, but he may turn his powers in the opposite direction and become a devil.

Macbeth may be taken as one of this kind who was strong, yet his ambition overcame him. Lady Macbeth is put in such a light that the careless eye will overlook the good in her, pronouncing her utterly depraved. She is a strong woman, and the power she had over her husband is due to his love for her. Her towering strength and influence was turned in the wrong direction, and, like all strong, determined characters, she had to act on the best that was near her. Her powers could not lie

inactive. Being informed of the fine opportunity that was at hand for her husband to gain a throne, she was overcome by the ambition, not for herself, but for her husband to wear the crown. What if the irresistible current of her life had been turned into Christian sympathy instead of a sinful ambition?

Duncan was not killed because they hated him, nor did they think of the life they were destroying, only the throne Macbeth was to occupy. The plan of the murder was a failure on Macbeth's part, until the force of his wife drove him to its completion. He could much better face the oozing blood from the heart of even a friend than the accusation by his wife that he was a coward. These two characters would be looked upon by most readers as most vile, but there is a lesson even in their bloody work for us. Our sympathy for a human being may be totally covered up by an ambition to acquire possessions or position. Critics bring to light the good that is in Lady Macbeth, but there is much of vicious rubbish to clear away before seeing the live spark in her heart.

The figures so grand in our sacred literature have both sides of their lives brought out, but there we are not bidden to grieve over the evil, never seeking the good. Criticism is now more on the constructive order, insomuch that it does not tear to pieces the sparsely distributed good in a character to find the evil, but builds on the very limited good that which is best, for the largest life comes from the smallest beginning of good until it becomes almost incarnate. The example of covering up the evil and bringing to light the good, no matter how small it was, is set by Christ himself in His life of labor and love. He touched some of the vilest and they became firm believers in Him. This peculiar strength lay partly in His sympathy for those contending with the powers of evil. He became humanity; so must he who expects successfully to find "good in everything" become the objects of criticism. To know all about a house,

one must go round about it, into every room, passage and closet. Some critic, probably DeQuincey, has made a right respectable man out of Judas Iscariot and covered up much of his shame for the betrayal of his Master by saying in substance that Judas was an impatient man, looking, as were all the Jews, for the material kingdom of Christ, and thought he would bring the crisis upon Christ so as to make Him act at once in taking the crown and distributing the several offices among His disciples. If this theory be accepted, and also that Judas believed in the power of Christ to release himself from the custody of his enemies, he is hardly the worst man that has his name in history, but only one aspiring to office in a great kingdom.

R. S. TRUESDALE.

Athletics at Wofford.

It might be well, amid the general hue and cry all over the State, against intercollegiate contests, to give the patrons and Alumni of this institution some idea of the place foot-ball occupies in college life. In looking back over the past season of foot-ball, one can see where the college has been benefitted in many ways, and also where it has not been benefitted; yet to close observers, both among the faculty and students, the almost unanimous verdict is, the good outweighs the evil.

Let us consider some of these currents. A boy while playing for a position on the team is on a pledge to abstain from tobacco and all intoxicants, requested to be regular in his diet and sleeping hours, and expected to comport himself as a gentleman should, on and off the playground. Surely this is for good. Now the objection is raised that "too much time is lost in running off to play;" the answer to which can only be by comparison of the work of the members of the team with the same number of other students chosen at random. The result of this comparison, I think, is in favor of the

team. None of the Professors have complained that a single player has lowered his standard of work. This, I think, is very complimentary to the team.

The game is said to be brutal in some of its features. This phase cannot be totally ignored or discussed fully here. The public receives the newspaper accounts of a game as correct; in the main they are, but are exaggerated some times a great deal. It is the desire after something sensational. Newspaper reporters seem to think colleges play foot-ball for notoriety, and, thinking such, kindly give their aid. The rules strictly forbid what used to be known as a "momentum mass play," and this has revolutionized entirely the style of play from what it was two years ago. The games thls year were noticeably devoid of any unusual roughness. But I am discussing the game, which I did not intend to do.

Foot-ball cannot but be beneficial to a college, when it is kept in its proper sphere. If games could be played on college gronnds without an admission fee the "gate money question" would be solved.

To the fierce desire to win is attributable most of the disorders and abuses of the game. Sport for sport's sake is the true basis upon which the game was introduced into American colleges.

But, to get nearer home: There are currents of evil in college life that may be checked by a good, strong, healthy college spirit, and if intercollegiate contests create and foster such a spirit then they are desirable.

A strong, growing nature needs physical reinforcements at all times. One cannot study four consecutive years—coming to college at fifteen—not taking exercise, without drawing on the reserve forces. When this is done health begins to fail. The boy who plays foot-ball developes within himself all the fine qualities that go to make up character, perseverance, decision, tact, endurance, self-reliance, obedience and patience. He realizes that he, together with the others, by unity of movement and concert of action will conquer the oppos-

ing team, and for the first time in his life feels the joy of victory.

The season closes this year with a few regrets and many joys. Wofford boys know each other better, for they have been associated with each other in friendly contests. The social side of the boys has been benefited immeasurably, and at the same time the moral tone of the campus has not been lowered, but is higher than it has been at any time in the last generation of students. Some of this is due to foot-ball, and may Wofford ever have a foot-ball team that will reflect credit upon the grand old institution it represents!

"ATHLETE."

The Re-Union of the Sections.

On the last day of the year that has just closed, the Cotton States and International Exposition at Atlanta closed its gates to all visitors. The great show which had been so largely attended, and which had attracted so much attention throughout the country was ended. In a few months most of the buildings will be down, the exposition moved, and hardly any mementoes left of the greatest fair the South has ever seen. But let us hope that its influence will not die out for many years to come; that the show itself may mark the beginning of the re-union of the sections of this country that have fought each other so many years.

For these sections are not united at present. Since South Carolina seceded, just thirty-five years ago, the North and the South have been bitter enemies. Indeed this country at its very foundation was composed of two factions. The founders of New England were usually Puritans and Roundheads. Those of the South were Royalists and Cavaliers. When the Constitution of the United States was adopted, our grandfathers thought it gave them the right to secede whenever they should wish. Fifty years later there were great battles in Con-

gress between Mr. Webster and others from New England, and Mr. Calhoun and his colleagues from the Southern States—the subject of debate being state's rights, and when the Northern people determined to resist, a terrible war came on, the effects of which are yet left.

When those who survived this war acknowledged their defeat, and swore their allegiance to the Union, they were not received with open arms. It was ten years before they were represented in Congress again. Hence the old wounds did not heal rapidly. The politicians and the newspapers took up the fight when the soldiers had finished, and have carried it on in their greater or less degree till the present time.

There are many people in the North today who believe that the Southern people live in a semi-barbarous condition. That they are all uneducated, and intensely ignorant. That their chief aim in life is to oppress the poor, simple, innocent negro, who is not allowed even to vote, that their only hope of a salvation is in the Republican party.

There are many people below the Mason and Dixon line today who believe that a "Yankee is not exactly white anyhow," that the literature of Edgar Allan Poe, Henry Timrod, William Gilmore Simms, and the modern writers, John Esten Cook, Thomas Nelson Page, and Joel Chandler Harris; is much superior to that of Lonfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, Emerson, Irving, Hawthorne, and Bancroft, that the stars and stripes is the flag of the North alone, and that the South is the true home of culture in America.

But, we may hope, the Atlanta Exposition begin a new era. We were very much surprised last Spring to learn that a monument to the Confederate dead had been unveiled in Chicago. No less amazed were the Northerners to see the many marks of our progress at the exposition. There seems to be a bright prospect ahead. We are told that an exposition to illustrate the resources of

the South in the cultivation and manufacture of cotton is to be held in Chicago in the near future. On the Fourth of July the old veterans of the Federal and Confederate armies are to march side by side in New York.

The newspapers on both sides of the Potomac that have been most bitter against their former enemies are now filled with words of peace. The cry of both the North and the South is that the barriers between them must be broken down. Sectionalism seems to be dying out, and the "bloody shirt" is being waved no more.

When President Cleveland a few days ago sent to Congress his message on the Venezuelan question, it was plauded by men of all parties. His opinions unanimously prevailed. A few days later the Senate repealed that section of the constitution which forbid the holding of commissions in the United States army by ex-Confederates. It is to be hoped that there will be no war with England, and such an action is not probable, but if there should be, the two sections of this country will be finally united. Do not these deeds show a change of spirit?

The South is now developing in every line of progress. If the old bitterness and hatred of the North is allowed to perish, her future is assured. The efforts of demagogues and politicians to keep up this animosity for their own gain, have in most cases been frustrated. The South and the North seem to be coming closer together.

The true Southerner will never acknowledge that his State did not have the right to secede. He will not try to forget that stirring times of the "sixties," nor hold that his parents were rebels and traitors. But the days are drawing near when he will think that those who fought against us believed that they were in the right, that it is no sin to be "a miserable Yankee," and that he is now a citizen of the United States of America.

If these hopes are realized, the feeling of good fellowship will be reciprocated by the North. The blessing of God will then rest upon the reconciled nation.

ROBERT A. LAW.

Five Days of My Vacation.

Early one morning I was awaked by some one knocking at my window, and before I could collect my thoughts I heard this yell, "Hurry up and come on! the boys are waiting for you." I just then realized that I had promised to walk to Caesar's Head, a distance of nearly thirty miles, with a crowd of my friends and had overslept myself. As quickly as possible I jumped into my baseball suit, which I wore on all my tramps, slipped on my sweater, threw a blanket over my shoulder and without any breakfast started out to join the crowd. I soon overtook them and we marched along the railroad track, dressed in our bicycle and baseball suits, with tin pans and blankets strapped lazily over our shoulders, affording a curious spectacle to the early risers whom we happened to meet on our course. Our first stop was made at Zirconia by a convenient spring, where a rest of ten minutes was taken. Time being called, the wanderers strapped on their baggage, asked a stranger the road, kicked a cur dog out of the way, and struck out along the Green River road at a pace of 122 steps per minute. A captain was chosen who led and set the pace and Coxey's army marched gaily along. An orchard loomed up in the distance and the gait was quickened to 129 steps, then over the fence only to find the apples were green, but any fruit will tempt a tramp, so down came the apples. Then the march was resumed and we went along eating green apples and singing old familiar songs.

At noon we made a stop by a little babbling brook, where dinner was devoured in a few minutes and after a nap of about one hour the march was again resumed

and all of us went whistling along with light hearts and heavy bundles. Having consumed all the lunch we began to think what we would do for supper, so after a consultation of war, the little army was divided into two divisions under the names "Foraging Division" and "Begging Division." The begging division would keep the household entertained and often move them to tears, while the foraging division would get in its good work among the fowls of the barnyard, at the vegetable garden and spring house. This plan proved so very successful that when the climb to the top of Caesar's Head was begun it was found that the commissary contained seven chickens, four squash, a peck of beans, four pounds of meat and a gallon and a half of sweet milk, to say nothing of the eggs and potatoes, corn bread and cabbage. Now came the tug of war. After walking over twenty-three miles, the steep hill climb of five miles was begun. The longest miles you ever saw! Tired and sore, dragging one foot after the other, blowing like freight engines, the tramps climbed slowly upward. At last the top was reached, and after an interval of a few minutes reserved for thanksgiving, we mounted the Head, witnessing one of the grandest views and sunsets that has ever been seen. The sun slowly sank behind the light blue hills, casting its rays of loveliness across the heavens until they gently kissed the eastern skies, spreading and reflecting like echoes of light until the whole horizon was one bright and glorious scene of beauty, changing and varying in hues and colors like an enormous kaleidescope of nature.

The gathering shadows brought us to our feet, and back we marched to Cold Spring where a camp was made for the night. After a most delightful supper we rolled ourselves up in our blankets around the camp fire and closed our eyes in sleep. During the night I was awakened by the grunting of hogs and got up just in time to see, by the pale light of the silvery moon, a pig scampering off through the underbrush with the last

morsel we had laid aside for breakfast. Standing there in the moonlight, shivering from the cold, my heart sank within me; but there was no hope of revenge, so I dropped back on my blanket and dreamed. Our bill of fare for breakfast the next morning contained only two dishes—spring water and huckleberries a la bush.

At 9:30 the march was begun towards Cedar Mt., and the two divisions went to work gathering supplies for dinner. When we reached Cedar Mt. a halt was made by a spring at the side of the road which was hidden from view by vines and bushes. About this time the leader of the foraging division caught sight of a garden just across the road laden with good things, and sent his men to gather the choicest of the fruits. While the others rested by the spring and the captain went to pay his respects to friends who lived near by, a stranger approached the spring and, after exchanging salutations, he interested us with explanations of the surrounding country and roads by means of topographical maps which he had in his possession. The foraging division returned laden pown with spoils, and, not observing the stranger, one of them exclaimed that they had gotten a peck of beans, and a—— "Yes," said the stranger, "I guess they came out of my garden," and laughed as if he thoroughly enjoyed the joke. All of us had a hearty laugh which was followed by introducing them to the stranger whc invited the foragers to dine with him. When the captain returned he brought invitations to dinner for as many as would accept. Of course no one refused, so we divided into two squads and sat down to a feast that would have made Belshazzar turn green with envy and Delmonico blush from shame.

We had intended to continue the march, but finding so many friends and meeting so many nice girls we were compelled to stay over for a dance which was to be given the next night. That night we attended the dance in full force. While our dress would have been more suit-

able for a bathing party, we failed not to enjoy it to the uttermost.

After visiting the falls and other places of interest near Buck Forest, and after fond good-byes that almost brought tears, and lingering looks at the fair damsels who had prepared us such a delightful breakfast, we pushed on toward Hendersonville, leaving our hearts and appetites behind to lighten our load. On, on, on, we marched, a tired and dirty crowd, so dirty that we were ashamed to look a stream of water in the face. None of us had changed our clothes, and most of us had not allowed a comb or a brush to come in contact with our hair for two or three days. We spent the night in Hendersonville, and next day a weary looking gang trudged into Saluda having made a trip of nearly ninety miles in five days. All of us decided to take another one when the remembrance of this one faded.

A TOURIST.

The Editor's Desk

Our New Constitution.

The people of South Carolina are now living under a new organic law; the constitution formed by the recent convention went into effect on the first day of the year. In many respects it is a remarkable system of laws, and the supporters of the present administration, along with the majority of those who opposed a constitutional convention, are of the opinion that it will give pretty general satisfaction. They believe that it will meet the exigencies of the times, and that its essential features contain nothing objectionable to the best element of the state's population. For several months preceding the gathering of the representatives in this body and during the greater part of its session that subject which attracted the greatest attention and brought out some most interesting discussions was the "suffrage question." There was no end to the number of plans suggested. Some wanted an educational qualification; some a property qualification; some objected to any restrictions whatever, and some would have been pleased with any measure that would practically disfranchise the majority of the negroes without affecting those whites who, in point of qualification for citizenship, are not superior to the voting strength of the Republican party. But all measures could not be inserted in the new constitution. The convention had to come to some agreement, and the Mississippi plan of suffrage was adopted for the period of two years, and to keep on the registration list those who apply before the first of January, 1898. Any one who applies after that time to be registered as a voter must be able "to read any section in this constitution, submitted to them by the registra

tion officer, or understand and explain it when read to them by the registration officer" * * * "or can can show that he owns and has paid all taxes collectable during the previous year on property in this state assessed at three hundred dollars or more." While we do not think it a good idea to place so much power in the hands of the registration officer, yet the plan adopted is a good one, and must have some good effects. It will tend to lessen the percentage of illiteracy, and encourage industry and economy among those people who stand in the greatest need of it. Other parts of the new constitution will be discussed separately in the next five issues of the JOURNAL.

The Venezuelan Affair.

During the past few weeks considerable talking and writing has been done about the Monroe doctrine. Most persons are supposed to know by this time what lead up to this popular discussion. A year ago one who was interested in studying this principle to the extent of speaking about it on all occasions, would have been looked upon as either a very close and zealous student of state affairs, or as one on the high road to a peculiar form of political insanity. Now, almost the reverse is true. Every one speaks of it. The sentiment this discussion has brought out and its probable results show very conclusively that the people of this nation are not altogether free from hatred—something akin to uncharitableness towards the English government. To talk about fighting when no one thinks really seriously about the matter, is a negative sort of patriotism. Certainly it is not a common virtue, and yet the representatives of the two leading nations of the world sit up and make faces at each other as if they were really suffering from a case of indigestion. It is no more a good thing for a nation to have enemies than for an individual to have them. The Venezuelan affair, however, seems to be of the na-

ture of competition, or a struggle for the loaves and fishes. Our views may not be in accord with those held by the majority of people, yet we do not see why the United States should be jealous of England in the possession of a little strip of territory in South America. We would like to have the earth, but we don't want the earth that some other nation possesses. There is such a thing as greed, and England does not suffer from an "over abundance" of this any more than does the United States.

But we are told that the English government is endeavoring to acquire more territory on this continent, and that this is a violation of the Monroe doctrine. What if it is a violation of this doctrine? It is not an international law, and no foreign nation is bound to respect it. It is not even incorporated in our constitution of laws. President Monroe announced it as a principle in 1823, but it has never been put to a severe test. We hope that it will never be. European nations will certainly not recognize it as a right belonging to the United States, and then our government will finally have to give it up as a principle, or establish and enforce it by arms. There is no possibility of being "on the fence" in regard to this question. We are bound to enforce it or give it up entirely. If this government endeavors to enforce it we are sure to be plunged into war with the aggressive nations of the world. They are going to extend their empires, and, as a matter of fact, would not think of allowing a large part of the world to be shut off from colonization.

The State Legislature has convened, and the indications are that it will have a long and tiresome session.

Several northern institutions have established a new course, one in studying the Modern novel. It goes without saying that this will be a very popular one.

President Cleveland has appointed a commission to investigate the Venezuelan boundary question. On it are three Republicans and two Democrats.

Dr. F. Muench, of Charleston, is making a strong effort to establish a Lutheran College at Aiken, S. C. It will be for the education of the young women of the Lutheran denomination in the South. The Lutheran Synod has endorsed his action, and he has already subscribed thirteen thousand dollars. The town of Aiken proposes to donate a splendid site, and several thousand dollars in cash.

On last Tuesday, Jan. 14, Gov. Evans sent his annual message to the legislature. It is a lengthy state paper, and contains some excellent suggestions. Judge Goff comes in for his share of abuse. It is in bad taste for the highest officer of the state to slander a United States Judge. Gov. Evans should remember that the executive department should show the greatest respect for the judicial department of the government.

The Cotton States and International Exposition closed on the 31st of December. How much this great show has done to bring the different sections of this country closer together it is impossible to say. It is said that when all the debts are paid it will have cost Atlanta about two hundred thousand dollars, or less than ten per cent. of the money expended on the enterprise. The board of managers have expressed themselves as being well pleased with the outcome of it. About five million dollars have been spent in Atlanta since the Exposition opened. The ultimate benefits to that city and to the Southern States cannot be estimated.

South Carolina now enjoys the distinction of leading the South in the manufacture of cotton goods. During

the year 1895 thirty-six mills were constructed. We now have 838,036 spindles and 21,273 looms—40,000 more spindles than North Carolina and 250,000 more than Georgia, the next highest State. This, we hope, means a large increase in the number of good common schools in the State. For a long time a great trouble in establishing good common schools in this State has been sparseness of population in some sections. Where there are so many people gathered together in factory communities there ought to be the very best educational advantages.

It will soon be time for the election of a captain and manager of the foot-ball team for next year. There is no reason why this should be delayed until near the end of the session. A long delay may cause no end of trouble and inconvenience. The preliminary work for next year ought to be arranged before the close of the session. Most of the colleges have engagements made before the beginning of the college year. We had three victories during the past season, and if we had only begun the work at the proper time, would have had the fourth one. It is not always an easy matter to sedure a good coach. Certainly arrangements in regard to securing one should be perfected before the close in June. Let this work be properly managed, and we can look with confidence to a successful season.

Among Our Exchanges

The December exchanges bear evidence of especial care and thought. They are somewhat above the average.

The December number of the *Converse Concept* deserves particular mention. It stands among the first periodicals that come to us.

The *Hendrix College Mirror* is a neat journal. The literary department, however, is on the border land of a dangerous country, that is, the contributors show a decided tendency for expressing their thoughts in verse. They should not altogether overlook what Thomas Carlyle says on that subject.

The *Central Collegian* is a good Magazine. "Principles of Protection" is a thoughtful, tersely written article. "Charlotte Bronte's Place in Literature" is an interesting criticism on the life and works of that author. A subject of much greater depth, is "Teutonic Supremacy." This is a subject always likely to attract a student's attention. The writer handles it admirably. "Emerson and Carlyle: A Comparison," affords a splendid field of thought. Two authors could hardly be mentioned that would sooner arouse the attention of a student of literature, than the names of these men. The titles of these essays at once show the variety and scope of the *Central Collegian*. These essays show that the writers are familiar with the subjects under discussion and have the power of clearly uttering their own opinions upon them.

Daniel Baker Collegian, our smallest exchanges is a neat journal with some good articles.

The December number of the *Southwestern University Monthly* is full of interesting matter on literature, patriotism and historical subjects. The Monthly has a half dozen essays, each of which any man would feel proud of having written. The first touches an interesting period of English literature—the distinguished writers of Queen Anne's time. "Uncle Sam and I" breathes a spirit of patriotism. The writer says "The greatest demand of the presest is for MEN. Men of intelligence, men of purpose, men of character, men who will dare to do right." Following this is an article on "Realism on Modern Literature," in which the writer defends the spirit of Realism in art in acute logical argument. He has no patience with authors that do nothing but bottle up moonshine. "Roman Catholicism," and "Respect for Law and Constituted Authority" are both clear, logical, and well expressed productions. The editors of the *Monthly* have every reason to be proud of it.

The *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, one of our best visitors, comes to us with many pages of literary matter. The style of expression, the choice of words, the logical connection of the piece are entitled, "The Birth and Progress of Universal Peace" are especially noticeable. The article, "My Spectacles," teaches a profound moral truth." "Stepping Stones," without any new idea on the old subject of perseverence, is a good restatement of the old truth : "Perseverence endures all things." This journal is well printed on very neat paper and should be highly prized by all its subscribers.

"Some Suggestions for the Holidays," a series of short articles, in the Christmas number of the *Peabody Record*, are certainly very suggestive as to how students may most pleasantly and profitably spend a few days away from their books. Speaking of the propriety of having any holidays at all, one of the writers says :

"Vacations, properly enjoyed, are not waste time, but

time employed for highest uses and noblest ends. A school with generous vacations wisely spent does more for its pupils than a school of the tread-mill type." If space were sufficient, many more suggestive thoughts could be quoted from these short articles. The *Record* ranks very high among our exchanges.

The *Texas University* always comes in on time. It is worthy of mention among the best periodicals.

CLIPPINGS.

Four Epitaphs :—

Deep wisdom—swelled head—
Brain fever—he's dead—
A Senior.

False fair one—hope fled—
Heart broken—he's dead—
A Junior.

Went skating—'tis said—
Floor hit him—he's dead—
A Sophomore.

Milk famine—not fed—
Starvation—he's dead—
A Freshman.—Ex.

Whenever a full mind meets an empty one, it is a call to teach not to scoff; When refinement encounters roughness, it is a call to influence, not to shun; whenever a higher nature comes in contact with a lower one, it is a call to lift up, not thrust down.—Ex.

"Dear Papa, I burn midnight oil," he wrote
And the statement none can doubt,
For since that time I have learned
He forgot to blow it out.—Ex.

Our Alumni

Ned's Uncle.

When I was at school in Virginia four years ago, I had for a chum a fellow named Ned. Ned was a Virginia gentleman, with all that this term implies. Nowhere in school was there a more deservedly popular fellow, for he was kind and generous and considered the wishes of others before his own· I became very much attached to him. His joys were my joys, his sorrows my sorrows.

One day I walked into town and. throwing a letter on the table before him, said:

"Well, Ned, there is a letter for you."

Ned leisurely lit his pipe, and settling himself in the most comfortable chair, began to read the letter. I went on about my own duties until the noise of Ned's pipe falling from nervelets fingers attracted my attention. I looked up. Ned was trembling; his face was ashen, and great drops of perspiration were popping out on his forehead. He looked at me with his cold, gray eyes, and the intense sorrow with which they were filled wrung me with pity for the poor fellow. After a few minutes' silence, I said:

"Ned, old boy, what is the matter ?"

"At the beginning of the war," he slowly began, "I had an uncle—my father's youngest brother. Uncle Ned, for that was his name, was the daredevil of the plantation. He was always getting into scrapes, but no one loved him the less for this. One of the accidents which happened to him was getting the first joint of one of his thumbs mashed off in a corn sheller.

"When Virginia seceded uncle Ned was among the first to enlist. Before leaving home, he solemnly swore that if the Confederacy did not become a free nation, he never would be seen or heard of again."

Uncle Ned fought throughout the war. and it was more luck than anything else that he was not killed. On account of his gallantry he was made a colonel. He was first in every charge, but his conduct was that of a desperate man rather than that of a cool, brave soldier. When the Confederate lines were broken at Petersburg Uncle Ned was last seen in the midst of the yankee troops fighting desperately. We all have supposed that he was killed, although search as we may, we could never find any trace of his body. My grandmother never did recover from the shock, and was soon after taken to a premature grave.

"Today," he continued, "I received this letter from my father. Here is what he says:"

"This morning a man came and told me that a dead tramp was lying by your grandmother's grave. I hurried to the graveyard and saw that the report was but too true. A gray head covered with a torn, faded hat, ragged, weatherbeaten clothes hanging on a wasted body; toes, which the rents in his shoes showed to be frostbitten,—such was the man before me. I approached him almost fearfully, and when I raised his rough, unkept hand I saw that the first joint of his thumb was ——."

Poor Ned, choked by a sob, could say no more.

Harvard, Dec. 1895. M. C. WOODS, '95.

WOFFORD DIRECTORY.

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O. D. Wannamaker, Pres't; G. M. Moore, V. P.; Paul Hardin, 1st Critic:
Thos. M. Raysor, Rec. Sec; N. M. Salley, Cor. Sec;
Albert F. Woods, Censor Morum.

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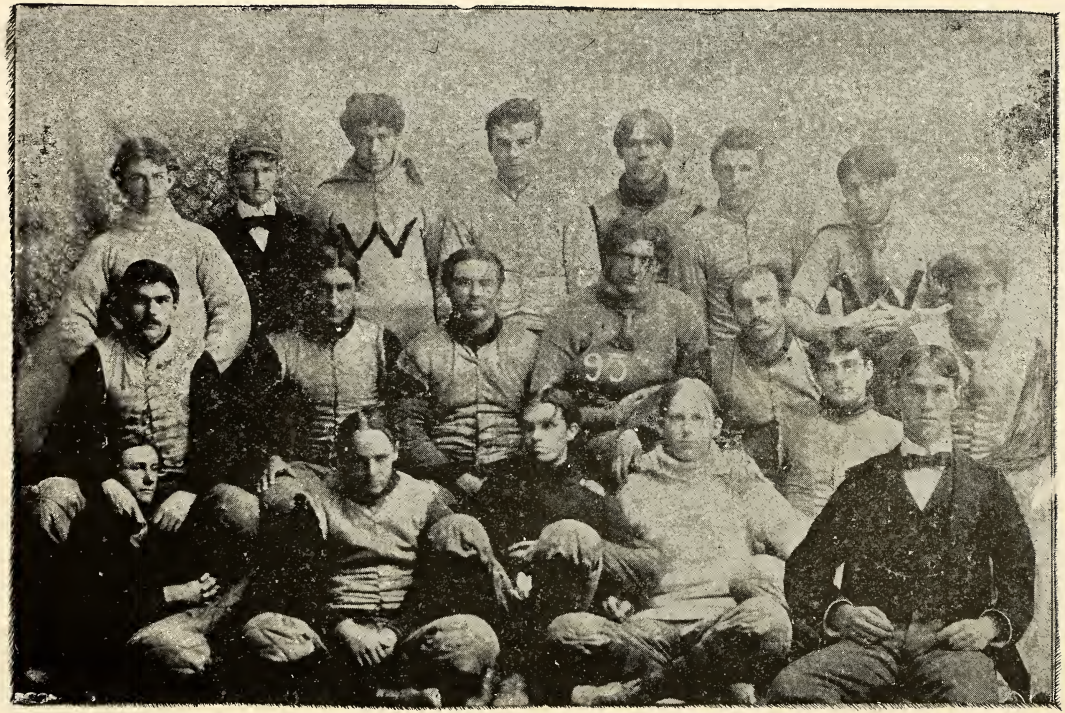
W. J. Montgomery ('75), Orator for '95.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

H. N. Snyder, Pres; G. M. Moore, Manager.

FRATERNITIES.

Alpha Tau Omega, Kappa Alpha; Kappa Sigma.
Pi Kappa Alpha; Sigma Alph Epsilon, Chi Phi;
Chi Psi.



Leonard (sub) Wertenbaker, tr Ellerbe (sub) Humbert (sub) Jennings, l e Nabers (sub) Manning (sub)
Cottingham (sub) Choice, r g Williamson, c Barber, l t, capt Rushton, l g Cannon, r t
Shannon, r e Evins, l h Dendy, q b Chreitzberg, f b Allen, r h Moore (mgr)

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Local Items

Our Foot Ball Team.

The eighteenth of October saw fifteen comparatively small men board the train at the station, full of spirit and animation over a coming game of ball. They were asked by a passenger whither they were bound, and the quick response of one of the players soon made it known that on the following day they were to tackle one of the best foot ball teams in the South—their old opponent, the University of Georgia. The results of that game is too well known to our team and students, and we now feel that Wofford, although not expecting to win the game, has profited much by her defeat by the University at Athens. After returning to college we woke up and felt, though we had a good team in point of material, that it needed development. To play foot ball is one thing, but to play foot ball scientifically is quite another. So realizing how sadly we were ignorant of true, scientific foot ball, the captain and manager began to devise many ways of securing a trainer. With the enthusiasm that the Athens game had aroused, and, added to this the feeling of retaliation to pay back to Georgia with compound interest later in the season what we had received at her hands in the first part of the year, we soon raised the money among the boys to secure a man to teach us the art of foot ball. We got him; and well, too, did he fulfill his mission. The name of Wm. Wurtenbaker is too well known on Wofford's campus and among the college students to need an introduction to any in our college circle. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the team in securing his service. A perfect gentleman he was, too. A teacher in the true sense of that word, an example for the boys he taught. He

made such an impression on our people that I think we all hated to see him leave the town, as well as the college. The effects of Mr. Wertenbaker's training soon began to tell. Within the short space of a week we had an almost new team. He moved several of the men from their regular positions on the team and placed them where he knew they were better qualified to play. A week after we had secured our coach we played Bingham. They played a very strong game, but they could not resist the terrific blows of our backs. We won the game with little ease, keeping the ball in their territory during the whole of the time. After the Bingham game the college almost went wild. The awe-inspiring yells of "Hackey, hackey, hackey." . . . . "Who hoy, who hey, who hoy Wofford," could be heard every morning before and after the chapel service. Indeed, in the dead of the night you could hear the boys answering to the various yells over the campus as so many partridges making their way to their nests as the shades of night begin to fall. The prophet had already foretold the defeat of Columbia—in fact it was whispered among the boys that she would meet her Waterloo. The morning of the Columbia game dawned full brightly, and when the train pulled out from the depot the town saw not fifteen partly trained men, but seventeen healthy, well-developed foot ball players, accompanied by seventy or eighty enthusiastic college students. We soon had our whole train decorated with black and gold. At 10:30 we rolled into the car-shed in Columbia, the engine all decorated with colors and our flag at such a bold place in front taking a somewhat confident position amid the cheers of the S. C. C. boys. But lo, as we stepped from the train, between ninety and a hundred strong, you could almost see their countenance fall.

The team was kept closely around the hotel so as to be fully prepared for the afternoon game. The results of that game will be told you by the poet in the next issue in his iambic pentameter verse, so I would forbear all

else save seek to mention briefly the Furman game and then some general remarks on college foot ball and college athletics. It is useless to say we all enjoyed our Columbia trip, and the treatment by the South Carolina College boys was more than we could have asked. We are indebted to Dr. Flinn, of the college, for a reception tendered us, and also to the Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General, Col. W. W. Bruce, for an invitation for the team to supper, both of which we had to decline, owing to the fact that we were obliged to be prepared for college duties the following day, and of course were compelled to return that night. We arrived in Spartanburg grateful to the team for the victory they had won us and to the gentlemanly way in which they had conducted themselves and grateful to our president and professors for allowing us the trip to Columbia.

On the nineteenth of November we played the Furman game. Through the well formed interference that our coach had taught us, we had little difficulty in winning it. The Furman boys took their defeat manfully and were much carried away with the treatment they received at the hands of the Wofford students. The season is now over and all of the boys are much encouraged by its results. The students should be thanked for the hearty support they gave the team through the whole season, in the games and helping it in many different ways.

We feel greatly indebted to our Professor of English for the encouragement we have received from him, and we have reason to feel today that college pride, manhood and purity is higher in Wofford than it has been in years gone by. The team has done something to advertise the college. Already five new students have said they were going to enter Wofford in October, three of these from Columbia and two from Furman. The outlook for future athletics in Wofford is better than it has been in many years. There is a movement now to build a five thousand dollar gymnaseum. This we hope

to see soon, and certainly when we secure it twenty-five new students will grace the walls of the college. College athletics," says the President of Lafayette College, "with all the objections that may be brought against them are an unqualified good." As to the brutality of foot-ball I have nothing to say. Let Harvard, Yale, Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania answer that. In the South it is quite a different thing. There is no reason whatever why foot ball in our Southern States should not be kept as pure and clean as any game known to our American people. It cultivates patiency; it teaches one to control his temper, and above all it developes the man in his true sense as well as the physical parts of his being. I know of no game in which morals play such an important part. Cursing or swearing, smoking or drinking, in fact dissipations of any kind are strictly prohibited while the team is in training. Let us have a good base ball team in the spring and a foot ball team next season that will be the peer if not surpass anything in the Cotton States, and above all let us keep them clear of anything like uncleanliness and that spirit of professionalism which is eating the heart out of athletics in our Northern institutions today.

GEO. M. MOORE, '96.

The Y. M. C. A. made a new departure in its work here when hand-bills were circulated on Monday stating that the famous Dr. W. E. Hall, of New York, would lecture under its auspices in the Duncan Hall Monday night. The subject of Dr. Hall's lecture was "How to Get Married and Stay So." The locture was fully up to all expectations, full of wit, humor and hard, common sense. The Doctor's power of facial expression is remarkable. The audience was small for many reasons—the Epworth League meeting, the other attraction at the opera house and the bad weather. All who came, however, were repaid, and the association cleared a little money to be used for wise ends.

The Mother Goose meeting of the Epworth League was a delightful affair. Everyone took a good, hearty New Year's laugh, and all feel better for it.

The members of the Chi Phi fraternity were invited to a supper at the home of Mr. Hosea Dean on last Saturday night, and the boys had a glorious time together for a few hours.

A few of the boys attended the Exposition during the Christmas holidays.

The holidays were longer than usual, but the time was well spent, as the turkeys can testify. See clipping in Exchange department as to how vacations shonld be spent.

Many cases of colds and coughs were reported on the campus just before Christmas, but the boys all seem to have recovered now.

Get ready to play base ball, boys!

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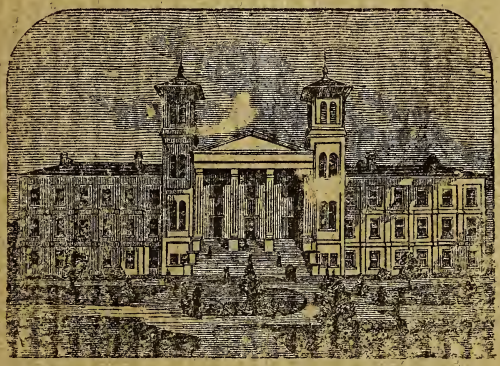

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Literary

Thy Happy Goal.

Dark is the pathway, Wandering One,
And mists obscure the dawn of day
Upon the summit of the mountain peak;
Vainly, with eyes tear bounded dost thou seek
For signs hope-bringing cheering heart.
Ah, friend but persevere! Above thee shines
That life-begetting center—the great sun.
And when the race is ended—labor done,
And dangers toils and hadships all are past—
Then shalt thou gain the mountain top, thy
happy goal, at last!

MARION TUCKER.

Married Life.

"Needles and pins,
Needles and pins;
When a man marries,
His trouble begins."

In the solution of any great question, especially one that has perplexed the minds of the greatest scholars and philosophers of all ages, it is very

necessary that it should be considered in all of its relations and phases.

First it should be viewed in the light of abstraction, then generalized, and from this generalization a correct conclusion can be drawn.

We are now dealing with the most momentous question that modern thought, or ancient science has promulgated for our solution. It is a question that is at the foundation of all social and civil law, and deals with the home and the marriage vow, the most sacred tie that binds two dying mortals. But I am wandering from Psychological conclusion, I said that we would first consider our subject abstractly. then generally and then conclusively.

So we will begin with the first word of our subject by saying that *needles* are long-legged, one-eyed, sallow complected instruments used for assorting thread, examining old clothes, constructing new ones, and for precipitating the flight of late, or unwelcome guests. This instrument applied to different parts of the cuticle of the skin impresses one with the idea that hornets are abroad with double-barreled shot guns and consider everything game so long as ammunition lasts. These things you call *needles* are more dangerous than bald-headed mice, forked-tongued lizzards, or cross-eyed gimlets.

The next word in our subject is *and*, which we call a conjunction, because it connects needles with their first cousins, *pins*. The difference between needles and pins is that needles are bald-headed and long-faced and wear their hair clipped, while pins wear theirs parted in the middle and are lady's men.

Another difference is that pins are anti-prohibitionists and swamp a good deal of dispensary red-eye, and sometimes owing to a scratch, effects blood poison. Pins are also larger at the small extremity as they wear brogan shoes number fourteen and are more disagreeable to the cuticle

of the skin, as they displace a larger area of nervous telegraphy.

The next word under our considerationis *when*. The little word *when*, who ever heard of such a thing? If we would only leave off the W, we would have *hen*, and this makes our mouths water because it makes us think of chicken soup However, as the *w* kills the *hen* we will proceed to the next word—*a*—which is a weather signal pointing to *man*, and in the words of an article, says beware of two-legged animals

Man is an abstraction of the abstract, whether he is monkey, baboon, ostrich, or buffoon; pineapple, lemon or squash; gauslin, biddy or grasshopper, synthesis alone can promulgate.

Whether a man is, or is not, is a supposition. We are impressed, however, with the fact that certain pensive looking forms that we often meet on the street are not fowls, as they are devoid of wings and feathers, also that they are the nearest approach to the dictionary definition of the word *human*. And as some of these beings are called Hugh, they must be *hu-man*. And of those that are not men are found *wo-men*. This naturally leads to the next subject.

Marriage was instituted by a man stepping up and saying, "*wo-man*, whither art thou journeying? I am a brave warrior enlisted among your majesty's volnnteers, and it always gives me great gleasure to protect brown eyes, golden locks, and fair faces, from animals such as the rabbit, the squirrel, the royal ben-gozel tiger, the hippopotamus, and the orangoutang, that often beset travelers in lonely valleys as they journey toward the city set on a hill. And if peradventure my company is not repulsive to you, I am sure a smile from your twinkling eye would make my burden lighter, and if perchance you should grow weak and faint, my strong arms are ever ready to bear thee up." So Lizejane turning, sweetly smiling, said: "I am fainting, bear me up .

quick —quick." So when he bore her up, their right hands were joined, their hearts kept tune to "I love somebody," and "united we stand, divided we fall," so they were married.

After their marriage the pestification began, the sky became darkened with pin cushions, hat-racks, pot hooks, etc., blood was on the moon, razors were flying in the air, and the roar of artillery was heard ever and anon as the echoes died away.

The last word of our subject to be abstracted is *begins*. It makes little difference which of the following illustrations are used. It was four o'clock, the chickens had commenced to yell, day had commenced to break, and the sun had commenced to rise. As his first silvered rays shot over the cow-shed and lighted up the plum orchard beyond, or sent millions of shining arrows in profusion over the matted green that lined miles of landscape as beautiful as the rice fields of Carolina. Or, whether it was as the luminous orb was sinking to sleep behind uncle Sambo's "tater-hill," as the last golden shaft pierced the blue vault of the dome of a free country. It makes no difference when it began, or where it began, so there was a beginning, and there is a beginning to all things. Especially was this true of our married couple.

They began like wild-cats in a vinegar barrel, and ended like the obscurity of the luminous luminary as it sank behind a cloud of thunderbolts and dynamite, or like "a day in the Alps" when cyclones tear the valleys apart and claim the everlasting rocks as relics of their desolation.

Such is needles and pins
Married life and married men

JOHN C. ROPER.

Nathaniel Hawthorne's Philosophy.

In discussing this subject, a review of his life will not be necessary except when he is brought

in contact with men or women whose influence may be seen upon his works. Hawthorne's disposition had a great deal to do with the peculiar character of his works. They deal more with the psychological effect of certain forces upon the nature and passions of his subjects than the theory that a man is as his environments. We could not consider Hawthorne without at once thinking of the relation he bore to Emerson, and the effect that that exaggerated school of American philosophy—if it may be called an American School—had upon him. The Blithedale Romance shows to the full extent what would be the condition of things should the pet scheme of the most radical thinkers be carried out. He was saved from the absurdities of such men as Alcott, Thoreau, and others, by his naturally conservative disposition and his sense of humor; but should he have plunged headlong into their wild vagaries he would now be considered as a man who had an idea and a very strong idea. Still he misses the line of extreme radicalism and comes down to us as one of our greatest thinkers. The Blithedale Romance spoken of above, will never be a popular book for the simple reason it was written in advance of a theory, although in the Preface he says not. Some day it may be read by the student of American Litetature, for the place it occupies in American thought Be that as it may, we have to do here with it subject matter only.

A colony of theorists settle in New England to live alone. They intend to have nothing to do with the outside world, to be a law unto themselves, abolish the marriage relations, destroy the links that bind them to society, live as Adam lived, by manual labor. They disregard the ties that bind every member of society to every other member. To destroy the civilization which had taken many centuries to build up, was the hope of their fondest dreams. Of course this hope was never realized, but still their philosophy was an

influence in our history and should not be ignored. It is difficult to rsfrain from criticising severely some of their ideas but this is not my duty. The brotherhood of man was their one main idea. That they could convert the world, they had never a thought if anything else.

Silas Foster, the man of all work, has a small opinion of their capabilities. He reasons, how can a city lawyer make a good farmer, how can a society girl of New York make good biscuits. I will forbear out of respect to my theme, to say whether or not he reasons rightly.

The one character which you follow with the greatest interest is Hollingsworth. He represents the man with one idea. That idea is developed abnormally, on account of which, the other sides of his nature are dwarfed to such an extent that some of his actions, although perfectly clear to him, seem to us to be crimes. His moral sense is so blunted by the petting of one theory that he is not capable of judging a question rightly. Although that idea is one of benevolence, yet to such a degree may that central idea be carried, as to drown completely all the other good impulses of his nature. He does not take into consideration love, the highest of human passions, when he makes up his judgments; and yet love for mankind is his ruling idea. This almost seems anomalous. He wins the love of the most cultivated, refined, intellectual, and charming woman in the book. And because she does not acquiesce in every particular to his exaggerated plan for the betterment of the human race, he wrecks her life and causes her to commit suicide. This shocks our sense of Poetic Justice, that she, the most noble character in the whole book, should die at the hands of one vastly inferior to her in every respect. Zenobia, for this is the name of the woman to whom I refer, was charmed with the rough exterior of Hollingsworth who, not appreciating her, tried to put her

in his mould; with the result that *she* was crushed instead of the mould. She was the only one of the human race that he could have benefitted; her he neglected, because he was grasping for something larger. It was perfectly right for him to have laudable aspirations, but we attain to higher things step by step, not at one bound. Such we feel to be the fate of one who was drawn into the whirlpool of destruction by the unconscious Hollingsworth.

The evil character, phantom, or whatever you choose to call it, of an unknown past history, does not play as an important part in the Romance as some of Hawthorne's other works. In the Marble Faun, if you remember, Miriam is governed entirely by her past and some character who haunts her at every crook and turn, while Zenobia is almost given the power to be master of her evil Genius—a fellow named Westervelt. Hollinsworth really breaks the charm that he has over her.

Thus Hawthorne brings in an influence—always for evil it is—which we cannot define. We do not know the relation which the character once bore to the Genius. A Transformation always takes place, either the Genius obtains the mastery or the person secures the mastery over the Genius. You have a sense of pity, when you see one of the characters going through the most awful duty of self introspection. You pity them even though in their crime, because they have not full power of control over themselves. It seems that they are influenced by some unknown circumstances. Knowing this, there exists a bond of sympathy between the reader and the character. These characters cannot be compared to any in a Drama, for in a Drama each character has for a Motive Force some of the human passions, while here there seems to be a combination of circumstances, which rule everything rather than a Motive Force.

Hawthorne has written the sober judgement of the coming generation upon the Philosophy of Alcott, Thoreau, and of others. He easily shows its faults, and its virtues will not do to live by altogether. We have a complicated civilization and there is ever an upward tendency towards the goal for which man was created, and whoever disregards this fact in forming a philosophy falls short of his duty to mankind and to his God. I do not mean that no good can come out of Concord, but that Transcendentalism exaggerated is an absurdity. Manual labor is a good thing, but we cannot all live by manual labor, nor on the other hand can we live without it. Individualism was the first plank—then philosophy, and it was so intensified that it degenerated into the grossest selfishness. At Blithedale, Coverdale once took a holiday for the sole purpose of musing concerning himself. Such as this is calculated to produce bad results. The tendency now is not towards intense Individualism, but more of a common Humanism. And just so are we one step more our desired goal. I could go on further describing the different phases of life at Blithedale, but will forbear before I go into ridicule. By brotherhood they intended the "reformation of the world," but they did not thoroughly understand the ties that bind mankind.

Transcendentalism first originated in Germany, and was brought over to England by Carlyle and Coleridge. There it developed in that strong mind of Carlyle's, growing with his mind. His conception of man's duty to humanity and his God, was the finest interpretation that had ever been given the new German idea. Emerson on our own shores received it next, and characterized it by stamping upon it his nature, which knew sin only in the abstract. His moral nature was intensified, because of having been reared in a Puritan family, and that a Ministers family. It was of value to him, only as it touched the

moral and spiritual side of humanity. And indeed, it is in this respect alone that it concerns us, in helping us to lead higher, nobler lives, in giving us a broader view, and enlarging our capabilities.

Hawthorne got his conception from Emerson and Carlyle—for they were kindred spirits to some degree. His influence upon this system may not be measured, since it is still felt to have helped us of the present generation to something better. To live up to his ideal was his constant aim, and we hope that he did not fall far short of it. C. H. B.

Matter and Manner.

The subject of versification has long been a battlefield for poets and critics, and Genius and talent have attempted at various times to estimate its value as compared with the substance of poetry. The question is still undecided. One master sings as sweetly as the tawny-throated nightingale and a brother following discards the effects of verse form, rhythm, assonance rhyme and flowing melodious movement, and seeks only to express himself after the manner of the old oracles: he uses the verse but considers the matter invaluable and the manner valueless. Of course no law can be fixed to which every genius will take the trouble to conform. One of the characteristics of genius is its strict individuality and originality, its separateness from all that is not itself. When Tennyson thinks noble thoughts and clothes them in rhythmic robes of art, and Browning *perhaps* speaks greater truths with a spluttering tongue and many breaks and dashes, what are we lesser ones to say? One may worship Tennyson and another idolize Browning, but who is to say for us all, which is the greater poet?

We cannot say, but each of us who thinks at

all must have his own opinion and preference. For myself, I prefer great thought in great verse, masterful passion in masterful form, the heart-beats of humanity in the throb and pulse of exquisite rhythm. The province of poetry is all beauty, beauty of intellect, all-creative and everlasting; beauty of emotion, pathos, peace, joy, mirth; beauty of nature, which perhaps in poetry merges into the emotional; and beauty of form, the throb of verse, the sweet blending and fusing of words into lines and lines into stanzas, the echo and answer of sound to sound—the music of language. Poetry may treat of anything which elevates the soul of man, and it has an equal right to use any harmless means toward this end. If the poet is expressing the very heart-tearing pangs of remorse and grief, why should not his verse splutter and stammer in wild horror? If the deep wave of some crushing sorrow. why should he not express himself in the rolling liquids, in the thick heavy vowels, and make his movement slow and solemn? If he deals with peace and rest and quiet, why may not his very rhymes, softly echoing and repeating, and his smooth-flowing verge be in themselves suggestive of such a state? When the poet touches mirth, might he not well write dashing, frolicsome lines laughing in their very motion and bartering rhymes? And again when he describes. let his words imitate the sounds of nature.

Certainly we all admit that matter is greater than manner, but still manner has its place and a glorious place, too; and the poet who can write good verse and purposely neglects to do so, commits a sin against art which only the greatest thought and emotion and passion can expiate. There is little danger that the beauty of form will withdraw the attention from the theme and thread of thought. It will almost always only the more indelibly impress the truth upon the hearer. To secure the full effect, indeed, the

verse must be in harmony with its substance just as the garment must fit well in order to show the grace of the person. True, if there is poverty of thought, the beautiful verse alone will be remembered, but even in this case the poet has done more if he had not written the sweet words without deep thought. He leaves some music in the world to mellow and sanctify the hearts of men. "The holiness of beauty" applies here as everywhere.

The object of the true poet is to touch for good those who read him. The poem is to sing its way into the heart of the world and its voice must be as strong and mellow as its message is great and true. The poet of all poets is he who embodies the highest thought in the holiest verses, either musical always or now and then breaking into the white-caps of passion.

OLIN WANNAMAKER. (96.)

A Comparison of Macaulay's Essay on Johnson With Carlyles's.

In comparing two different essays on the same man, a difficulty seems to arise in the apparent fact that the substance of both must be the same; but let us not despair too soon, because one essay may have a stronger conception of the life and and character of its subject than the other and in this way present to us two entirely different men, for instance: Macaulay's Johnson and Carlyle's Johnson are men with very little real similarity.

Macaulay presents to us Johnson as the "bear," over-riding the opinion of everybody else, as the ill tempered old man who spills snuff on his already soiled shirt bosom, as the scrofulous old man with all his outward uncleanliness; and takes no notice of the warm generous heart, beating within this ugly, awkward man's breast.

Macaulay seems to incline to mirth, when he

touches on Johnson's peculiarities and sometimes foolish prejudices. He cannot pity and sympathize with this man afflicted by God both in body and mind. He cannot see the great battles and hard won victories in Johnson's life, but only sees the mistakes and deformities of this truly noble man.

Carlyle presents to us an entirely different view of Johnson. He shows reason for his peculiarities, and sympathizes with him in his conflicts with the world.

In the beginning Johnson has a battle to fight, which most men of his time never won. This is the fight against the rapidly increasing scepticism, which has taken possession of all Europe. Mark the influence thrown around him. During this time Voltaire was exciting all Europe by his works; while Johnson and Hume were born very nearly in the same year· From the Bolingbrokes and Tolands scepticism had taken entire possession of Scotland and France. In fact it was the spirit of the keener intellects of Europe to be incredulous on every matter; and undoubtedly Johnson's intellect was as keen as the keenest. Now which side was he to embrace? There is something grand and noble in the way he went over to the opinions and traditions of his ancestors, which opinions he defended throughout his life.

Carlyle explains the contradictions in Johnson's life by the fact that in these times both political parties were in a state of confusion and stubborn resistence against the right, and all the people, who were seeking for the truth had to make frequent changes in their beliefs. In fact there was so much wrong and contradiction on both sides that a man hardly knew what he did believe.

Macaulay calls attention to Johnson's rudeness and impoliteness, but Carlyle shows Johnson to be the most polite man of all times, Lord Chester-

field unexcepted, for his politeness did not consist of a horror of asking to be helped twice, but a noble sense of duty to his fellow man.

Macaulay seems to imply that Johnson's seriousness and melancholy was due to a fear of death, but Carlyle shows that this is not entirely true; for what man could be better prepared than Johnson? He was entirely free from deceit. Just as Carlyle says, his life has been turned wrong side out and examined with miscrocopes, but yet there has been no lie been found in it. He complied with all known moral rules. He gave meat to the hungry and water to the thirsty, and visited the sick and imprisoned. His melancholy was due to another cause than fear of death. Carlyle says, "How grim was life to him; a sick Prison-house and Doubting-castle!" Also, "To Johnson life was as a Prison, to be endured with heroic faith." Carlyle gives a beautiful description of Johnson's approach to death in the following words: "Johnson approached death as one with awe-struck, yet resolute and piously expectant heart, taking leave of a Reality, to enter a Reality yet higher."

When Johnson saw the end inevitable, he became visibly brighter, as if already seeing the glorious beyond. Amidst a bright and inspiring scene this good Samaritan was gathered unto his Father.

A Tale From Tennessee.

While tramping last summer in the eastern part of Tennessee I chanced upon one of the wildest and most forbidding spots I have ever seen. There were many such in that part of the country and I had seen them, but none that could equal this in its wierd gloominess and desolation.

In the midst of a dreary wind-swept waste stood the ruin of an old ancestral mansion, silent and deserted. Around it for miles extended sol-

itary glades and swamps without other sign of human habitation. Near it, almost within its shadow, was the shore of a small lake, black and sombre; above which loomed this house, gray with age, the ghost of a ruin and stately and still in its ghostship.

I was sure that this old building must have a history. I was almost as sure that it would be a strange and interesting one. I was not mistaken.

When and by whom it had been built the story did not say. For generations it stood; no one could tell how long. Its owners had been a strange race, associating little with their fellow-men. They had alwas been rich and prosperous, but what they did with the wealth that they must have amassed no one knew. An old tradition said that somewhere under those dreary swamps it lay, buried forever from the sight of man. Be this as it may they lived on their quiet peaceful lives, son inheriting from father, generation after generation, down to the time of the civil war.

About this time there dwelt here an old man and his daughter, the last representatives of the ancient family. The daughter was a beautiful woman, noble, haughty, and spirited. Many were they that sought her hand. One was successful, a handsome young planter. He alone of all others was able to win her love. But she was proud, and as that terrible strife, the civil war, was just beginning to cast its gloom over the land, she bade him go and fight for the cause that was so dear to them both, prove himself worthy of her hand. Without uttering a single complaint he went. Never did he return. What was his fate no one knew. The broken-hearted woman for a time lived a sad and lonely life, ever waiting and watching for him who would never come. One wild stormy night she disappeared. Where she went was a mystery. Some said that she had thrown herself into the lake

and there met her death. Anyway nothing was ever seen or heard of her, and down even to this day her fate is unknown. The sad and lonely old father soon after this died and the house that had been the home of the same family for so many generations passed into the hands of strangers.

With the end of this race a curse seem to have fallen on the whole place. A small stream changing its course quickly converted the once rich and prosperous fields into a swampy sodden plain. The old mansion was deserted. No one has now occupied it for years; indeed most of the dwellers in that section give it a wide berth, and have come to regard it with a kind of superstitious awe. Now when the winter winds are howling down from the mountains and moaning and whistling through the leafless trees, many an old grandmother gathering a band of eager listening children 'round the evening fireside will tell the story of that old house, and how on such nights the form of a beautiful sad-faced woman may be seen slowly walking the shores of the little lake that lies far away over the marshlands; and how sometimes when the cold moonlight is streaming o'er its dark still surface a wonderfully sweet sad song may be heard coming from its black depths and rising higher and higher on the gentle evening breezes finally die away in one long wail of anguish.

The ancient structure is still standing; lonely and isolated; a monument of an almost forgotten past. For generations it was the home of mortals like ourselves; they are gone, this alone remains as a witness that they once lived and had their being. Within its bare walls time alone keeps watch. Ghostlike shadows hover in its dark recesses and the silence of death and eternity reigns throughout its emptiness. So wrapt and compassed 'round with mysteries it is slowly

crumbling away. Before many more years have passed nothing will remain to mark the spot where it once stood. H. H. LANE.

Some Features of Our Foreign Commerce and Opportunities for the Future.

1. *Causes of the decline of American commerce.* The American "merchant marine" as a commercial factor is almost too diminutive for serious consideration. It is a source of great wonder to foreign people, and no less to ourselves, that so great a nation as the United States should seemingly pay so little attention to the upbuilding of a merchant navy. But there are causes for all apparently inexplicable phenomena, and the reason why our American people have neglected their foreign commerce, or rather have allowed their imports and exports to be transported in ships foreign-built and foreign-owned, and have permitted Great Britain to factor and develop a commerce immeasurably greater than our own, will really present itself to any thoughtful inquirer.

You may have heard two reasons assinged as causes for our commercial decline, but if you will consider you will find that both these together but partially account for it.

One of these alleged causes was the Civil War: the other the Act passed by Congress about '65 to restrict American commerce to American-built vessels. The reason assigned for the passage of this Act was to foster American shipbuilding. This may have been partly true, but the real underlying motive was a desire to annoy England and her commerce, for the simple fact that the bill was passed by the Republican Congress composed of Northern men who wished to offend and oppose the English people on account of their kindly attitude toward the South. In

neither of its purposes did the Law succeed, however, for it did not affect England's commerce, nor did it promote American ship-building—quite the contrary. But these were *not* the main causes of the decline; and to prove this we have only to refer you to statistics showing conclusively that said decline began several years prior to the war and the passage of the ship act. For in 1856 our own ships carried 75 per cent.; and the decline has steadily continued until in 1892 the percentage was only 12.

Now we think you will see that the following was the more probable cause of the decline:

The Americans have given all their time and attention to internal domestic commerce and to developing faculties for internal transportation. The railroads have been the chief factor in opening up unsettled regions, developing resources and establishing industries. Grants of land and subsidies from government have given this country 170,000 miles of railway—*more than half* the railway mileage of the world—with our 70,000,000 population, as against 130,000 miles built by the 365,000,000 of Europeans on the continent of Europe. This we feel in lieu of the vast commercial navies of the Old World.

We have built our railroads. There is a mighty lull in that direction. Government has ceased granting lands and subsidies, and, seeing that we now have sufficient railway mileage, has also at last perceived the ontoward and disastrous effect of the ship law of '65. So this latter has been amended to permit the purchase of foreign vessels and, allowing them to sail under the American flag, to be registered as ships of the American merchant marine.

Now is the time, *now* comes the all-important opportunity for the growth of our commercial navy.

It is the great Anglo-Saxon race that now "dominates the seas," and when America wrests from

England her commercial supremacy, it will still be the Anglo-Saxon race. We, too, are English, and if we have no great merchant navy, it is because effort and capital have found more profitable investment in the interior than in foreign commerce. America has but to turn her attention to the gaining of commercial ascendency, and with her vast resources and wealth, the thing is sure to be ultimately accomplished. If you read correctly the signs of today, you see that the naming of the "Inman Line" of trans-Atlanta steamers "American," and the registration of its ships as a part of the American merchant marine, means something; you will see that the building of the Nicaragua canal means more; you will see that awakening interest all over the land as to our foreign commerce, means this, in a word, that soon American commerce will be carried on with American ships.

Let us now furnish substancial proof that we have grounds for the assertion that the United States has within herself the means to render her the greatest commercial nation on earth.

2. *The resources of the United States.*

We want to say a few words about the natural wealth of our country, and more particularly of the Southern States of the Union. And to show you substantially why the Americans should gain and retain commercial supremacy—listen to a few facts:

England has produced one-half of all the coal mined in the world for the last century. In this respect she excels overy other nation. In 1891 she furnished 36 per cent. and the United States 33 per cent. of the world's product. But the output of coal in this country is increasing at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, while that of England increases less than 2 per cent.; consequently the cost of coal is lessening in this country and increasing in England. But we export less than one per cent. of our total product, while England

exports thirty-one per cent. So it is clear that the United States will soon become a large exporter of coal.

Great Britain has, until recent years, produced more than one-half of the world's product of pig-iron. She reached her maximum in 1882, but since that time this country has doubled its production, and now produces more iron and steel than England. In 1867 the ratio was this: Great Britain 52 per cent.; United States 14 per cent. of the world's total product of iron. But in 1891 the situation was reversed: United States 34 per cent.; Great Britain 30 per cent. Our production of iron increases faster than population—between 1870 and 1880 it increased *four times* as rapidly, and the ratio is progressive. However great may be the world's consumption of iron in 1900, it is estimated that the United States will supply 45 per cent. of its demands. The *Southern States* are even now producing at a low enough cost for export. Think of it! We have shipped our iron to Pittsburg and undersold the Pennsylvania metal. It is the iron of the South that will meet the Great Britain product in foreign ports.

England surpasses all other countries in the manufacture of textile fabrics, notwithstanding the fact that her fabrics, cotton, wool and jute, must be imported from foreign lands. She has ½ of the world's cotton spindles—the United Statates only 1-6, and both countries show about the same increase in production for the last decade. But as this country produces 80 per cent. of the world's cotton, and has cheaper power and labor, with an improvement in trade facilties and a change in our foreign commercial policy, we shall compete with England in supplying the world with machine-made fabrics. "The capacity of the Southern States for cotton production is equal to any demands the world may make. The production increased from 3,000,000 bales in 1870 to 9,000,000 bales in 1890; out of all propor-

tion to the increase in population in these states for the same time. The production of raw cotton is not increasing elsewhere. *One per cent.* of the South's tillable area can produce all the cotton now required by all the spindles in the world. The discoveries of vast deposits of phosphates along the coasts of the South will render cotton growing profitable even on hitherto worn-out lands. The cotton of the South is convenient to cheap coal, abundant water power, and deep harbors."—(JOHN R. PROCTOR.)

But iron and cotton are by no means the only commodities the United States furnishes the world. Our production of grain increases more than twice as fast as our population. Although only a small fraction of this country's arable lands are under cultivation, they yet produce sufficient bread-stuffs to feed nearly double our population. Draw your inference.

These are the resources—vast and inexhaustable—of America and the "New South"—sufficient to render the United States supreme "Mistress of the Seas."

Now as regards the future commercial opportunities of the American people, let us consider merely one great enterprise and have that tell the tale.

3. *The Nicaragua canal and the trade of the East.*

A few years ago a new scheme for a ship canal uniting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans was first submitted to the American people for popular consideration. Although the gigantic Panama fake had proven the vast expense entailed by the construction of a canal across the *Isthmus*, the need of some new enterprise of the sort was already evident. An effort was made to induce the United States government either to entirely factor and control the undertaking, or to guarantee bonds for a stock company to the extent of $100,000,000. This proposition was made to the

last Congress who, warned by previous governmental faux pas—such as the Northern Pacific R. R., and the so-called "Credit Mobiler" affair, sent certain engineers to Nicaragua to investigate and submit a detailed report.

These men have returned from their mission and their report, while not unfavorable on the whole, was less encouraging than the public had been led to expect, they recommended an appropriation by Congress of several hundred thousand dollars to continue investigations in Nicaragua so that a more detailed, definite and comprehensive statement may be prepared. The matter is awaiting the action of present Congress. There is no doubt that public opinion greatly avors the scheme, and it is generally believed that Congress will soon take definite action to further the project.

The construction of the Nicaragua canal would place New York city 2,740, and New Orleans 3,480 miles nearer the ports of the Pacific than Liverpool would then be, and nearer to Melbourne Anckland and Yokohama. The cost of the canal would be less than the amount of our pension list for two years, but such a short cut between the two oceans would make this country the work shop and clearing house of the world."

You probably noticed how neutral an attitude England preserved during the recent China-Japan war. If any preference was shown it tended towards the Chinese. This was solely because of the vast China-English commerce. But England also has very extensive dealings with Japan, so certainly, if not pleased to see Japan victorious, she was careful to pronounce no verdict in the matter.

The result of the war is that Japan now ranks as a first rate power, and will be hereafter considered by the five great powers of Europe as their military equal. But Japan favors the United States and desires to establish firm and

extensive commercial relations with this country. She regards Eng'and with no very tender eye, knowing her attitude during the late war. She prefers to have her cotton shipped direct from America rather than *via Liverpool*, and would rather have American manufactured articles than those of English make. Japan has but little iron, and what she has scarcely pays for the cost of smelting. The South is ready to export iron Japan uses a vast quantity of cotton. The South is ready to export cotton. Here is our opportunity. With the Nicaragua canal, we can outship England at Yokohama, and have an equal opportunity with her in the ports of China.

Japan is now the great nation of the Orient. It is with this wonderful progressive people that it behooves us to trade.

The ship building facilties of America now equal, if they do not surpass those of Great Britain. As powerful, great sea-worthy ships can be built on the Deleware as on the Blyde. Everything is ready. The opportunity is here. The speedy opening of the Nicaragua canal will give the signal for the march of America's commercial supremacy.

MARION TUCKER.

The Editor's Desk

An Unpublished Letter From Mr. Calhoun.

Mr. John C. Calhoun carried on quite an extensive correspondence, and all of his letters are valuable in the sense that they throw a great deal of light upon contemporary affairs. Many of them are yet unpublished, and, perhaps, one reason why this is so is that the greater number are marked "*personal*" and "*confidential.*" Some authors have intimated in very strong terms that Mr. Calhoun would have sacrificed anything for the Presidency. Far higher motives impelled him in all of his actions than the mere gratification of political ambition. I wish to call attention to an extract from an unpublished letter from Mr. Calhoun to his daughter, Mrs. Clemson. It is in Mr. Calhoun's handwriting and is dated at Washington, March 7, 1848:

"You must not suppose that, in contending against corruption and interest, that I am impelled by the hope of success. Had this been the case I would long since have retired from the conflict. Far higher motives impel me; a sense of duty to do our best for our country and leave the rest to Providence. I hold the duties of life to be greater than life itself, and that in performing them manfully, even against hope, our labor is not lost, but will be productive of good in after time. Indeed I regard this life very much as a struggle against evil, and that, to him who acts in proper principle, the *reward is in the struggle* rather than in victory itself, although that greatly enhances it. So strong is my faith in this belief, my dear daughter, that no appreciation of my efforts, either by the present or after times, is necessary to sustain me in struggling to do my duty in resisting wrong, especially when our own country is concerned, although I put a high value on renown. You will thus see that in struggling against the downward tendency of

our country, it is not because I do not take a just view of human nature, as you suppose, but because I am actuated by higher motives than you attribute to me. But enough of this."

"*The Life and Works of Robert Burns*" is the title of a new book being published by Messrs. W. & R. Chambers, and edited by Mr. William Wallace. It is simply a revised edition of the works of that author with criticisms by Robert Chambers. It will contain many new features, and no doubt the character and poems of the Scotch writer will be more clearly treated than they have hitherto been.

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The *Parent's Magazine*, in a recent issue, has a very concise article on the interesting subject of "Carlyle's Immortality." It is much shorter than the criticisms usually found in journals published to satisfy public curiosity, yet it contains the distinctive features of that great author's force. The following is a fair sample of the critic's beautiful and scholarly style of expressing his ideas about the great writer:

"It it not probable that as the artificiality of life increases, the teaching of Carlyle, the lover of realities, will attain greater value? For in these days of physical, mental and moral exhaustion, the influence of Carlisle, with his devotion to 'the Beneficient Whip' and 'masterful mind' can only be stimulating. In the days of recuperation, which may follow with the turn of the pendulum, the world will listen witn eager sympathy to Carlyle, as with ruthless severity he denounces those who tamper with facts, hiding themselves from life's sternness under a tissue of shams and lies. Carlyle's immortality does not rest upon his destructive criticism of life's varieties. We owe to him, in the second place, our appreciation of the rights of democracy. It was Carlyle who preached that a world is all out of joint unless the best men rule, and that class distinction and conventional privileges should be of no real account to serious, honest thinkers. * * In the 'French Revolution' he shows that the

upper classes are helpless, unless they keep up friendly connections with the people. Many of us believe that a period of anarchy can only be averted, in our present state of civilization, by the blending of class with class in human sympathy and in human honesty. If the contrast between riches and poverty are to become even more striking, the sight of unthinking idlers and of caluus pleasure seekers will inflame the minds of desperate men and women with ever greater effect. Then will men look to Carlyle for help and advice in postponing they doom. Carlyle's third claim to immortality rests upon his *gospel of work*. He, better perhaps than any other writer, taught that work alone justifies existence and developes character. His invectives against the idle and luxurious have not been surpassed in fierceness by any modern socialist. In the fourth place we are indebted to Carlyle for forcing us to reverence that which is too grand for us to comprehend."

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A man who is so familiar with so many books, and has done so much library work as Mr. Spofford, the librarian of Congress, ought to be a most capable person to prepare a work of selections. While one ought to deplore some of the modern ideas advanced in regard to a short road to knowledge, especially of the classics, and the lack of sympathy with those who believe in research and constant labor, yet one must admire a condensed history of the most important events of the world. Mr. Spofford's new work, "The Library of Historic Characters and Famous Events," published by William Finley & Co., of Philadelphia, is one that will appeal to a large class of persons who desire to read for amusement and who do not object to be burdened occasionally with heavy subjects. In every respect this is a very remarkable work, and is sure to occupy a most important place in our best selected public libraries. The author is familiar with the history of the world, and it is pretty safe to say that never before were so many representative characters given in so few volumes.

Besides many excellent original sketches of characters, the ten volumes contain many choice selections from the most eminent historians and orators. There is nothing cheap or trashy about it. It may be read with profit and pleasure by any one, and is so written that any chapter may be taken up at any time. A great deal of prominence is given to biography. Acting upon the truth of the assertion of Mr. Carlyle that "universal history—the history of what man has accomplished in the world—is at bottom the history of the great men who have lived here," the author brings forward separately the leaders and the heroes of the nations of the world, and presents clearly and graphically their various careers and their marvelous exploits. The typographical execution of the work is admirable. They are handsomely illustrated with lithographs, and everything is so arranged as to make it pleasant and agreeable to the reader. One objectionable feature is that the work is sold by subscription only, and that the number of copies to be printed is limited to one thousand: it is too valuable a production to be so narrow in its circulation.

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The Hon. Walter Clarke contributes to the February number of the *Arena* a very interesting paper upon "The Land of the Noonday Sun—Anahaue—Mexico." It may be read with advantage by all who have had an idea there that country has only a very meagre history and that itself, not at all interesting. We have read and heard so much about this land that is, in only a part, true that it is with some material curiosity that we turn to this contribution. Perhaps few persons are so well fitted to give us glimpses into the inner life of these people as the writer. After a few general observances upon the course of events in some Eastern country, he remarks that—

Here likewise great empires rose, flourished, and passed away, to be succeeded by others. Here, too, ambitious men intrigued, schemed and fought to obtain fame which they fondly believed would last forever. In each hemisphere from time to time some great nation believed its own civilization, the world, its own king 'king of kings' its own government and rule the final and lasting one. All have disappeared, and the moon shines coldly down and the night winds sigh alike over the ruins of Minevah and Palenque, Memphis and Uxmal, Carthage and Cholula, Troy and Teuochtitlan, and many other metropolis whose walls and temples have been dust and whose heroes, kings and people have been nameless for many a dead and forgotten century." His summary of the history of that young republic is very brief. He then comes to hints about their government. It is modeled upon ours. "There are twenty-seven States, two territories and a Federal District, like our District of Columbia." The Federal senate consists of two members elected from and by each State, and the lower house of Congress is appointed upon the basis of population." The President is elected upon the same plan as the one we have. The cabinet officers are appointed. Judges of the Federal Supreme Court are chosen for a term of six years, and the two Federal Senators are elected by a direct vote of the people. Mr. Clark gives some beautiful descriptions of various sections of that country, and then to write about the people. A striking part of this article is his report of the way criminals are punished. He remarks that "the shrewdest criminals upon conviction are sentenced to serve upon the police force, and it is said that the plan works admirably, there being no better officers than those men when intrusted with power and responsibility." The article is beautifully illustrated with half-tone cuts, and on the whole is a very readable one.

*
* *

And now the news comes that the New York Shakespeare society has purchased the home of Poe known as the Poe cottage near the Broux Park, and has completed arrangements for the erection of a very large bronze statue to the

Southern writer. This will be the first statue of the poet to be erected in this country. The work is to be made from a design drawn by the celebrated sculptor, Partridge. A picture of the plan represents the poet as sitting in an arm chair with his right elbow resting on the arm of the chair supporting his chin. The left hand rests upon the other arm, and some one says that this attitude suggests an interest of thought. The left fist is extended far to the front, and the right drawn under the chair. A new appropriate part of the representation is the figure of a raven beneath the chair.

Among Our Exchanges

Several of our exchanges for January have not come to us yet. We hope this will not occur again.

The January *Trinity Archive* was read by the exchange editor with much interest. *The Archive* never fails to interest a thoughtful reader. It has a real literary mien about it. Jokes of a month or so back, and local facts of as common occurrence as the sun's rising every morning, have little or no place in the magazine. The two articles worthy of special mention are "Raleigh's New Fort in Virginia," and "The Origin and Development of the Ku Klux Clan." The writer of the first article states quite a certain fact when he says most people are profoundly ignorant of American history. Many students can tell of wonderful things that happened in days long gone by, but possibly would not be able to locate some of the most important events in the history of their own country. American history affords a rich vein of ore to him who will risk a pick axe upon it.

Many other points of favorable criticism upon *The Archive* could be made if space would permit it.

The last number of "The College Rambler" has some matter one might spend a few minutes in glancing over, especially the one entitled "The Theory and Practice of the Land." It would be hard to find more practical sense in so few lines. In fact, there is but one fault to be found in it—it was not written by a student of the institution, but by an outsider. Yet, articles of this sort are much more to be preferred than the matter that is often found in College Journals.

"*The Furman Echo*" for January is up to its usual good standing. The literary department is unusually good this issue. "Family Greatness," an oration, is a good production. The two speeches on the dispute and war between Cuba and Spain are in good style. This journal seems to be growing better every issue.

The Erskinian for January is better than usual. This magazine is always interesting and instructive. It makes no very high sounding pretentions, assumes no grand airs, nor sounds no trumpets, yet, common sense—a rather scarce staple,—and good writing generally characterize it.

CLIPPINGS.

"In spite of the world, the flesh, and the devil, pay your debts.—Ex.

It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessaries of life. Beecher.

Our Alumni

No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether and irreclaimably depraved.—Carlyle.

We had hoped to publish an article on the class of '96 by its President, in this issue, but will have to keep that treat in store for some future day.

Mr. W. Wannamaker of '95 spent a few days on the campus recently with his brotber. While here he paid the Preston and Calhoun societies each a very pleasant visit.

Mr. Baker, who spent some time with the class of '87, had the great misfortune of losing his right hand while feeding a cotton gin, at his home in Marion county.

Rev. Mark Carlisle spent a few days in the city week before last.

B. H. Henderson of '95, was lately elected vice-president of the Law class at the South Carolina College.

W. J. Gaines of '95, is at present travelling in the interest of the Alliance Exchange and The Cotton Plant, published at Columbia, S. C.

W. Boyd Evans, '96, is now Journal clerk of the State Legislature.

Hon. Samuel Dibble, 56, the first graduate of Wofford, has been elected commencement orator by the Calhoun Society, for the approaching commencement. This surely could not have made a better choice. He has accepted.

Messrs. Dave Magness, J. T. Ouzts, Jack Byers, Marion Adam, Wiggins and Skinner are among the recent February matriculates.

Mr. Jno. B. Cleveland, '69 has been appointed general manager of the P. R. & W. C. R. R. Mr. Cleveland made such a success of the road under his recent management as Receiver, that he was unanimously proposed for this new position which he has accepted.

Messrs. Arch B. Calvert, '80, R. M. Carson, '74, Jno. B. Cleveland, '61, are among the officers of the new railroad between Spartanburg and Rutherford.

Of about eight men recently admitted to the state bar two were Wofford graduates: H. L. Bomar, '93, of Spartanburg; and A. H. Moss, '92, of Orangeburg.

Rev. Henry J. Cauthen, '92, has gone to take charge of the church at Blacksburg. He has for some months past been connected with the Daily Herald. While here he spent a great deal of time among the boys on the campus and will be greatly missed by all.

Mr. N. L. Gray, '76, was recently married at his home in Laurens, S. C.

Rev. Geo. C. Leonard, '94, spent several days here during the holidays on his way to his appointment.

Rev. J. E. Carlisle, '73, was in town recently on his return from Conference. He was married lately to Miss Roland, of Laurens, S. C.

Rev. R. A. Few, '89, was in the city a few weeks ago returning from Rock Hill, where he was in attendance upon Conference.

Rev. T. H. Shuler spent a while in the city a few days ago.

W. Laurence Walker, '94, has returned home from Fulton, Mo., where he has been connected with the Missouri State Institute for the deaf and dumb. He comes to take charge of the Blind Department of the S. C. Deaf, Dumb and Blind Hospital at Cedar Springs.

Rev. J. H. Thacker, '91, and family passed through the city recently.

J. W. Daniel, '92, M. H. Daniel, '87, R. L. Daniel, '94, brothers, spent the holidays at their old home in Spartanburg.

T. S. Shuler, '93, passed through the city recently on his way to Poole's, S C.

J. O. Norton's familiar as well as pleasing face was seen on the Campus a few days ago.

Barber Hoke, who spent part of last session with the class of '98, has resumed his studies with '99.

Littlejohn, of '98, has left college and will matriculate at Trinity.

Mr. W. Boyd Evans, '96, has been elected Journal clerk of the state legislature.

Mr. R. W. Simpson, '96, is edititing the reports of the proceedings of the state legislature for the Columbia Daily Register.

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CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

E. E. Williamson, Pres't; Paul Hardin, V. P.; Marion Tucker, 1st Critic:
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SOCIETY OF ALUMNI.

J. C. Kilgo, Pres't.; W. E. Burnett, V. P.; J. F. Brown, Sec & Treas. W. J. Montgomery ('75), Orator for '95.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

H. N. Snyder, Pres.; G. M. Moore Manager.

FRATERNITIES.

Alpha Tau Omega, Kappa Alpha; Kappa Sigma. Pi Kappa Alpha; Sigma Alph Epsilon, ChiPhi; Chi Psi.

Local Items

The Sophomore Exhibition for '96.

The election of speakers for the Sophomore Exhibition gave the honors to the following gentleman. From the Preston Society, Peurifoy, Owens, and Goodwin ; from the Calhoun, Sullivan. G. C. Sullivan, Jr., and Brunson. The marshals elected for the occasion are Messrs. Daniel, Chief ; from Calhoun Society, Bennett, Woods and Cunningham ; from Preston, Dendy, Owings and Hannon, Mr. Jno. C. Allen, V. P. of the class will preside, the president, Mr. Peurifoy, having been elected to speak.

— The "Karnival of Kommerce," a presentation of the various business interests of our city, by our young ladies under the direction and instruction of Dr. Basel was as pleasant a show as one could wish. Leaving out of the question (theoretically), the multitude of beautiful young maidens in manifold, exquisite costumes, who represented the leading enterprises from the smithy to banks, we would still say the show was a complete success in every way. The good cause in which the proceeds are to be used must have been materially aided, judging from the large audiences of both nights. Congratulations to the young lady who won the ring.

Prof. Smith lectured to the Epworth League at its last meeting on the humorous subject "Uncommon Sense." A large number were present and the Professor's wit and healthy fun must have put a good taste in the mouth of everyone. These monthly lectures are a great institution; and, aside from their own intrinsic value, do much to relieve the monotony of the weekly prayer meeting talks.

The Y. M. C. A. had five delegates attending the State Convention at Batesburg. Truesdale, Peurifoy, Major, Walker J. R., and Pugh. The Association is well represented and will doubtless be strengthened and spurred on by the inspiration these men will bring home with them.

The election of officers in the Association for another year resulted as follows: President, R. S. Truesdale; Vice-President, G. T. Pugh; Secretary, J. R. Walker; Treasurer, J. H. Peurifoy.

The Athletic Association seems determined to have some games next year. They have elected officers for the baseball season—Mr. G. M. Moore as manager; and also for another college year Mr. G. C. Sullivan manager of football team. Arrangements are now being fixed with other institutions for games to be played during the coming season.

Upon request from the president of the Senior class, Mr. Geo. W. Williams of Charleston very kindly presented every member with a copy of his little book of advice to young men. The class appreciates this kindness; and, no doubt, the good effect of the book will be commensurate with Mr. Williams' very evident good wishes.

The Library Committee has lately adopted a card to be used in the management of the library. The cards are printed and ruled in form to suit our purposes. Every student is to be provided with one, and the number of each book he borrows, with the date of the loan, is to be written upon this card by the librarian. When the book is returned the librarian can easily give credit for it upon the card, which may be held as a record by the borrower. In this way all differences of opinion as to dates when books are due or whether a book has been returned, will be very quickly settled; and, besides, the card if used as

a book mark will serve as a constant reminder and prevent delays by forgetful borrowers.

The officers of the Calhoun Society elected for the term commencing February 1st, are: President, E. E. Williamson; Vice-President, Paul Hardin; First Critic, Marion Tucker; Second Critic, W. K. Smith; Third Critic, R. C. Newton; Rec. Sec., E. L. Culler; Censor Morum, J. M. Moore.

Prof. Snyder spent Saturday and Sunday, 8th and 9th, in Columbia attending a meeting of the State Teachers' Association. He is at present a member of the Executive Committee of this organization.

Mr. Salley, '97, has been very unwell for several weeks and has not yet fully recovered his usual good health. Mr. Woods, '98, suffered severely for a few days lately with an attack of sore-throat. He is again out and well.

"Jumping" is once more "all the rage." Records are being made and broken daily, and if the present rate of progress continues the campus must certainly be enlarged. No one has so far reached the mark left by our old friend Frank Lander; when that is reached it will be time to quit.

Just look at those whiskers, will you. Long Mack, Percy, Hack and a few others aspire to the honor of standard-bearer in the blooming cohort.

Professor John C. Kilgo—or perhaps we ought to remove the old title and add the new, Dr. Kilgo—on Friday evening, Jan. 31st, delivered to the students and a number of friends that great lecture "Christ as an Educator." We had heard much of this before Professor visited us, and assuredly were not at all disappointed, though

our expectations were very high. It was a forceful and eloquent appeal for the *liberal* and the *moral* in education. The view Dr. Kilgo holds rather satirizes the narrowness of *mere* scholarship and nothing more. He argues for character building and heart-lifting along with mental training. Such a speech must open men's eyes to a broader view of the subject than is usually held.

Miss Frances Willard's temperance lecture from our chapel was a treat to the immense audience who heard her. Miss Willard's voice is remarkable for its purity and penetrative quality. The quality of her lectures is too well known for discussion.

Mr. Charlie Vass, 97, has presented the Science Department with an unusually fine induction coil for use in the laboratory. Mr. Vass manufactured the whole instrument and he deserves great credit for the workmanship. The primary coil contains about 200 feet of wire and the secondary about 15 miles. The coil is covered with a light green plush cloth, close-fitting, and rests upon a nicely varnished wooden stand; and altogether the appearance is very neat and attractive. The machine gives a spark 2½ inches long.

The State Convention of the Y. M. C. A. of South Carolina.

It is well for one sometimes to get out of the rut of his daily duties and look around him to find out what his fellow men are doing.

This was the duty and pleasure of those who attended the nineteeuth annual State Convention of the Y. M. C. A. of South Carolina, held February 6-9, 1896.

There were present over 70 young men from the colleges, cities, towns and country places of

South Carolina, and for three or four days there was a putting together of heads and hearts in discussing the questions of the building up of young men spiritually, mentally and physically.

The opening service was held Thursday afternoon. On Thursday evening Rev. John Kershaw, rector of St. Michael's church, Charleston, delivered an address on "The Worth of a Young Man."

He showed us that life consisted in being and doing, and that young men had been the great men of the world, and are the leading men of to-day.

Three sessions each were held Friday and Saturday. The convention was permanently organized Friday morning when Mr. H. E. Ravenel, of Spartanburg, was elected president.

The reports from the different associations showed a good year's work, but as one of the young men said, "When we see so much to be done, we must not rest satisfied with what has been accomplished."

Our state has four months of Mr. W. M. Lewis' time, as state secretary, eight months being given to Georgia. We hope that the hearts and pocketbooks of the friends of the Y. M. C. A. work in South Carolina may be so opened that we may employ a secretary for twelve months in the year, beginning February 1897. Charleston and Columbia have a secretary each, who gives his entire time to the work.

In Charleston a great many young men have been led to take an interest in their own salvation, as the after meetings held in the parlor of the association rooms have shown.

Of the delegates present about 30 were from college associations, and the signs of times could be read in the place given to college work, and in the interest, shown by delegates from other than college associations, in college work. The delegates seemed to feel that the future depends to a great intent on college men. Saturday even-

ing's session was given over to the colleges. Mr. R. Truesdale presided, and three twenty-minute addresses were made by college boys.

A college conference was held in the Baptist Church Sunday afternoon, in which several short talks were made on such subjects as, "Bible Study," "Missionary Classes," "A More Fraternal Spirit Between Men of Different Colleges," etc. After each talk the subject was thrown open to the house, that questsons might be asked, and suggestions made, and experiences given.

Several interesting and profitable services were held on Sunday in the churches and association hall.

The Farewell Meeting was devoted to six or eight five-minute speeches, interspered with prayers and songs.

When the last few minutes had come, a circle was formed, beginning with the presiding officer in the pulpit, extending down each aisle and meeting in the middle of the rear seat of the church; then we joined hands and sang the hymn beginning

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

Thus ended what one of the veterans in the work said was the best convention yet held in our State.

The town and community in which our convention was held should teach those of us who are from the country or small towns what can be done at our own homes.

An active, Christian, young man known as John Lake has been the means, under God, of doing a great work among the young men of Edgefield county, and the town of Batesburg.

Batesburg, with hardly a thousand inhabitants,

has a Y. M. C. A. with a hall, reading room, and beginning of a library, combined.

The young ladies of this pleasant, little town gave the delegates a very enjoyable reception at the Batesbnrg hotel on Friday from 5:30 to 7:30 o'clock p. m.

From first to. last the good people showed us every kindness. Jno. R. Walker.

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March, 1896

Wofford College

JOURNAL

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Literary

Some Poesque Attributes.

Unfortunate is the man of genius who is born in an unsympathetic and uncomprehending age. In especial is this true of the poet. His sensitive soul requires human love and human appreciation; perhaps not of hundreds nor of thousands. but at least of one or two kindred spirits, tender and true. Thus it seems to me the history of Edgar Allen Poe is particularly pathetic. He was unfortunately constituted; he was not in line with the time-spirit; he was a *poet* in a wilderness of statesmen—great men, but prosy men, nevertheless.

What room was there for a poet? The colonies had scarce become a nation when Poe came upon the scene. Every clear head and inspired heart was needed; needed to secure, to fashion, to guide the newly-acquired liberty. It was a day of tremendous actualities—a wilderness of woods to be cleared away, cities to be built, a government firm, equitable and aggressive, to be instituted and propagated. Neither time nor place was congenial to the poet, the dreamer; and Poe had not been one but for the compulsion of his own soul. His "passion" was stronger than his "purpose," and he must *sing* or else unloose himself in wild living and excess, which he did not seldom.

Then, again, Poe was unfortunate in being born under the influence and sway of a colonial literature. That charming *naivete* and freshness which characterizes the literary production of a people in its youth—Greece, for instance—is never the quality of a colonial literature. Colonies may produce brilliant men of letters, but if these literateurs free themselves from the bondage of following mother-country models, they must necessarily possess genius which raises them to a position among the world authors. It is natural that colonial writers should be imitators, but the woful part is that they continue to imitate when their models in the old country have become antiquated.

So much, then, for the influences of *time-spirit* and *literature-spirit* (pardon the coinage) under which Poe was born. I mention these things merely to call attention to the fact that the age was not propitious for the advent of a great poet. The wonder is that Poe, with all his defects of character, suffering from a pitiful lack of heart—the wonder is that he really attained the high rank in which he is deservedly placed by American and continental critics. He clearly proved himself superior to conditions which would have oppressed any true poet. All the more worthy, then, is he of our pride and admiration. In the face of many failures, against overwhelming disadvantages, we have produced at least one poetical genius who is able to stand side by side with *some* of the greatest spirits that even England has given to the world. Too little notice is taken by Poe's adverse critics of the unwholesomeness of the period.

It is not my purpose to discuss in this paper the "principles" by which Poe was governed in composition. Suffice it to say that judged by the criterion of his own ideals, Edgar Allen Poe is a surpassingly great poet. He measured faithfully up to *his* conception of what a true poet should be. But just here we find his deficiency—his ideals were lofty enough, but not *broad*, inclusive.

universal. However, let us notice some of his most obvious *general* characteristics.

After the first impression has died away—an impression of weird, mystic, unearthly beauty—we wake up to the fact that in his manipulation of language the poet is a consummate artist. Poe himself recognizing dominant influence of that group of transcendently great "nature" poets who, in England, expressed the rebound from eighteenth century artificiality exclaims, "How few are willing to admit the possibility of reconciling genius with artistic skill!" He says, moreover, that he not only believes in the perfect consistency, but even *congeniality* of highest genius and profoundest art. Poe took pains to make his poems as nearly perfect as possible, in regard to form, metre and rhythm. His "technique" (to use an expressive word from the vocabulary of music) was absolutely faultless. Suppose he wishes to induce a peculiar mood: he has at his command a magical, mysterious word, a quaint, elfin phrase, and these he conjures with. But, certainly, the most remarkable of Poe's artifices is the use of the repetend. This mannerism has been condemned as a fault; and true it is that in his most *conscious* poems it is employed excessively. But then the thing is done always artistically, and proceeds so surely to the producing of the intended *effect* that it can scarcely be called a fault. It should be noticed, however, that these tricks of language occur only in those poems which are least natural and spontaneous. They are revealed in "The Raven" to an extraordinary degree; hence this production is the least poetical, because the most artificial, of all his poems. I need not quote from "The Bells" to illustrate Poe's masterfulness in adaptation of sense to sound. Anyone who reads can *feel* the exquisite crystalline melody of the silver bells; and, as the "mellow wedding bells" ring out their "molten golden notes" his very soul is moved with the happiness of the harmony.

So, then, Poe is a consummate artist; but in addition

to this he is a strikingly original artist. Indeed, he could not be otherwise. His whole soul was armed with an antipathy against imitation, and in the catalogue of sins none was deemed so enormous as that of *plagiarism*. His earnest exhortation to young authors was: "Throw yourself independently upon your own resources."

But Poe's peculiar originality is based upon the uncommon quality of his imagination. This faculty was developed in our poet to an abnormal degree. No other poet has succeeded in creating an atmosphere so distinctively mystic, so dreamy, so intense in its horribleness. The imagination of Coleridge possessed a similar quality, but not so intense, because more versatile. Poe is a poet of a single mood. His mind dwells continuously on the unearthly. Sometimes it attains the height of Paradise and soars with God's folk, the angels; more often it hovers in "ghoul-haunted woodlands" peopled by vast forms "that move fantastically." But powerful and weirdly intense as Poe's imagination is, we must admit that it lacks healthfulness. In truth, the real deficiency is barrenness of *heart*. Not barrenness of affection by any means, for those he loved he "loved with a love that was more than love;" but he wanted a heart which could feel itself beat in sympathy and oneness with the great heart of humanity, with the all-loving heart of God, the Father. This was Poe's misfortune—he was lacking in an essential *faith*.

FRED A. CUMMINGS.

Literature Embodied in Sculpture.

It is a conceded fact that from the earliest times every race has a separate and distinct literature peculiar to itself, and differing more or less from all others in point of composition and style, and the question necessarily arises in our mind, how and in what way, was this literature preserved down to future ages. This phrase of

the subject I intend to touch upon, especially as it relates to sculpture, and the fine arts.

In order to get an adequate conception of this subject, we must go back to the fountain source of literary art and production. I refer to the Greek race. Here the Greeks excelled all other races in architecture as is evidenced by the symmetrical buildings that adorn their cities. Previous to this time, before the art of writing was generally known, the literary productions of the different races were handed down verbally from generation to generation, but we see at once the impracticability of this method and so to evade this, sculpture was brought into immediate use. At first, crude characters were formed, but soon these took definite shapes and became a fixture. The perfected alphabet in use at the present day is only an outgrowth of these stone characters.

We can best judge of the literary qualities and attainments of the early Greeks by referring to their architecture ; at a casual glance one cannot catch the thought contained, but to a close observer the very life and manners of these people can be seen. In the primative age, each stone monument was a symbol to represent some letter, and so by degrees an unique alphabet was formed. By the aid of these characters, persons were enabled to read and even dictate their thoughts. This mode of writing was indeed most cumbersome but once written was likely to remain some time.

The book of granite, so firm and so durable was just about to be replaced by the book of print about the fifteenth century. We notice that from the earliest times on down through the ages to the fifteenty century of the christian era that architecture forms an important part in the preservation of our literature. Ideas, thoughts, and occasionally entire sentances were embodied in a piece of sculpture or edifice of some special design.

As the people grew in intelligence, the written language developed and decided marks of improvement

could be noted. Does not the temple built by Solomon stand for the Bible and its teachings? It stands unique as the one great book, the Bible. In the cathedral at Cologne, the highest type of architecture attains perfection. Is not the architect who designed and planned this wonderful statute, truly a genius?

Architecture formed the nucleus around which converged the intellectual and material forces of the early ages. As architecture was the means by which we were to preserve our thoughts, it naturely followed that a poet or writer of any note must become an architect. Michael Angelo converses with the world of to-day by means of his masterpieces of architecture. The several styles of architecture grew out of different classes of people.

If my readers will sum up what I have hitherto very briefly indicated, we can observe that architecture down to the fifteenth century has been the chief preserver of thought. Are not the pyramids as firm and solid to-day as they were one thousand years ago? What a vast storehouse of knowledge is the pyramids themselves. This granite structure will unfold its past history for ages, yea centuries to come. Printing has superseded architecture without a doubt as a means of perpetuating thought, although the change was gradual it is almost complete now.

We note a preceptible change from architecture to printing beginning from the sixteenth century, and ever since then books have been used. The printed books saps the very essence of life out of the edifice, and as a result achitecture becomes needless for the preservation of thoughts. There has been two main channels through which the literature of the ages has flown, namely masonry and books.

T. M. RAYSOR.

Dr. Holmes as a Poet.

Schiller has said "the immortals never appear alone,' so in the same year with Dr. Holmes were born England's greatest statesman, Gladstone; her most renowned poet-laureate, Tennyson; America's great anti-slavery President, Lincoln, and the world-known scientist, Darwin.

Holmes was not a poet born out of the proper time or place, but both were favorable ; his life covered almost the whole of this century and his birth-place was at the "hub of the universe," Boston. This city represents fully all of the deepest and truest literary spirit of the age, there congregated and from there as a centre radiated the greatest inspiration for true literature. It should also be noticed that he had as associates and contemporaries Bryant, Lowell, Whittier, Emerson, and others whose names are not unknown to us.

He was not a narrow-minded, prejudiced man, but had broad, liberal ideas and did not expect every one to agree with him.

There are some—indeed, I might say many—authors who impress us as being chronic grumblers, and what might have been our best productions are volumes of fault-finding. Our subject enjoyed good health and we do not find anywhere in his works that hopelessness or despair so common among literary men.

But more directly to the subject: We think Holmes at his best in poetry, and his seems to have been a case of life-long devotion to the muse. When a mere schoolboy he made an effort at translating the "Aeneid" into heroic couplet, and when heavy with old age, seeing his old friends and schoolmates dropping one by one, as the dead leaves from a tree, he is still faithful to his calling. His election to the honor of class poet during his course at Harvard was one of the principal means of making him. He is the true type of a University poet, the min-

strel of his Alma Mater, of which he was a devoted lover.

He was not like Burns, in that "centuries of living song" were ever forcing him to give utterance to them, but every poem he wrote cost him an effort.

Thare is always an innate love and, we might say, reverence, for the house in which we were born; the history and associations connected with it are always cherished. The house in which Holmes was born had been used as headquarters for the Committee of Safety before the Revolution and the President of Harvard had stood on the front steps and offered prayer in behalf of the army as it halted there on its march to Bunker Hill. This was enough to make him feel that he had been born for some noble purpose, and among his first work is saving the old battle-scarred warship, Constitution, from destruction by his poem called by that name. This was only the beginning of his long and useful service.

It is a bad thing to see only one side of life, and when anyone is continually making jokes he will be laughed at even when he intends to be serious. Dr. Holmes seemed to suffer from this. His humor "is of a highly intellectual as well as entertaining type, and does not on any occasion descend into the low and vulgar commonplace jokes heard on the streets." He was also a dinner-table joker—one of those rare persons who has the ability and tact to say just the right thing at the right time. From his zeal for clearness and simplicity we might expect his wit to be studied, but 'tis not; on the contrary it is as voluntary and free as one could wish.

This stanza from the "Comet" is a good example of his humor:

> "I saw a roasting pullet sit
> Upon a baking egg;
> I saw a cripple scorch his hand
> Extinguishing his leg;
> I saw nine geese upon the wing
> Towards the frozen pole,
> And every mother's gosling fell
> Crisped to a crackling coal."

But this does not represent the higher mood when with this free flow of humor is mixed a tender pathos which is very striking. Notice in contrast with the above this from the "Last Leaf:"

> I saw him once before
> As he passed the door,
> And again
> The pavement stones resound
> As he totters o'er the ground
> With his cane.
>
> * * * * *
>
> And if I should live to be
> The last leaf upon the tree
> In the spring,
> Let them smile as I do now
> At the old forsaken bough
> Where I cling.

You remember it was the wish of Holmes' father that he should be a preacher. I daresay that he has done fully as much good as if he had been, and his sphere is much larger. To a certain degree a preacher's work dies with him, but an author's lives as long as his books are read. Where have we a nobler and more inspiring lesson, more beautifully expressed, than in this stanza of the "Chambered Nautilis ?"

> "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
> As swift the seasons roll!
> Leave thy low vaulted past!
> Let each new temple nobler than the last
> Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
> 'Till thou at length art free,
> Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

In the "Voiceless" he gives consolation to the many whom fate has doomed to obscurity. "Under the Violets" and "Homesick in Heaven" are both very beautiful and expressive.

But now to the occasional verse. Here we consider our poet a complete master. He has more than one hundred pieces written for special occasions, this being more than one-third of what he has written, the happiest of these being on his class, which he met at forty successive reunions with a poem each time, and his Alma Mater.

Generally speaking, we would say that this class of verse is not written for the future but for the present, and the inherent qualities are not lasting. It is to be read aloud and must be "simple, eloquent, rhetorical and ornate." In the case of the "American Horace," however, the poetry is lasting. There is a strong personality behind what he says, and in all literature this is the characteristic feature. Beside the class poems he has written on several events, and also some of his contemporaries, those on Bryant, Longfellow and Whittier deserve special mention. Probably the best known of his class poems is "Bill and Joe."

Least of all, however, are we capable of criticising him, for being human and having our likes and dislikes. our favorites and those against whom we are prejudiced, we may either over-estimate or place him too low. But as "fame is a flower that grows upon the grave." future generations will have to estimate his ability.

The Qualities and Meaning of the Ancient Mariner.

One of the greatest literary figures of the latter half of the eighteenth century was Samuel Taylor Coleridge. He was a man of singular literary ability—"a true poet, and a writer of noble prose." Much of Coleridge's works is fragmentary and incomplete. Most of his works are in prose, but he has left behind him a little poetry of the highest character. His noted poem, and the one upon which his reputation as a poet chiefly rests, is his *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. Most of his poetry was written while under spells of deep inspiration, and these periods of inspiration were frequent and of uncertain duration. This, together with his own neglect and want ofenergy. accounts for so much of his work being fragmentary and unfinished. *The Ancient Mariner* is Coleridge's "own great complete work, tht one really finished thing in a life of so many beginnings."

The form of Coleridge's poetry is modeled upon that of the Medieval ballad, and *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* is in keeping with his usual style and form. The style of this poem is musical and abounds in startling and novel rythms; yet they are always genuine. The sounds, the word-painting, and pen-pictures are of the highest order. Indeed, Coleridge shows a wonderful talent for description and his imaginative powers are simply grand. This poem contains many elements of a ghostly and mysterious nature. One of the chief peculiarities of Coleridge's nature was that his imagination generally ran into the supernatural. The mysteries, thrilling and blood curdling story and song always strike a responsive chord in the affections of the superstitions. This, together with Coleridge's beautiful and weird word-paintings and descriptions gave *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* great popularity.

Coleridge's descriptions of that which is ghostly and horrible are not of that gross sort generally found in ordinary literature. He is never extremely realistic nor yet wholly imaginative, but he seems "to hover between the unseen and the seen, the conjectural and the real."

The incidents of this poem are purely fictitious, but the supernatural elements of it are woven in with such skill as to almost persuade us to a belief of the whole story. Underlying the supernatural fabric of this story are many suggestions of moral significance. "We can hardly fail to feel that Coleridge has here written for us the great poem of *Charity*, that every bond of peace and of all virtues which should bind together allcreated things." Man is a part of nature, and consequently should show some degree of fellowship to all other phases of nature, especially to all living things. The ancient mariner broke this bond of fellowship which ought to exist between man and the lower animals. He wantonly killed the creature that had followed him, that had trusted and loved him. Therefore, "the necessary penalty for this breach in the fellowship of living things, is exclusion

from that fellowship." He is punished by being banished from all association with living beings, and his soul is driven into an almost unbearable exile and condemned to dwell alone until it is purified and refined by suffering, and until compassion for "happy living things" is reawakened "by a renewal of that love against which he had sinned." The solitude and lonliness to which Coleriege banishes the ancient mariner was such as cannot be clearly appreciated by the average man. It is terrible to be deprived of all *human intercourse*, but when the society and friendship of even the lower animals is wanting the suffering and solitude is increased tenfold. The loneliness of the ancient mariner is best told in his own words:

> "O Wedding Guest, this soul hath been
> Alone on a wide, wide sea;
> So lonely 'twas, that God himself
> Scarce seemed there to be."

"He takes the first steps toward his return into the great brotherhood of animate creation," when when his soul has been purified by suffering, and he begins to feel proper compassion for his brothers that forms some of the lower links in the chain of nature. There are many vices common to man that do not expel all good and noble qualities. All mankind possesses some good and evil qualities at one and the same time. But when *hate* or wanton cruelty enters the heart of man all other good is soon expelled. All bonds of sympathy between him and the rest of man kind are soon sundered. This evil does not stop when he is exiled from the love and sympathy of human beings, but there is a gulf of enmity which separates him even from the brute world. *Hate* is the estranging power which forces man into spiritual exile, just as *love* is the uniting power which draws together all living things.

Charity is the cardinal virtue,and just as all of the planetary systems revolve around the sunand draw all of their warmth and light from his rays, so do all othe

virtues known to the human soul cluster around and draw their strength from that virtue which "thinketh no evil, and rejoiceth not in iniquity." "The very power to pray depends upon our dwelling in this mystic fellowship of charity," and in this poem the two ideas most closely associated are the ideas of loving and praying. The following is a good example of the association of these ideas:

> "O happy living things! no tongue
> Their beauty might declare;
> A spring of love gushed from my heart,
> And I blessed them unaware;
> Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
> And I blessed them unaware."
> "The selfsame moment I could pray;
> And from my neck so free
> The Albatross fell off, and sank
> Like lead into the sea."

The underlying meaning in this poem is also clearly shown in the following verse, which gives us the completest statement of the thought of the poem:

> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small;
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all."

The last couplet moreover gives us the reason for the declaration contained in the first. "Not only is love the bond between all *created* things—it is also the bond between the Creator and his creatures." This is the fundamental principle underlying creation. We are told in Holy Writthat the Creator is love and that all of his actions are actuated by the love he bears for His creatures. This should teach us to love and care for the lower animals as God loves and cares for us, for we are only the link which connects the animal world with the spiritual world. The loneliness of the ancient mariner does not consist in his loss of human sympathy alone,

but "he seems to drift on that strange sea of isolation almost beyond the power of Universal Love."

The underlying meaning of the *Rime of the ancient Mariner* is, therefore, the universal feeling of sympathy for all living things and the love for nature which we first find "uttering itself with increasing distinctness in the latter half of the eighteenth century literature."

J. R. T. MAJOR.

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

In the history of the South and especially that of South Carolina, the Hayne family has enacted no minor part. From the Revolutionary days down to our civil war they were always to be counted on for valient service to their native State in whatever capacity needed.

While our poet was not one of those precocious children like Pope and Byron were, yet it was not long before his teachers realized that his was no common mind. (Though he did not have the poets traditional hatred for mathematics.) "Inheriting the prestige of a noble name, high position and sufficient amount of wealth, the world was before him and he was free to choose his path."

From early boyhood he had shown an interest in literature and an especial fondness for poetry. So no sooner had he graduated from Charleston college, than he threw himself actively into literary life. Though at the same time he began to read law and was soon admitted to the bar. As it seemed, the whole family was born orators, and those who were acquaintcd with the poet and had heard him speak, say he could have equaled his uncle in that line had his ambition so inclined him.

Hayne, like Gray, was a gentleman by profession. He was a lawyer so that he would not be looked upon as a black sheep in the flock, and a poet for pastime and pleasure. This was his ante bellum attitude to life.

What could be more conucive to the fostering of this view of life than to be of a noble family, to have riches

and honor; and above all to be born and reared in Charleston. It is hard for us of to-day to realize how exclusive Charlestonians of forty years ago really were. It is said that "Boston herself did not gather the mantle of her self-importance in a more queenly manner about her than did this city by the sea."

I would not do to omit that Hayne when twenty-two years of age was very happily married to Miss Mary Middleton Michee, the only daughter a distinguished French physician. No one was ever more blessed in a wife, for she it was who afterwards by her self sacrifice and tender sympathy made endurable the losses and trials of life.

Before the reverberations of the first gun of Fort Sumter had ceased, having thrown down his pen and grasped his sword, Hayne had offered his services to the Confederacy. He was assigned to a position on the staff of Governor Pickens. After one years' service his health completely gave way and he was forced to retire to private life, where he went to work at once writing assiduously for what was soon to be known as the lost cause. The misfortunes of war swept away all his property and at its close he had for the first time to realize what it meant to work for a living.

He moved to a secluded spot near Augusta, and there among the pine hills of Georgia went violently to work, "keeping the wolf from the door by the point of his pen."

It will be pardonable, at this juncture, to present a short sketch of his home. "Hayne's Roost," the undignified name of the poet's home, was a cottage, or rather a hut, built of unseasoned lumber neatly white washed, situated on the crest of a hill surrounded by twenty acres of virgin pines. The interior presented a cosy appearance as it had been patiently decorated by Mrs. Hayne, having used portraits of eminent men and other engravings carefully selected from the periodicals. His desk was an old work bench that had been used in building his house; this Mrs. Hayne by her art transformed into

a very unique bit of furniture. Every detail around his little home was romantic—except the poverty—and no doubt the effect of the loneliness of that pine forest can can be traced in his poems.

It is not the purpose of this paper to attempt to prove that Hayne's name as a poet should be pronounced in the same breath with Shakespeare and Tennyson. The very necessity of an argument in his behalf would be proof in itself that there was something wrong somewhere, either with Hayne or his readers. The never to be settled question about the South and its literary tastes will not be agitated now. But it should be said, however, in passing, if the Southerner of a quarter of a century ago, would prefer to sit quietly in the shade with Addison's "Spectator" rather than raise his head to listen to the song of Hayne, then surely something must be wrong with the tune of the bard or the Southerner was not the lover of the true and beautiful.

The most of Hayne's poems seem to be a spontaneous flow of life and light; his scenes in nature while not so fresh from the fields and flowers as are those of Burns, yet they show an intense love for the grand and picturesque in nature, and it would be hard to find purer poetry than his sonnet "Earth Odors After a Rain." In his sonnet "October," he gives us a fair specimen of that form of verse in which he professes to have had greater powers. Some critic* has said that "sonnets may be very ingenious things, very clever things, very scholarly things, very funny things, if needs be; but all these will never make them very poetic things." If this be true, then our poet has wasted a great portion of his time and talent, as he was the most extensive sonneteer we have ever had.

In the writer's opinion it would not have detracted from Tennyson's reputation to have written the "Ode to Sleep." Below is quoted the last stanza:

> "Then woo me here amid those flowery charms,
> Breathe on my eyel'ds, press thy odor'ess lips

* That critic was an ass!

I don't know whether he was an ass, he was certainly no critic. You can prove that 20 of his sonnets the equal of any

Close to mine own—enfold me in thine arms
And cloud my spirit with thy sweet eclipse;
And while from waning depth to depth I fall,
Down lapsing to the utmost depths of all,
Till wan forgetfulness securely stealing
Creeps like incantation on the soul,
And o'er the slow ebb of my concious life
Dies to thin flush of the last concious feeling,
And like abortive thunder the dull role
Of sullen passions ebbs far, far away—
O Angel! loose the chords which cling to strife,
Sever the gossamer bondage of my breath,
And let me pass gently as winds in May,
From the dim realm which owns thy shadowy sway,
To thy divine sleep, O sacred death!"

After Hayne's fortune had been destroyed, after the fame and honor of the great statesmen and orators of the State had grown dim; and when he saw, as he thought—and it must have been a piteous sight to him—oblivion gathering more darkly day by day around the Carolina of old; being no longer able to stand by and see his native State hopelessly confused and chaotic, he gathers up his small worldly effects and moves to Georgia and there writes the following sonnet on "Carolina:"

"That fair young land which gave me birth is dead!
Lost as a fallen star that quivering dies
Down the pale pathway of antumnal skies,
A vague faint radiness flickering where it fled;
All she hath wrought, all she hath planned or said,
Her golden eloquence, her bright emprise
Wrecked, on the languid shore of Lethe lies,
While cold oblivion vests her piteous head;
O mother! Loved and loveliest! debonair
As some brave queen of antique chivalries
Thy beauties blasted like thy desolate coasts;
Where now thy lusterous form, thy shining hair?
Where thy bright presence, thine imperial eyes?
Lost in the dim shadows of the realms of ghosts."

No words of ours are needed in comment upon this sonnet. The truth of it comes to near our own hearts to permit us to do ought but drop a tear and pass reverently

on. In his ode to "Stonewall Jackson" he seems to have had almost a prophetic vision.

> "Oh, Thou that hast balms of healing
> Descend on a wid wed land,
> And bind o'er the wounds of feeling,
> The balms of Thy mystic hand;
> Till the lives that lament and anguish
> Renewed by a touch divine,
> From the depths of their mortal anguish,
> May rise to the calm of Thine"

These lines show that a great change had taken place in the poet's mind, as a contrast see below a few doggerel lines that appeared in the Charleston Mercury only a few days after the Confederates had suffered some defeat:

> "Come rush from the mountains, the lowlands, the valleys,
> Rush on, like the avalanche freed from its spell,
> And lash the base coherts, who throng to enslave us,
> With stripes that shall give them a foretaste of hell."

While he never quit writing in defense of the South, he readily consented to let "the dead past bury the dead" and be a united people. This we see in a great many of his later poems, especially in the one written for the opening of the Atlanta Exposition of 1881, entitled "The Return of Peace." Aside from his poems of war Hayne wrote many other pieces that deserve to live. Some of his dramatic sketches are very fine examples of naration with veins of real poetic feeling, though not sustained throughout. However in his "Daphlis" and 'Antonio Melidori" the poetic spirit is well maintained.

The quotations that have been given are entirely too few and not diversified enough to afford any thing like an adequate conseption of the extent and true worth of the poems of Hayne. Richardson gives the South only one poet of the first rank—Poe. And then places Hayne as chief among the second rank.

It has been a source of wonder to the writer how he could maintain as high a standard as he did, living away

off in a pine forest with no society that was at all congenial. True, he could read the periodicals of the day and in that way keep himself cognizant of, but not up with, the spirit of the times. But all this is not like living in the midst of a truly literary atmosphere and having the opportunity of quickening his mind by personal contact with genius.

According to Matthew Arnold for genius to be creative it must find itself in the midst of ideas, and these ideas must be orderly. Then two things are necessary to the production of a piece of literature in its sense: the power of the genius and the power of the time spirit. So the genius alone will not suffice. This may account for the early death of the writings of so many men of genius.

During the time immediately succeeding the French Revolution there was no literature produced. Why? For the identical same reason that there was none produced just after our war. There were ideas; yes, the whole land was rife with them, but there was no order to them, and then, too, age had not yet worn the blood from their faces. The time spirit in the South, especially, was not conducive to literature. When a country produces literature it means that country is enjoying commercial prosperity.

What did our fathers find on every hand when they returned home but desolation and decay? It was no time for meditation and thought, but of intense activity and reconstruction. Hence had genius, however great, labored to give the South a literature during this period its energies would have been spent on what was then thought the grandest production of all ages, and, too, on what the world a few years later would ruthlessly allow to sink into oblivion.

Then might we not say had our much beloved Hayne moved to some great literary centre instead of going to the barren pine hills of Georgia, that his name might have been placed among the immortals, and his influence might have been felt throughout the coming ages.

Let us consider whether it is nobler leaving loved ones and home for one to go out into the world and there gather all possible riches and honor, or to stay quietly at home and there unselfishly spend one's life serving and making glad the hearts of friends and loved ones.

Then let us all of one accord repair to the shrine of our dead southern poet and there as we shed our tears of sympathy, offer up a silent prayer to heaven in thanksgiving that our bard left not his native land though lonely and barren; but even touched the chord which gave new inspiration to our wounded and dying fathers, and sent a lighter heart-throb through the breasts of our care-worn and anxious mothers.

A. E. HOLLER.

Wofford College Journal

A Literary Magazine, published monthly by the Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.

Contributions are solicited from the Alumni and students of the institution.

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Business Mgr.

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Gist Gee, Literary.
Andrew Law, Alumni.

CALHOUN SOCIETY

L. P. McGee, Exchange.
O. D. Wannamaker, Local.

The Editor's Desk

To those interested in the study of art the March number of the *Peterson Magazine* will be an interesting one. Rupert Hughes writes entertainingly about the last exhibition of the National Academy. The writer has the skill to draw a distinction between a masterpiece and an ordinary wood cut for a newspaper, and his views of art appreciation in this country are certainly not very encouraging. He remarks, however, that art-appreciation, like art-creation, is very slow, and is of the opinion that it will some day come to America. "Our people," he says, "are too keen, too subtle, too cosmopolitan, too well endowed with the sense of the rediculous and an appreciation of the value of sincerety, courage and independence, to fail of becoming a race of great art critics." He believes that we lack a distinct rational individuality; but, nevertheless, American art is full of promise and there are many examples that have gained the respect and admiration of the world.

This number contains besides this the first of a series of articles on Lincoln and Lee. They are not mere chronicles of the important events in the lives of these two great characters, but assume the form of personal recollections and intimate personal associations. Another interesting article in this number is the beginning of a series on "American Naval Heroes." The writer aims to give a complete history of the American Navy and its officers.

The reading public will be glad to learn that a movement has been inagurated to establish a public library in the city of Columbia. The *Columbia Register* is pushing the proposition vigorously, and there is every reason to believe that it will be carried to a rapid completion. That paper recently published a very readable article on the subject of "Public Libraries" from the pen of Prof. Woodard of the S. C. College. It contains some practical suggestions, coming from one with a wide experience, and conveys not a little valuable information and advice.

College men in the South should take care to prevent the game of base ball as a sporting one from being transformed into one of most arduous professional toil. Some persons have suggested that the element of competition and rivalry be taken from the games. Do that, and you will take the spirit out of the game. The proper solution is to have only college men on the team, and then not to have inter-collegiate contests so often as to attract unfavorable criticism from the press.

In *The Metaphysical Magazine* for March are several excellent articles by such well known authors as Alexander Wilder, M.D., F.A.S., who writes on "Psychology as a Science;" Miss Daniels, in a paper, "Whence and Whither," asks some very pertinent questions, and pro-

ceeds to answer them. What are we? Where did we come from? Have we always existed? If so, in what form? Shall we always exist? If so, in what state? are questions the answers to which furnish some intelectual food for the dullest student in psychology. Mr. C.T. Colville writes interestingly about metaphysical studies and their practical application to the present needs of humanity. Dr. G. S. Howard begins a story in which he shows a decided purpose to expose the horrible effects of the drink habit upon the brain and nervous system.

One of the most interesting articles in the March *Educational Review* is by Miss Lucy M. Salmon, of Vassar College, who continues a discussion of "Some Political Principles Applied to Education." She notes the importance of the educational congresses recently held, and explains why they impressed foreigners with the fact that the chief characteristic feature of American education is the lack of system. "Everywhere," she says, "they find confusion and chaos, as a labyrinth without a silken thread to guide them through the mazes." This criticism she considers to be but superficial, and due to the fact that it is the result of a three month's hurried journey through the Atlantic cities. However, after a close examination of affairs, Miss Salmon is of the opinion that "confusion does exist, and order can be brought out of chaos only by recognition of this fact." There are many sources of confusion; but the writer discusses at length only two. First, in this country there are forty-five State systems "existing side by side, each indipendent of the other, and all differing alike in the principles on which they are based and in the details with which they are administered." She shows very clearly that there is no parallel between the forty-five State governments and that many school systems, and that in the different States themselves there is no uniformity. In the same State very often there is

the greatest diversity of custom. "Each local community, each private school, each college within a State is free to manage its own affairs as it pleases." The second cause of this confusion is given as coming from "the lack of an interstate educational citizenship. Our constitution insures 'to citizens in each State the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.'" There is nothing corresponding to this in our educational system. There seems to be a spirit of excessive individualism. Miss Salmon's paper is a very strong plea for a more uniform system of public education.

The articles for the June number of the JOURNAL must be in by the fifth of May, as that issue will appear on first of the month. Parties who are interested in the medal contest will please take notice.

To Mr. Gist Gee is due the credit of having corrected the proof-sheets in this department of the February JOURNAL. The editor was out of the city at the time that issue appeared.

Among Our Exchanges

We welcome the first copy of *The Academian*. This is the first issue of this journal, and it is certainly a fine one to begin with. It is one of the neatest journals we have seen. The literary matter is appropriate and interesting.

The Mephistophelean for February is strikingly attractive both as to its cover, paper and printing and the literary matter contained in its pages.

The February number of *The Eatonian* contains several very readable articles. Possibly, if a little more space could be given to the literary department and less attention given local happenings, *The Eatonian* would add more value to its pages.

Our Monthly, from the Thornwell Orphanage, is always full of interesting and instructive facts.

The last issue of *The Central Collegian* is a good one. The subjects discussed are suitable for a college magazine and are treated in a creditable manner.

The Texas University of last number is equal to any of its back numbers, which rank among the best college publications. The articles are short and on living subjects, and in entire accordance with what the exchange editor of this magazine lays down as a rule for college magazine articles. He says: "A college magazine should have at least one requisite, that it is written on a subject interesting to its readers."

We find the February *Mnemosynean* not so full of interesting matter as the back numbers have usually been.

CLIPPINGS.

A breath from afar; a whispering from a star;
A gleam of heaven; with responding strains
The clay-born clod stirs feebly—strives awhile—
Till gleam and whisper fail, and darkness reigns.
—*Exchange.*

Around us lies a world invisible,
With isles of dreams, and many a continent
Of thought, and isthmus of fancy; where we dwell,
Each as a lonely wand'rer intent
Upon his vision; finding each his fear
And hopes encompassed by the tide of tears.
—*Exchange.*

How dear to our hearts is cash on subscription,
When the generous subscriber presents it to view;
But the man who don't pay we refrain from description,
For, perhaps, *gentle reader, that man might be you.*
—*Exchange.*

If you have gracious words to say
Oh, give them to our hearts to-day;
But if thou hold for us a sorrow,
Pray keep them till the last to-morrow.
—*Exchange.*

"To fall in love with a good look is one of the greatest events that can befall us. It is to have a new influence pouring into our life, a teacher to inspire and refine us. The charm of friendship is the discovery of our sympathy and oneness with each other, and so we must each taste the books that are accessible to us for ourselves, and no one can become the friend of even one good book without being made wiser and better."—*Converse Concept.*

Our Alumni

Dr. Kilgo.

On Friday evening, January 31, the students and a large number of citizens gathered in the chapel to hear the familiar voice of Rev. J. C. Kilgo, D.D. His lecture had as its subject, "Christ as an Educator," and the audience was very attentive throughout.

The speaker showed how Christ was viewed in many lights, but how his great end was that of teaching. He spoke of the vast good that had been accomplished by that little school of twelve, and urged the importance of giving children something besides book learning in our present schools. His lecture was full of valuable advise, and there were bits of pathos and humor through it all. The audience went away delighted, and only regretted that we do not have a chance of hearing the doctor often.

At the same time we realize that no one could take Dr. Kilgo's place in the old North State. He is doing a grand work for Trinity College and his popularity is unbounded. Everywhere he preaches the church is crowded, and he is considered the most eloquent preacher in the conference. Last summer Randolph-Macon college attempted to out run Wofford in giving him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, but the race was a tie, so Prof. Kilgo got two. He is now engaged in building up the endowment fund of Trinity, and will probably meet with success.

Dr. Kilgo was with the class of '82 but did not graduate. In 1891 he took his A. B., and the degree of A. M. was also conferred on him.

PERSONAL.

Dunlap—We are pained to learn of the death of Mr. J. C. Dunlap, '60, at his home in Camden last month. Mr. Dunlap graduated in a large class and was valedictorian.

Smith—Rev. A. Coke Smith, D.D., is now pastor of the Methodist church at Lynchburg, Va. As Dr. Smith had been stationed at Norfolk only three years and a half, his church, at the last meeeting of Conference, was anxious to have him sent back. When, however, the Lynchburg people heard of their good fortune, they immediately doubled his salary.

Leonard-Ballenger—Rev. Geo. C. Leonard, '95 was married a few weeks ago to Miss Eva Ballenger of this county. After the marriage the happy couple returned to Reedy Creek where the groom is now stationed, and were tendered a very delightful reception by the congregation. Mr. Leonard is the first one of the class to succumb.

Lucas—Mr. Chessley Lucas who spent several years with the class of '93 has recently bought an interest in the Laurens Drug Co., and will make that place his future home.

Waller—Prof. Coleman Waller, '92, now superintendent of the Union Graded schools, came up and spent a few days here recently.

Hammond—Mr. Chas. P. Hammond, '91, was here on business a few days ago. He spent part of his time on the campus with the boys.

Local Items

The Reception at Converse.

Many of the Wofford boys were honored with invitations to the reception given by the young ladies at Converse to their friends on February 21st. It would be stale news to the boys to say we enjoyed ourselves. The only question is, "How much?" and I can say for all who went that the hours flew. Everything was pleasantly managed and everybody was looking so happy, and everybody so beautiful, except a *few* of the Wofford boys, that it seemed more like a fairy land than the old commonplace world. These little pauses in the routine of everyday work are oases in the desert of memory, and will long be green and cool, especially when ice cream is served. It is due to Martha Washington to say the reception was in honor of her.

Prof. Wilson lectured before the Epworth League at its last lecture meeting on the subject of Riley, the poet. The talk was very pleasant indeed and the audience enjoyed it.

The extra class in English conducted by Prof. Snyder finished work for the year on March 1st If other duties would have allowed Professor to continue this work till June, it would certainly have been a great pleasure to the young ladies and gentlemen both. While the class was not working under regular college curriculum, yet it demonstrates plainly that Wofford opened to young ladies would be a different thing and a better thing than restricted to men. The young ladies beat us reciting, but we don't mind. We wouldn't think of mentioning it, but we didn't try our best, you see. If girls were al-

owed to be students here the recitations would be more uniformly good, the behavior quieter and more decorous and the moral tone much higher. Let us try. No insinuations, however, for Wofford boys are universally *nice*, *handsome* and *cute*.

The Moot Court.

The two literary societies together entertained an audience of friends on Thursday evening, February 20th, by conducting a moot court in the college chapel. The prisoner at the bar was arraigned for murder and the evidence almost entirely circumstantial. The president of the Calhoun Society acted as judge, and most grave and reverend did he appear. The lawyers defending were Messrs. McGee and Barber, Solicitor Walker, J. E., and Mr. Sullivan, G. C., conducting the prosecution. All of the speeches were good. Mr. Sullivan was especially easy and pleasant in delivery. After considerable questioning and cross-questioning of witnesses, the lawyers each spoke for ten or twenty minutes and His Honor, Judge Williamson, charged the jury in a very clear manner. The jury retired for some minutes, but could not agree, and returned with no verdict. The case was accordingly postponed to come up at the next term of court. Some features of the trial were Mr. Bill Cannon, a blind tiger man, from North Carolina, the sheriff, a portly old-timer; George Washington, a colored man from Saluda county, and the bailiffs in original costumes.

Base Ball.

(Translated out of the original Greek.)

"Large and small,
Sophomores, Juniors, Freshman and all,
Come play with the ball!

"You seen the team?
None can get on it except the pure cream;
Come, bat with a beam!

"They are handsomer men
Than ever you'll see together again.
To beat takes no pains.

"They play in a storm
And they'll hit however the curves may come,
And that ball they'll deform.

"I'll not waste my breath,
If there's any college that longs for its death
Hear what the oracle saith :

"Go to Wofford right quick,
You'll certainly find them exceedingly slick,
And the dust you will lick."

In my extensive reading upon the subject in hand, I lately came upon the poem above among the exquisite lyrics of Polemachius, a bard of Greece. I quote it here as it so well fits Wofford at this time. Our team this year will be stronger than ever before. We could indeed form two good teams out of the material on hand, and easily whip "anything" (pardon the slang) in and most out of the state. Seeing this state of affairs, the manager has made arrangements with a great many colleges and we shall have a fine season of sport. Many games will be played on our own grounds, and we expect Spartanburg to see them. Indeed, we must show courtesy to the visitors by coming to see them defeated. Our pitcher can toss twenty-five curves, and our catcher holds them in either hand equally well, and can hurl a ball to second so fast that only our second base man can see it. The reach of the first base man is ordinarily twenty feet, but he can strain to twenty-five. As for the short-stop, he meets everything half way and picks it up without bending his knees. For the rest of the boys see large handbill.

Get ready to see something fine, amusing, exhilarating and altogether in order.—(Written for THE JOURNAL by an alumnus, Asylum, Columbia.)

The Senior class has decided to continue the precedent of allowing any man to speak who so desires. In a class meeting a few days past they elected your local editor class prophet.

It will soon be time to put in the encycloyedia of useful information in regard to the seniors, so hurry up and get engaged any who may not be now, or you will feel lonesome.

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VOL. VII

NO. 7

April, 1896

Wofford College

JOURNAL

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Literary

The Annexation of Cuba.

One of the greatest problems which confronts our country at the present day is its policy in regard to our territorial expansion.

It has always been acceded by those experienced in statecraft that acquisition of territory merely for enlargement is an exceedingly dangerous policy for any nation to pursue. The United States has always been keenly alive to this fact, and has never admitted any State into the Union which she did not think was necessary for her peace and welfare. For this reason many people of our country are averse to the idea of further increasing our possessions, claiming that our country is too large now, and before we think of putting any more soil under our protection we should first put into practice the old maxim which says, "First adorn what you have." But the conditions and circumstances which caused the overthrow of the Roman Republic, and which hastened the decay of the Spanish empire, do not affect our nation today, and we could very well afford to extend our boundaries yet a good deal without fear of meeting a like fate.

For some time the American mind has been drawn to the little island of Cuba, and the wonderful benefits which we would derive from it and the advantages it

would give to us if it were a part of the United States, have within the past few years been made so manifest to us that to a thoughtful mind it cannot be very long before this little gem of the West Indies must come in our possession.

From the beginning of our American Republic to the present day, although cautious in regard to our territorial expansion, the law of our existence has been growth. It seems that we have held before us the fact that when we cease to grow we begin that period of decadence which is as true of all nations as of individual man.

There is a little island next door to us which offers untold advantages for the development of that very branch of our industry which has proven such an important factor in our national growth. I refer to the advantages which it extends to us commercially. We remember what wealth was accumulated by those countries which controlled the traffic in the spices, silks and tropical fruits of the East Indies. With Cuba in our possession we would have all the wealth which ever came from the East Indies in the products of this little island of the West Indies. We have in our control cotton, which is one of the greatest elements of human commerce. The South has iron which she is ready to export. The West provides the world with bread. The North can supply all the manufactures needed by an island like Cuba. There is no product in New England which could not find a ready market there. In return Cuba could exchange all her tropical fruits to the North, and also could furnish us with coffee, tea and sugar, and thus in the domestic exchange of commodities without duty, there would result the most profitable commerce that the world has ever seen. It does not take a great amount of ingenuity to show that this commerce arising from the natural advantage of climate, locality and soil must prove beneficial and prosperous to all who have an interest in it.

The two chief causes of our almost phenomenal growth

of recent years has been our commercial and agricultural development. Not only would the annexation of Cuba enlarge our commerce, but it would also be of some profit to the United States in consequence of its agricultural advantages. Though in its present condition it consists largely of uncultivated land, its resources are greater than those of any other country its size. Although considering the state in which its people are now in, and notwithstanding the relations which exist between it and our country, the trade in its agricultural products has been of much benefit to us. If she were taken in our possession the liberties which would result to the people would induce them to cultivate the soil more extensively and its resources would be considerably increased. It has been estimated that under a proper form of government they would be increased five-fold.

No intelligent man in the United States can disregard the acquisition of this island in a geographical point of view. If the war which is threatened with England today, should occur the first blow which we would receive would necessarily be near Cuba. The Gulf of Mexico is emphatically an American sea. It touches the shores of five Southern States and is the outlet of all the rivers of Texas and Alabama, of part of those of Georgia and Florida, and also of the Mississippi river and its tributaries, thus exposing several thousand miles of inland navigation. All the enormous commerce of these rivers finds its outlet through a small strait scarcely seventy miles wide between the Southern coast of Florida and the island of Cuba. With this island in possession of a neutral power an enemy could station itself at this strait and capture or destroy everything that should attempt to enter or leave the Gulf. Then where would the first naval action take place in case of a war with a foreign power but at this point? No other part of the globe offers such an advantage to an enemy in an attack on our commerce as does the Gulf of Mexico.

These facts are plain and cannot be disputed. It be-

hooves us then for the defence of our steadily increasing commerce and for the defence of our unprotected southern coasts that we obtain possession of this island. Six or seven battleships could completely bridge over this strait and protect all our immense gulf commerce and almost all our internal navigation as securely as if nature had reared a solid wall between Cuba and Florida.

Many who are opposed to the idea of annexing this island to the Union urge as our objection the diversities of population with which we will have to contend. 'Tis true the annexation of Cuba would give to us diversities of population and diversities of language which at first would seem to be a serious obstacle, but such was the condition of the inhabitants when we purchased Louisiana and California.

We have never made any acquisition of territory which did not present the same differences in language and race as those which exist in Cuba to-day, and in every instance they have been blended into one people. What has become of the Spaniards of Florida and Louisiana? Where have they gone in California? By giving them our institutions, justice, and equality, by our principle. of Americanization, they have all been moulded into one American people of the same conditions and speaking the same lauguage and so, will it be with Cuba.

The social status of the inhabitants of Cuba at present would seem to discountenance its annexation to the Union. But has this state of their civilization been brought upon them by their own will? The government of Cuba by Spain has always been one of the most shameful instances of mal-administration in the history of a civilized country. It has always been an insult to the United States to be compelled to witness such barbarous government at our very doors. Spain has ever been jealous of our intercouse with them, and has always restricted their dealings with us. They have never been allowed to follow a trade, they have never been permitted to emigrate, and they have always been kept

in poverty by the heavy taxes imposed upon them. Is it reasonable to suppose that any people could make any social advancement, however much they should try, oppressed by such a government as this? Acquisition of territory by the United States, does not mean possession or subjugation. But it means social equality, justice and freedom. Should this island be annexed to the United States, it would be peopled largely by Americans, their ports would be opened to unrestricted commerce. They would be allowed to think and act for themselves and under these and other influences, we can say that the status of their population would be raised to an equality with ours. The Cubans are now engaged in a struggle for their independence against this tyranical government. They wish to live free and under a government like ours. They have always shown a tendency to immitate us, they have adopted our inventions to as great an extent as they have been able. Their Revolutionary government which was organized a few months ago is very similar to ours. Their management of affairs during their Rebellion has shown that they are fully competant to conduct a state government. They have already shown their willingness to become a state of the Union, and now as they are on the eve of their independence, it remains to be seen whether or not the United States will avail herself of this golden opportunity of possessing one of the fairest and richest colonies which has ever been her good fortune to own.

LEHRE L. DANTZLER.

Whittier's Religious Nature.

To discuss Whittier's religious nature means to discuss his whole life, for his aim seems to have been to be good and to do good. His early environments and influences were so well moulded into his life that it would really have been immaterial for him not to have been as he turned out to be. For having been brought up under

that strict sect of religion, Quakerism, what less could we expect than genuine piety and truly religious principles? This adherence to the Quakers he himself says turned him "so early away from what Roger Williams calls 'the worlds great trinity, pleasure, profit, and honor' to take side with the poor and the oppressed." He was not granted luxury or fine living, but on the contrary we find him residing in an humble abode on a New England farm. A beautiful picture of this is seen in his master-piece, "Snow-Bound," where in striking loveliness he portrays the whole household. 'Tis really pleasant to see what peace and comfort exist within this humble home. Of what he had in store to read he tells us an almanac, "one harmless novel," one volume of poetry, "of books and pamphlets score by score," and the villaee paper. Of course he includes the Bible and "Pilgrims Progress." What he did have had their effect upon him, but we see that Whittier did not enjoy in his boyhood, as most writers enjoy at that period, the advantages of a well-filled library.

His occupation was that of humbly tilling the soil whence nourishment so often seems to rise for the production of a noble genius. Mr. Stedman says that of our leading poets he was almost the only one who learned Nature by working with her at all seasons, under the sky and in the road and field. In striking resemblance to Whittier in this respect is Robert Burns. Both were poor farmer boys, and the words of Burns apply to both: "The Genius of Poetry found me at the plough and threw her inspiring mantle over me." But what a difference in their characters and general points of manhood! Each was a lyrist of a high type and each holds a foremost place in the literature of his country, but alas! would that they had been similar in other respects? The one, the Quaker poet, was a man of the purest character, of a loving disposition towards his fellowmen, and of the highest views of charity and virtue. As to the Scottish poet, while he has placed his

merits high on the records of fame with reference to poetry, he cannot boast of a manhood like that of his American brother. But as a poet he has been honored, we may say, by being the inspirer to some degree at least, of one who some years later was to arise from American soil. For a copy of Burns' poems early fell into Whittier's hands and his first efforts were somewhat in resemblance to these poems. As Whittier entered the field of poetry, he did not enter it with a desire for worldly honor or poetic fame nor did he hope praise would be lavishly bestowed upon him. He wrote from the conviction of what he deemed to be his duty to his fellow-men. For the cry of the human had reached his ear. I refer especially to his efforts towards the abolition of slavery. In all these poems we clearly see the character of the composer. A moral sentiment pervades them all. To love the bondsman and plead his cause he considered a blessed privilege and always appeared to be thoroughly consecrated and conscientious in his efforts. I have said it was not a purpose to be a poet simply from a poetic standpoint, that he might receive words of renown. but it was a purpose, more than anything else to aid others. He said himself that he valued higher his name as appended to the anti-slavery declaration of 1833 than on the title page of any book. And furthermore, let us remember this: America at that time, in the early part of this century, was not rich in poetry and did not have a great literature of which to boast. So that the uprising of a poet would have been hailed with much delight and pleasure. To Whittier, then, just emerging from his heretofore secluded mode of living (as far as the world was concerned), there stood forth flattering possibilities of so meeting the demands of the people at large, by making known his inspiration in a manner impartial and uncritical, as to make himself at once a great poet. Yet Whittier was willing to sacrifice these possible hopes to the cause of freedom in which he must inevitably incur a certain amount of bit-

ter hatred and contempt and ill-feeling, for his heart was in his work.

The struggle which preceded our civil war was full of critical and perplexing questions, than which none more materially affected the destiny of our nation. No time, it is said, whether in the history of Rome, or Greece, or England, furnished such a crisis as the one in which this reformation took place But this crisis had to be met, and the impending question of abolishing slavery had to be decided. Whittier, by hurling forth his anti-slavery productions, felt he could influence some classes of men at least. Now to us of the South he may appear to have been too vehement in his denunciations of slavery in the Southern States, but in all of his poetry "he sings from the pure depths of a sincere soul." Of course our fathers were the direst objects of Whittier's denunciations and reproaches, yet there is no need of our being prejudiced against him in any degree. But as time has passed, let us, regardless of bygone difficulties, make our judgment of him from a literary standpoint only. Thus with partiality and all prejudices lain aside we may feel the effects of such singers for one's country as Whittier. It should be said to his credit that while it is a fact that he stood up strongly for the abolishing of slavery, yet he had peace and good will to all men, and it would have been far more agreeable to him for the South to have been paid an indemnity than for war to have resulted, which he had hoped would be finally averted. But, as it was, when his time had come he dedicated his efforts to the shrine, so to speak, of anti-slavery.

He had the power granted him of so revealing his message in his poems, whatever it might have been, that it appeals to our very inmost natures and sympathies with great weight. He draws some dreadful and, according to his idea, some very inhuman pictures, which convey a deepness of feeling. This earnestness in behalf of the slaves is seen in many of his poems,

though this feature of his work has, of course, by this time, lost its influence and weight. I have dwelt at some length upon Whittier's connection with the anti-slavery movement; but have attempted to show that herein we can form a reasonable idea of some of his religious qualities.

One of the most striking and noticable of Whittier's characteristics is his incessant didacticism and moralizing. Had he been prohibited from this privilege, it is doubtful if he would have consented to be a poet. We cannot but say it was his chief strength and one of the prominent features of his productions. Yet he has given too much weight to the drawing of the moral. However, when one takes away his didacticism comparatively little is left.

As to his religious beliefs and creeds, it is sufficient to say that he adhered closely to those of Quakers; and, therefore, was ever guided by the "Inner Light." Often he exhibits his religious feelings and emotions, showing his trust in his Maker.

C. E. BOYD.

Jeff.

Frog Level, "the little giant city which is destined to become the great mast-head of progress in these mountaneous regions" was actually having a sensation. For after its inhabitants had been treated to many orations glowing with such language as the above, and the election for coroner had come and gone, the regular session of court had been convened.

This of itself was enough to make the little giant squirm, but the lawyers' cups of joy was full when it was declared that there had been fraud in the election and the managers were to be arraigned in court. When these cases were finished, the village once more had "that tired feeling," and the thoughts of the solicitor after he had just made "the effort of his life" and was

forced to prosecute a colored brother on the charge of chicken stealing were never committed to paper.

Ths defending attorney, however, was young, ambitious, and anxious to attract attention. He was determined to make his case seem of great consequence and had succeeded in lessening to a great the extent importance of the prosecution's testimony until the last witness for that side was called. Thinking that he had practically acquitted his client, the young lawyer had decided to bring forward no witnesses for his side, and thus much depended on the evidence of the old negro who now hobbled up to the clerk.

Jeff Carena, for that was his name, was a shining black darkey with wrinkled skin and white hair. He wore a dark flannel shirt, covered by a rusty, worn, and tattered coat; his trousers were ragged, with a large patch on each knee, another on the seat, and sundry small ones scattered over the contiguous territory. His gigantic shoes, evidently donned for the occasion, appeared to be contemporaries of his other garments.

After being sworn, he placed his wide-rimmed felt hat in his lap and his stick under the witness chair, and faced the solicitor.

That official wearied by the previous trials was too much worried to take much interest in this case and was willing to let the witness tell his own story.

"What is your name?"

"Well, boss," leaning back in his chair and scratching his head, "my whole name is Jeffe'son Washin'ton Hezekiah Timothy David Jeremiah Matthew Mark Luke John Carlina."

At this some people in the back of the room tittered, but the judge roused himself and sternly called for "silence in court."

"Well, Jefferson, do you know the prisoner at the bar?"

"Which un, boss?"

"That negro over there with the handcuffs," pointing.

"Well, boss, it sumw'at incurs ter my mem'ry dat I sot my eyes on him jes' two mont' ago en my chicken coob."

"All right, tell us about that," said the solicitor much relieved.

"Yas, suh, cose I knows him 'cause he de pastor ob de Sinai A. M. E. Chu'ch Zion en w'ich I useter wuz de leadin' steward. Well 'bout come 'long two mont' ago, one night de Rev'ren Jenkins, w'at sittin' right ober dar wid de han'cuff and de grin, he wuz givin' us a hot shot sarmon on de ebils of distractin'g poultry f'um de rightful owner. He got so het up ober it dat it mek me warm and sleepy. W'en I wake up, I hyar him say'n' I b'lieb' our leadin' steward down dar hed chicken meat fer dinner ter-day. Look out, bredren, ef yer hyar enny noise in yer chicken coob ter-night, don't yer go dar, 'cause its de debbil hisself, an' he'll pay yer back en yer own money.' Dar he come, cussin' me 'bout chicken stealing, es ef I wud do dat!"

By this time the court was in a state of stupor. From every side came the peculiar sound emitted from some people's mouths when they sleep. The green grocer across the street was both on the counter and in Dreamland. The judge was again going over the evidence given in the election trials. The solicitor glad enough to get a rest, was disposed to let the witness say what he choose. Suddenly all awoke with a start.

One man was alive to the importance of his position. The defending attorney had been watching the proceedings with great interest. Suddenly he thought of a possible point.

"May it please your honor, the witness has not given one iota of testimony against the much abused prisoner. Therefore he will have to stop that nonsense about his church or come down."

"The point is sustained," said the judge, "Jefferson, you must tell about those chickens, now."

"Well, boss, ef yer jis' gimme time, I'se gwine ter

'splain all de sarcumstances ter de sanctification o' de co't. Dat night I wuz comin' 'long not studyin' 'bout no chickens w'en—Huh! W'at dat noise? I hyar sumpun en my hen house. I started fer ter say, who dat? but den I meditate an' tink, "Well ef dat ain' de Ole Scratch w'at Br'er Jenkins de wun w'at tink I'd steal chickens dun tell us 'bout. I always did wanter see Satan, an' now dis nigger's time dun cum. I wuz scairt a leetle bit, an' my knees went a tremblin, and' my han's shakin' an' me teet' chatterin'. I sorter tip-toe 'roun,' tip-toe 'roun' ter cotch a sight ob him w'en—Golly! I see de same ole Revren' Jenkins wid a hen under he arm, retchin' out fer de rooster. I jis' 'sclaim 'shoo!' Brudder Jenkins shooed."

The attorney for the defence rose. He was somewhat baffled, but hoped yet to win the case by his marvellous skill in cross-examinations.

"Jeff," he said shortly, "how do you know the man you saw in your hen house was Jenkins here?"

"Boss," was the reply, "don't yer t'nk I know him enywhar by dem earrings he got on, an' dat grin an' dem teet' he wearin'?"

The examiner was at a loss what to do. To be completely conquered and ridiculed by an old negro—that must never be. He had just enough sense to ask.

"Well, Jeff, what do you think of the case?"

"Boss maybe it ain't en de Bible, but some book sez, 'Dem as live in a glass case don' hab' no call to t'row brick." '98.

A Visit West.

On Saturday night as I galloped into the avenue leading to my uncle's residence the sky was clear as crystal, dotted with gems brighter than diamonds, and the air was fragrant with the mellow perfumes of ripening meadows.

My jaded spirits were electrified by waves of melody wafted to my ears by the nightly breeze. It was tender cords of scarlet quivering with the heart of affection, accompanied by the mandolin. I dug my spurs into the flanks of my steed and with a bound halted at the gate.

Notwithstanding the fact that I was black, dusty and almost physically exhausted, dressed in cowboy's clothing unchanged and hair uncombed for a week, I made a rush for the sitting-room, expecting to clasp my aunt in my arms, when to my surprise and consternation I faced the most beautiful girl that my eyes had ever seen or imagination fancied. There she stood, half excited by the sudden intrusion of what she took to be a mongrel cowboy; her lips were parted, the tips of her teeth glistened like sets of polished pearls, her eyes shone like diamonds of the first water, her forehead was fairer and more shapely than the finest Italian sculpture, her raven locks fell in clusters over cheeks of crimson, and her nostrils gently dilated as she heaved a sigh of surprise. There we stood speechless—she like a goddess, I like a fool.

My aunt, hearing the neigh of my steed, rushed into the room, clasped me in her arms and said: "Irene, this is our nephew from the East. Don't you remember I told you about him yesterday?" Then turning to me she said: "This is my niece from Denver. She has come to visit us also, and wont it be nice to have you both here together?" About this time, perceiving my emaciated condition, she exclaimed: "My dear boy, another week on that fearful ranch and you are done! Come, a hot bath and to bed!" In a few moments I was tucked in one of those old-fashioned feather beds and was soon in the land of dreams.

I dreamed that I was walking in a magnificent flower garden of the rarest odors, suspended in space by silken cords to eagle's wings. As I wandered from one fragrance to another the earth suddenly gave way beneath my feet. Down, down, I fell through the infinity of

space. Indeed, I was in a little world of ether gathering momentum every second. At last far, far below me I could see the outlines of mountains, then valleys, and then herds of cattle like specks in the distance. Suddenly there loomed up beneath my lightning speed a thousand horned beasts directly under my feet. Horror stricken, I felt for something and found that I was sliding on a silken thread. Grappling it as death itself, I screamed for help, and screamed again. A tremendous shake of my shoulder and I awoke, to find it all a dream. I saw standing at my bedside in robes of white the fair acquaintance of a few hours previous, who, rooming on the same floor and hearing my screams, rushed to my rescue and awoke me from a fearful nightmare. I thanked her for her kindness as she vanished from my sight.

Just think of it! Irene and I visiting a palace-like home in a Colorado valley, and we the only young couple in a radius of many miles! No wonder I dare not relate the humorous as well as the pathetic memories crowded into the few days following our romantic meeting.

Our aunt, who had been suffering from some pulmonary weakness, was advised by her physician to seek a milder climate during the winter months. So with her niece and her husband's nephew she decided to try the sea breeze of the Pacific.

It was on the tenth of September that my aunt, Miss Irene, and myself embarked on the "Lightning Clipper," expecting to rest under the palms of the Pacific isles in the torrid zone. It was the second night that Miss Irene and I were sitting on deck. The Pacific, noted for its freedom from storms, was never more placid, the breeze never more loving and tender than on this September night.

As we talked of home and friends, as we saw the stars reflected in the deep, and as we reviewed our own brief and romantic friendship, we seemed nearer to each other than ever before. Accompanied by her mandolin, she

sang "Gathering Up the Shells From the Shore," "Think of the Days That Are Gone, Maggie," "The Broken Lily," and "Home, Sweet Home."

There are exceptions to all rules, so with the Pacific. Even before her silvered tones had melted in our breasts, a dark object on the horizon had expanded into a threatning cloud; the heavens were blacker than the depths beneath, the lightnings played in forked sheets, and the waves rolled mountains high.

We took refuge in the parlor, but it was only for a minute. The next wave burst the door asunder. From below we heard the cries, "A leak! a leak!" As I heard the surging waters in the hold tearing the cabins apart, and as I heard the groans of drowning men I seized a gaming board in one hand, my companion with the other, and plunged into the deep. The waters wild went o'er us and all was blank.

When I regained consciousness I was on board a vessel bound for San Francisco. I was told that about dawn some one on deck had observed a speck in the distance, and upon bringing the glass to bear found it to be two human beings. They said it was a pitiful scene; there I was in the waste of waters unconsciously clinging to a gaming board, while around my neck were entwined a pair of arms whiter than snow, the grip of whose shapely hands was pulseless, whose eyes had lost their lustre, for they were dimmed by the dazzling light of another world into which they now were looking.

The young lady who had cast such a splendid shadow over my life for so short a time, why was she taken and I left? In taking her heavenly spirit Providence could not allow her body to be desecrated even by the sharks of the sea—it was the temple of her soul. The marks of culture and her childhood's home had left its impress even in death. No, her curls were laid to rest in the family cemetery at Denver.

I had had enough experience in the West and lost no time in returning to South Carolina. After spending a week at home trying to forget the past with its mysterious Providences. I entered Wofford College. Even then for weeks my sleep would be broken by some imaginary spirit shaking my shoulder, to awake and see a face only too well remembered, and it cold in death.

JOHN C. ROPER.

Wofford College Journal

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The Editor's Desk

In our review of the Metaphysical Magazine we were very much impressed with the force of its first article,—"The correlation of Spiritual Forces" by Frank Hartman, M. D. It clearly shows that no external proof of a Divine being can be given one who is wrapt up in the illusion of self conceit. The correlation of spiritual forces is impressively brought out and we are shown that only the divine in a man can feel and experience that which belongs to the divine state. "The Philosophy of Psycho-Therapeutics," by Shelby S. Mumaugh, M. D., presents some new ideas as to the power, or control that the inner man exerts over the writer. This article is very interesting and suggestive. If space permitted, a synopsis of this could profitably be given, but we must desist.

The third annual report of President Schurman, of Cornell, contains a great amount of matter that will be

interesting to college men. He very wisely lets tables, showing the number of students enrolled in the several departments, the endowment, rate of interest, incomes and payments, speak for the institution. These are carefully arranged; and after that the work is little more than an occasional explanation and some concise discussions of subjects that affect every institution. They are rich in thought. Among many of the questions to which he cals special attention is the advantages and dangers of college athletics. President Schurman, as many persons are aware, is one of the most prominent educators of this country, and what he has to say about college athletics at Cornell will be especially interesting. On the question of intercollegiate games, he holds strongly to the opinion that they should be sportsmanlike games, to be played very seldom and when played, by students alone, and so far as possible before students and on grounds used exclusively by students. He says that there is in the faculty at Cornell a very strong sentiment adverse to intercollegiate foot-ball in any shape or form. Athletics should be made a recreation and amusement, not a business. The results of a university training, "raising the intellectual tone of society, cultivating the public mind. purifying the national taste, supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspirations, giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age, facilitating the exercise of political power, and refining the intercourse of private life," are not produced by college athletics; neither is it necessary that athletics should prevent the university from attaining these. He believes that these games beget in young men "self-reliance, self-control, quickness, alertness, and the habit of cooperation and self surrender to authority"; but that they should be encouraged only under certain restraints. If intercollegiate contests can be conducted in a moderate healthy and innocent manner, they "are greatly to be desired in the interest of sport and for the promation of physical

exercise among students to which sports are an effective stimulus." The element of money-making, however, should be eliminated from them. The strong desire to win leads to introducing professional players, and this he considers a very strong objection. The sports and recreations of amateurs are certainly injured when they become the business of professionals. And it is here where most athletic associations are weak. Those who are most interested in these contests seem to loose all sight of the true end of them; they look to the victory instead of the thrill of honorably contesting for it.

The Bachelor of Arts, a literary magazine published at 15 Wall St., New York, offers a prize of $125 for the best short story by any undergraduate subscriber. The terms of the contest may be had by writing to the managing editor of that publication.

The friends of Wofford College will be glad to learn that some effective efforts are being made towards building a very good gymnasium here. Already several splendid contributions have been made. Much more is needed, however, before the work can be commenced. The day will soon come when a college without a well equipped gymnasium will cease to attract students. It will be for the best interest of the business men of Spartanburg to contribute as liberally as possible towards this work. It will bring more students to Wofford, and that means more money spent in this town. There are now few institutions of any pretensions whatever that are without a first class gymnasium, and if Wofford is to hold her stand by the side of others this need must be met very soon. No one questions that the best way to keep the working powers of one at the highest point is to train simultaneously the mental and physical powers. Let this work be begun and pushed to a rapid completion.

Among Our Exchanges

It was with pleasure and interest that we examined the North Carolina Literature number of the *Trinity Archive*. This issue begins with an article called "Some Aspects of a State's Literature." One quotation from this article will show its worth. "North Carolina literature will never flourish until more interest is taken in literature by the people. The teaching of literature in our various colleges, which has been so marked in the past few years, the establishment of public libraries in the leading towns in the State; the organization and successful working of Literary clubs of various kinds; the growing demand for literary lectures—all these will have their influence in arousing an enthusiasm for literary pursuits." Following this, are biographical sketches of several distinguished literary men whom North Carolina has given to the world. These short sketches of men who have lived and left an example worthy of imitation and full of inspiration to young men are certainly much more profitable to the reader than the miserable little stories that we find in some college magazines. Often, in looking over some of these stories, we have thought that our time might be as profitably spent in watching the adventures and incidents in the life of a tomtit as those in the career of the little heroes of these little short stories.

The March number of the *Converse Concept* is the most interesting and attractive issue of this journal that we have seen heretofore. The first article, "Our Possible Best" is a brilliant production full of wholesome truths. "Southern Prose Writers" is very appropriate, and full of some good suggestions.

Another equally as good is "The Woman of a Poet." Such productions as these will hardly fail to be read and admired by the readers of the *Concept*.

The Colorado Collegian devotes most of its space to matters and incidents directly connected with the institution it represents. This journal is undoubtedly full of interest to those connected with the institution, but it cannot be very interesting to outsiders. We think the magazine would be much better if more space were given to literary matter and less attention paid to locals and college gossip, though, of course, this is a question which the editor of every college journal must decide according to their own taste and judgment, and according to the many and different students of exchange editors.

The College Forum is not a very neat looking magazine, but few college publications offer to the reader better literary matter.

Our Alumni

At The Universities.

Wofford's delegation at the various universities, we do not hesitate to say, will compare very favorably with any college of its size in the country. It is indeed encouraging to look at the catalogues of some of the larger colleges and see how the Wofford men show up. Mr. Woods writes that of the six South Carolina men at Harvard four are from Wofford, viz: Wm. Coleman '95; W. P. Few, '89; W. D. Stackhouse, '95 and M. C. Woods, '95. At Vanderbilt we find R. E. Ware, '90, Dental School; James Fuller, '90, Acedemic; G. F. Clarkson, '91, Theologican; W. C. Kirkland, '93 Theological; O. M. Abney, 94, Theological; D. Wallace, '94, Academic; J. J. Cantey, '95, Academic; H. J. Shoemaker, '95, Academic; B. W. Wait, 95, Academic.

W. L. Weber, '86, spent part of last year at Chicago university; A. M. Muchkenfuss, '89, has been studying for some time in Germany; R. W. Allen, '93, has been at Tulane University for the past two years. This is indeed a fine showing for a small college.

Mr. D. D. Wallace, '95, has just completed a book on the Constitutional Convention of South Carolina. The work is composed of about sixty pages of introduction by the author and the book, proper, is made up entirely of newspaper accounts of the convention. It has not yet been published, but is soon to go into the hands of the printers. We have no doubt that it will prove a great success.

PERSONALS.

Cofield—Mr. Geo. Cofield, who spent several years in college, recently paid the Preston Society a very pleasant visit and gave a talk which was much enjoyed. Mr. Cofield is one of the most frequent Alumni visitors.

Simpson—R. W. Simpson, of '96, was in the city on the 28th of last month. He has been recently connecnected with the Register, doing some excellent special work. He is now at his home in Pendleton, but will soon go to Atlanta to take a position on the Journal of that city.

Cocke—At a recent meeting of the City Democratic convention of Asheville, N. C., Mr. W. J. Cocke was unanimously nominated Democrat candidate in the race for the mayoralty. Mr. Cocke graduated here in '92, and is said to be the youngest man ever nominated for mayor of that city, being but 23 years of age. He is now cashier of the National Bank of Asheville.

Norton—W. F. Norton who spent several years in college with '96 paid us a visit recently. He is now studying law at South Carolina College.

Nash—J. Wright Nash, '90, has announced that he will be a candidate for the office of Master of this county in the next election. It is understood that several other Wofford men will stand for the same office.

Nettles—Rev. S. A. Nettles, '80 spent a few hours in the city recently.

Coke-Reynolds—Miss Nellie Cocke, of Asheville, N. C., and Dr. Carl Rynolds, who spent three years here with the class '92, were married on April 2nd at the bride's home by the Rev. Dr. Creitzberg.

Hammond—Mr. Chas. P. Hammond, '91 is organizing a stock company in the town of Abbeville to erect a telephone line from that point to Anderson thence to Greenville. This will throw Abbeville and Anderson in speaking distance with Spartanburg.

Local Items

Base Ball—S. C. College vs. Wofford.

It is unnecessary to give the game in detail. We only desire to inform the public that Wofford and the South Carolina College played ball together and the result was a score of 18 to 6 in favor of Wofford. The boys should not have been so greedy. Eighteen is too large a number. They should have stopped at ten or twelve. Do so next time, boys.

The next game is published for the 17th, and will be Wofford-Furman. We are not apt to have much trouble there, and then the Furman boys will treat you well, so the team anticipates a pleasant time. It will add one more to Wofford's long list of triumphs.

The Gymnasium.

What are we to do for one? It is simply out of the question to wait any longer. Wofford is up with the times in every other respect, and we must have a gymnasium. A great part of the sickness among our students is due to a want of exercise, and the boys grow weary of the monotonous walk every afternoon. They need some good, healthful gymnasium machinery, in a pleasant, well ventilated building. It does about as much harm to ones lungs as it does good to the muscles to spend any length of time in the old room. The day has come when people reallze to some extent the value of a strong, healthy body and consequently the worth of physical training. We cannot give all our time and effort to the cultivation of the mind without sinning against the physical nature. Education is broader than mere intellectual upbuilding ; it means the development of heart and mind and body, and the three divisions

mutually act and react upon each other and in combination make the true man. The Board of Trustees will no doubt appropriate a sufficient sum for the gymnasium need.

The College has made marked improvement in its campus during the past three or four years. The front campus is really beautiful with blue grass, large shade trees and flower beds. In a few more years when our young trees have grown a little we can well afford to challenge comparison with any male institution in the State.

Dr. Pinckney's New Book.

Our library has just been presented by the author, the Rev. C. C. Pinckney, with a copy of his "Life of General Pinckney." The book is bound very attractively and well printed, and so recommends itself at sight. While it is a narrative of the life of Gen. Pinckney, much valuable information in regard to the life of the times comes out in its pages. The many letters quoted add to the reality of the story, and the book is altogether a valuable addition to our South Carolina history. Our thanks are due to the author for his kindness.

Prof. Woodward on Shakespeare.

The students and a number of friends from the city enjoyed a treat lately in the lecture on Shakespeare delivered by Prof. Woodward, of the S. C. College. The treatment was sympathetic and appreciative, bringing to light for us younger students much beauty unobserved by us in the master poet. The exposition of the the qualities of imagination and humor were clear and attractive.

The Seniors will soon take a little trip around the country to see the gold mines and study geology by eyesight.

Mr. D. J. Hydrick spent several days at his home in Orangeburg last week.

We hope to see a large number of last year's class at our commencement. If they will come we refrain from invidious comparisons and to treat them nicely. Come back, boys, and see your girls.

Notice to the Artist.

Get half a dozen extra glasses ready for work. The Seniors are coming down to have "their beauty struck," and you will need them.

Spring suits, Spring hats, Spring shoes, Spring faces and Spring fever all in abundance.

Professor (to Freshman on Examination)—What is antithesis?

Freshman—It is iambic pentameter.

Central Church is holding a protracted meeting and much interest is felt by the students in the services. It is to be hoped that our boys will think seriously of the important question of life, and settle it rightly at this favorable time. Rev. G. P. Watson is assisting in the eeting.

Our Wonderful Class.

(THE FRESH.)

We have a Baer, Wolff and a Campbell, that constitutes a menagerie. We have Rhodes and Walkers, so let us go traveling. We have Brown and Gray, so we can paint our own pictures and post our own bills, and it won't cost much. If we get tired traveling, we have Byers and can easily sell out. If the public interferes let us kill, and gather up old hides for sale, for we have a Skinner, and he is loyal enough to work without pay.

If the constables try to arrest us we will become outlaws, and hide behind Forte. We have Barnes, so our ponies won't have to stand out where the spies can see them. If they do arrest us and bring us to trial, we can bribe the jury, for we own Holland. Should we fail to bribe the jury, we have Regan enough to enclose our gallows and keep the public from seeing us hang. Should all these fail, we have yet one good consolation, Adam is with us and is old enough to devise some way of escape, and then we can easily rush West. But as we have a Hart that is neither hard nor black, we won't kill any one, or use our valuable Brown or Gray for advertising purposes. So let us remain here at college with our Nabors and live happily.

Since big sleeves are very fashionable the girls are all fond of Wiggins, and as we have a large supply of Wiggins we will be very much liked by the girls.

We should be highly thought of by the entire faculty, for we have Merit.

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Wofford College

JOURNAL

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Wofford College Journal.

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Literary

Sidney Lanier—The Southern Poet.

We all love Lanier and hence, can enter into a study of his poetry with peculiar pride and pleasure—with pleasure because his life is the incarnation of truth and honor, with pride because he was born and nurtured on Southern soil. In him is focussed a long line of hereditary gift and culture; so, it is little to be wondered at that we find him from his earliest years evincing decided genius both in music and poetry. His life is full of touching incidents characteristic in expressing the great heart there was in the man, but we are now concerned with his poems and have not space for them.

Lanier was truly a born poet and, greater far, he lived a poem. The fires of genius were smouldering within him but good sense constrained him to await the "mellowing year." He felt even in his earlier years the responsibility his calling entailed and by earnest study stove through them all to enrich his mind. His range is broad. He has studied the social conditions of the nation profoundly. Take for example this selection from the "Symphony."

"Is Honor gone into his grave?
Hath faith become a caitiff knave,
And selfhood turned into a slave
To work in Mammon's cave,
Fair Lady?

Will Truth's long blade ne'er gleam again,
Hath Giant Trade in dungeons slain
All great contempt of meangot gain
And hates of inward stain
Fair Lady?

Shall never prevail the woman's plea,
We maids would far. far whiter be
If that our eyes might sometimes see
Men maids in purity,
Fair Lady?

Then hear his remedy for these evils bearing in mind the New Testament teaching.

"To follow Time's dying melodies through,
And never to lose the old in the new,
And ever to solve the discords true
Love alone can do."

In word-painting he is a master. There are few lines in the language that can equal these from "Sunrise" in their gorgeous coloring and splendid imagery.

"Now a dream of a flame though that dream of a flush is uprolled:
To the Zenith ascending, a dome of undazzling gold
Is builded, in shape as a bee-hive, from out of the sea.
The hive is of gold undazzling, but oh, the Bee,
The star-fed Bee, the buildfire Bee,
Of Dazzling gold is the great Sun-Bee.
That shall flash from the hive-hole over the sea."

While he is writing these lines his sun has nearly set and their strength is perhaps enhanced by that strange, superhuman power which men possess when near unto death.

His wife, he tells us, is the source of his inspiration. In her tender sympathy his torn and lacerated heart ever found repose. Her faith was the pillar of fire that guided him through this wilderness of temptation safely into the great unknown. All this he recognizes so tenderly in the beautiful poem, "My Springs." Here are two verses selected almost at random.

"O Love, O Wife, thine eyes are they,
My springs from out whose shining gray
Issue the sweet celestial streams
That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams.

Dear eyes, dear eyes and rare complete,
Being heavenly—sweet and earthly-sweet,
I marvel that God made you mine,
For when he frowns, 'tis then ye shine!"

These lines almost feminine in their delicacy ought to please the most exacting wife in the world.

Could this brilliant man of letters appreciate the man of action? Let this verse taken from his apostrophe to our beloved Confederate General—Stonewall Jackson—bear testomony.

> "O hero-life that lit us like the sun!
> O hero-words that glittered like the stars
> And stood and shone above the gloomy wars
> When the hero-life was done."

Remember his limitations whenever you would criticise him harshly. In "June Dreams in January" we have passionately expressed the buffets he received at the hands of the fickle goddess.

> "Why can we poets dream us beauty, so,
> But cannot dream us bread? Why, now, can I
> Make, aye, create this fervid throbbing June
> Out of the chill, chill matter of my soul,
> Yet cannot make a poorest penny-loaf
> Out of this same matter; no, not one
> For Mary, though she starved upon my breast."

This, too, is a true expression of his life-struggle, menaced on the one hand by poverty and by consumption on the other.

> "My soul is like the oar that momently
> Dies in a desperate stress beneath the wave,
> Then glitters out again and sweeps the sea;
> Each second I'm new-born from some new grave."

In the above selections and others that you have read from Lanier, you have doubtless noticed his happy use of the low, broad vowel sounds, and how carefully they are grouped, the combinations of consonants and how they are always arranged to secure an effect in harmony with the spirit of the poem. He has a decided liking for the old Anglo-Saxon head-rhyme and often uses it with great force. In the building of the individual feet he takes considerable license in presuming upon the power of the reader's ear to co-ordinate syllables according to

their length, so that aften you find verses which, unless you are careful, become discordant, yet to the experienced ear are full of the deepest melody. His poems exemplify his theory of poetic form as set forth in his "Science of English Verse." In this respect he ranks, I think, ahead of any of his American contemporaries and scarcely second to Tennyson.

Purity of conception and treatment is one of the canons of his art. There is no trace of the sordid or low in anything that he has written. This is his position on that point: "Let any sculptor hew us out the most ravishing combination of tender curves and spheric softness that ever stood for woman ; yet if the lip have a certain fullness that hints of the flesh, if the brow be insincere, if in the minutest particular the physical beauty suggest a moral ugliness, that sculptor—unless he be portraying a moral ugliness for a moral purpose—may as well give over his marble for paving stones."

Learning was to his mind an all-important factor in the making of a great poet. In fact he once said Poe did not know enough to be one. In his own case long years were spent in the study of the English classics and the masterpieces of German and Greek thought. Nor does the great advance in scientific study threaten to encroach upon the territory of the poet, as some would have you believe. He hears the cry of the age for advancement and progression and says to those who would be poets: "You need not dream of winning the attention of sober people with your poetry unless the poetry, and your soul behind it, are informed and saturated at least with the largest final conceptions of Science."

His command of language is worthy of consideration. Of this the style of his technical works is sufficient proof. In his poetry great attention is paid to getting the right word in the right place. Each is chosen with reference to beauty and suggestiveness. I can describe this no better than to use his own remark of Keats—his words "come forth, each trembling and giving off light like a

morning star." While the burden of meaning is often heavy, the expression is always clear and even on learned subjects about as simple as accuracy will allow.

His imaginative powers are developed to a wonderfully high degree. Words become in his hands as colors to a painter. So careful is he of every detail that the reader sees almost as vividly as with the physical eye. As one accustomed to dwell in the heights he takes the reader's hand and leads the way into the realms of the infinite. Akin to this imagination is the power to see resemblance in things remote and to draw striking analogies from the operations of nature. These powers combine in giving his verses their wealth of imagery and lesson.

Love is the corner stone upon which rests his entire life. Its mystic chord binds him to every human creature. He obeyed the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and entered alike into their joys and sorrows. His sympathy detects the slightest note of pain and his heart goes out to the sufferer in kind words and deeds. Like poor Burns he loves Nature, and all created things have the key to his heart.

Though not given to writing on religious topics, you find in his life and works reverence and emulation of the Christlike. Truth, beauty and wisdom are the same in his vocabulary. On his very brow is graven truth and purity, and his whole life looms up as a model type of the Christian gentleman. I know of no one in English literature whose life has been more of the poem that Milton speaks of than Lanier's. I do not mean that there were no struggles, for character, like the bars of gold that pass through the mint, receives its distinguishing marks only from the pressure it receives.

As to faults—I have these to call your attention to. Naturalness suffers in the great attention that he pays to correct form. To secure these effects of form language is strained and words are arranged with little regard to usual construction. In such a dress thought has an appearance of affectation. Secondly, he is given to

didacticism. Rather too many morals are drawn. In considering these faults, however, do not forget that he is the young builder making himself master of his tools. Had a few more years been given him, he would have passed out of this preparation period and made good his claim to a place in the front rank of English poets. In making a comparative estimate of his work, bear in mind that but thirty-nine years were given him all told, and the best work of the great masters is usually on the shady side of fifty.

It would be unjust to conclude this sketch without giving some account of his musical attainments. He inherited the talent and cultivated it all through his life. His preference was the violin whose power over him, as he himself tells us, was such that often he was thrown into a trance completely overcome by the strength of emotions aroused by its music. For this reason his father persuaded him to substitute for this instrument the flute, of which he became the greatest master in the world. In his hands, said his director, "Its tones developed colors, warmth, and a low sweetness of unspeakable poetry, that were not only true and pure, but poetic, allegoric as it were, suggestive of the depths and heights of being and of the delights which the earthly ear never hears and the earthly eye never sees. No doubt his firm faith in these lofty idealities gave him the power to present them to our imaginations, and thus by the aid of the higher language of Music to inspire others with that sense of beauty in which he constantly dwelt."

The world is usually harsh in its criticism and the young writer wins his way with difficulty. Time is beginning to appreciate the little volume that he has left us. Its faults are perhaps many, but its language is the soul of music and its spirit is enriched with knowledge, tempered with sympathy, and sweetened with love. His limitations are many, but few men have struggled under mightier difficulties. Had life and health been

granted him, his talents would surely have won him a place among the very first, but though bound hand and foot as he was, this small book of poems has won for Lanier a place far obove the mediocre.

JAS. J. WOLFE.

Emerson.

As most contributors to a literature are influenced by their surroundings we may suppose that our great American Essayist was no exception to the rule. He was descended from a New England race of clergymen, his fore-fathers for eight generations having followed that calling.

When young Emerson was old enough he was put to study under his Aunt, a very worthy and efficient teacher for a young person of yet unformed habits. When he was about fourteen years of age he was sent to Harvard College. The family were not rich by any means, but there was enough to put young Emerson through.

It is said of him that he never put much time strictly on his class duties, but that he did a great deal of miscellaneous reading. He had a radical turn of mind and so did not conform to any given line of work.

After his graduation, he and an elder brother started a young Ladies School in Boston but soon afterwards gave it up. As most of the young men of the New england Puritan stock had a ministerial bent of mind and as Ralph's elder brother had not taken up that as a profession, he himself decided to satisfy his parents by becoming a preacher. He studied Divinity under Wm. Ellery Channing, one of the best preachers of the day and also English Professor at Harvard.

Emerson was never in strict sympathy with the then Secretarianism, but after his completion of the study under Dr. Channing he was sent as colleague of Henry Ware to the Second Church of Boston. Not long after this Ware resigned and left Emerson in sole charge.

Emerson carried on his duties faithfully as Pastor although he could not be called a brilliant preacher. It was then that an event occurred which added little to Emerson's credit, but which entirely changed his life-work. In a special sermon after he had consulted with the church officers, he gave it as his opinion that the Communion Service was not meant to be continued up to this day and that he could not conscientiously administer the Sacrament. Such being the case he offered his resignation and it was accepted.

Emerson was then free to take up Literature which occupied the rest of his life. He made a trip to Europe and became more conversant with the History and Literature of that country. While there he met many Men of Letters, but especially to be mentioned is Carlyle. These two had a common cause, each in his own country, and by that common cause they formed a friendship which was life-long. Carlyle had to write against a literature which was already formed; Emerson against one which was beginning.

Emerson's whole life was singularly pure. His whole philosophy was truth. He only knew evil in the abstract. In his writings, the headings are only a tag to possibly one thought in the piece and bear no relation to the greater part of it. In logical reasoning he was singularly deficient, and when he attempts self analysis he is most obscure. Utterly un-self-conscious he wrote for the present and not for the past. He was an Idealist and against Materialism he was for Dualism.

By this period of his life he had married a second time and had settled at Concord. Here he wrote, studied, and farmed, and to the outside world he seemed to lead a very simple life. His whole work seemed to have one basis, Nature.

As a lecturer, he either read what he had written or spoke along the same line he had been writing. We will take as example one or two quotations,—"All things are normal and in their boundless changes have and an

increasing reference to Spiritual Nature. Every animal function from the sponge to Hercules shall hint or thunder forth to man the laws of right and wrong and shall echo the Ten Commandments. This ethical character so penetrates the bone and marrow of nature as to secure the end for which it was made. Every natural process is a version of a moral sentence. The moral law lies at the center of Nature and radiates to the circumference."

"Help can come to us from our bosoms, and in ourselves we find the law of all nature, so that the world is nothing. We are to be units, walk on our own feet, think our own thoughts and speak our own minds."

From the latter quotation we get a glimpse of Emerson as a leader of the Concord school of Individualism. This school was founded by Emerson and so radical were the thoughts of some in it that a paper, "The Dial" was required to give sufficient dissemination. This paper was short lived, although it had such contributors as Thoreau, Alcott and, for a while, Emerson.

We may well say that Emerson was one of greatest of American writers, although he was not strictly consecutive. His first piece entitled "Nature" which came out in pamphlet form, annonymously, caused some of its readers to prophesy for its author a brilliant literary career and their prophecy did not fail. This piece is properly a prose poem, and in it we have Emerson's greatest power in vocabulary and rythm.

CLINKSCALES "96."

The Legacy the Greek Left Us.

The civilization and the advancement of the present is but the product of the past, the great and illimitable past that stretches for ages and ages behind us, upon whose mighty highway can be seen the footprints left in the dust of time by millions upon millions of human beings. Republics, empires and nations have struggled for-

ward on its broad course for a space and then under the inexorable law of change and decay fallen by the wayside and perished, leaving a bare trace behind them to declare to coming generations that they once lived, did their work and departed forever. Not so with the Greeks. The memory of their name, their works, their deeds will never perish, but borne on the broad pinions of thought, will go on through the coming ages, undimmed by earths changing days. An everlasting monument has been reared to them, not by the hands of one generation, but by those of centuries for what more beautiful or lasting tribute need they than those noble conceptions of man that have sprung from their influence. To them the wise man of all nations whether he be poet, statesman or philosopher, turns with an admiring regard and honors with an almost despairing emulation, seeing and feeling the unequaled power of their productions.

As we look back o'er the history of the past we find the records of no people that can equal those of the Greeks in their splendid examples of human energy and power in their heroic deeds and high characters. We read of a nation lovely in their might and strong in their loveliness, beautiful with the blended light of many virtues. No epoch since the birth of man has been so illustrious in philosophy, sculpture, art, poetry and mighty deeds of arms, more famed for the opening up and cultivation of new and broad fields of learning. Their all penetrating and all daring intellect knew no bounds, it left hardly a single path or byway of wisdom unexplored, but going deeper and deeper into the labyrinth of knowledge grasped glorious and immortal thoughts, radiant with the dawning glory of coming ages. Take away the poetry and prose they have handed down to us and literature would be deprived of her dearest and most beautiful gems; the very sun that has been shining down on her efforts for so long giving them light and health would be forever extinguished.

With Greece for the country and the Greeks for the people one can hardly imagine a happier combination for a great literature. Greece was the garden spot of Southern Europe, her people were each and every one the most sensitive of critics, quick to distinguish between the false and the true. Their poets, prose writers and historians had to draw their inspiration from the living fountains of nature; from the events that immediately effected their destiny; from the thoughts and opinions that had gained a mighty hold on the popular mind; from everything that would excite the imagination and move deeply the human heart; and above all they must hold nothing better or nobler than the truth, This was what taught their poets, their philosophers to conquer by long study and ceaseless labor the means and materials with which they could cloth their thoughts in the garment of truth and reality. This is why we see in their works the terrible, the beautiful, the mean, the noble, imagined and portrayed with an equal ease. Their pictures are true to the minute's touch; their characters are living beings, flesh and blood, real, and losing not one atom of their reality by being fashioned by human hands. Their literature is full and running over with striking lessons, and some of the noblest and grandest principles can be found in it that have ever sprung from the efforts of the human mind. Their ethics contain maxims as pure as any Christianity itself unfolds, and political reflections that have modelled some of the earth's most lasting laws. They laid the very foundations of that grand temple of thought and knowledge that man is so slowly and faithfully building, and who will dare predict that their work will perish bringing down the whole structure with it. So much have they done for the advancement of civilization and learning.

Now, when man has taken the reins of the sun-chariot out of the hands of Apollo and placed them in those of an all-powerful God, when the oracles of the immortals are hushed and silenced forever and human action is no

longer governed by their decrees, where no enraged Juno hurls down his awful thunderbolts, spreading death and destruction among the nations, and the smoke from the appearing sacrifices has ceased to rise, that fire which was caught down from heaven is not altogether extinguished, but the gleam of it shall continue to light the way of coming ages to truth as it has lighted the past. Its immortal flame will grow stronger and stronger and shine brighter and brighter until the great pendulum of time has made its last swing.

H. H. LANE.

Some Features of Modern American Literature.

American literature affords a pleasant field for study. Its history is so brief, so easily traced and yet so pregnant with brilliant periods that its very precocity lends fascination to interest. No literature has grown with such marvelous rapidity. Barely a century ago, with all the disadvantages of a newly-formed government to contend with and amid the gibes and sneers of our ill-bred English friends, we laid the foundation stones of a literature which stands today the greatest of the great.

But it is not our purpose to write a review of American literature, nor to compile a sort of condensed history of its various epochs; we wish merely to point out a few of the features which characterize it today and which are peculiar to it only.

Our literature has been complained of by not a few as being too sectional in tone. Conan Doyle, in a recent criticism of American literature, deprecates this and thinks our tendency to "over accentuate local peculiarities" a dangerous one. It is true our literature is intensely sectional; the lines are drawn sharply and every part of our country has its novelist. Hence we do not talk learnedly of American literature in general, but discuss the relative merits of Western literature as compared with that of the North. Of course if these

divisions were to become "aggressively sectional," as Mr. Doyle seems to fear, we can see readily where it would be hurtful in many ways, but this is entirely improbable, and with all due respect for the opinions voiced by the English novelist, we are forced to disagree with him.

We are afraid he has been regarding America from an English standpoint alone. He has not taken into consideration our immense area. An Englishman can wander over his little island in a very short time, and if he did not tread on any ground save that which had been acquired honestly he would suffer very likely from insufficient exercise. Our country is almost limitless, and much of it would remain entirely foreign to us were it not for the realistic delineations of our sectional writers. Thus American literature serves to educate as well as entertain.

Mr. Doyle seems to think there is danger of our literature becoming antagonistic because of its sectional character. It seems to us the very opposite effect would result. What would we know about the various phases of American life were it not for our authors? Each section sees its own follies and virtues ridiculed and exalted by the master hand of genius. We are gaining a better knowledge of our country and its people. Naturally we are learning to understand one another more thoroughly. Thus the bonds of fraternal feeling will be strengthened and patriotism and national pride will become second nature.

It is said that the bicycle is destined to take the place of the horse as a means of travel. It would doubtless be an exaggeration to say that the railroad train has a formidable rival in the American novel; but, for example, if we wish to take a trip to New England for mental improvement and our bank account cannot be rendered visible even by a cathode ray, we have still a most delightful resort left: an imaginary journey through those classic hills with Miss Mary E. Wilkins as a guide. Or

we may wish a taste of high life, of society that is "select." We cheerfully hand over $1.50—there are cheaper editions for those who wish to travel second class—and Mrs. Burton Harrison very kindly introduces us into the very "swellest" of New York's "Four Hundred." And whether we are enjoying the vivacious bubbling of *A Bachelor Maid*, or indulging in the deltghtful pastime of *An Errant Wooing*, or even listening to the disgusting utterances of some of *The Anglomaniacs* that infest the social world, we still feel intensely the stimulating and broadening influences that are at work. If New York palls on us and we yearn for the "forest primeval," Miss Craddock is ever ready to conduct us through the Smoky Mountains of Tennessee, while her remarkable familiarity with the country and its inhabitants lends additional charm to the expedition. We may continue our journey farther South, or we may go in any direction we choose and we find no lack of literary guides.

Another feature of American literature, and one distinctly peculiar to it only, is humor. Now we do not wish to disparage the playful streams that are sometimes seen tranquilly flowing through the English novel; nor would we place at a discount the sparkling raillery the French so frequently indulge in—all these are good enough when correctly termed, but we beg you, conjure you to respect the dead and for the sake of Lowell, Holmes and Artemus Ward never call it humor. American humor is the only genuine article of the kind to be found in the world. We create it; other countries manufacture it. One is like fruit ripened and made luscious by the sunshine of skies tnat are sapphire; the other is a cheap imitation in wax—interesting to look at but unpalatable.

It is said that the English frequently find trouble in "catching on" to the point of many of our jokes. Naturally, this is so. They can't see a boundry line much less a point. The fogs of their native land have dimmed their powers of perception and they are constantly peer-

ing instead of "seeing." Now every one knows when one goes peering around in the dark for anything it remains invisible until one falls over it and it makes itself painfully evident. That is precisely the difficulty of our English cousins. They examine a joke as gingerly as they would a dynamite bomb and after they have decided to their own satisfaction that there is nothing in it they accidentally touch the hidden match and the whole thing explodes in their hands. Then they grow furious and say we are having fun at their offense. Poor "chappies," we do have lots of it!

A short while before his death Eugene Field was in London. While there he received much attention and one day found himself at a very fashionable reception. He was introduced to Mrs. Humphrey Ward and as he sat down "to engage awhile in friendly chat" the great English Authoress gorgonized him with a supercilious stare. She was the author of *Robert Elsmere* and felt her fame; he was only Eugene Field, a Western poet, with a few volumes of rare verse to his credit. Conversation languished. Finally the great lady aroused herself; she wished to see if there really was anything in this specimen of the Western wilds of America. "Tell me of Chicago," she said with a look of curiosity, "its people and its climate, I have never seen a *native* Chicagoan before." "Madam," returned Field solemnly, "when they found me I was living in a tree." And Mrs. Humphey Ward is still wondering what Field meant.

You may search the whole world over and you will find nothing richer or rarer than American humor. Its crispness refreshes; its raciness exhilerates. It sparkles and flashes with point, while the lambent glow of graceful fancy evelopes the whole and makes it perfect. Humor has done much to individualize our literature; and this individuality or originality is another distinctive feature of American letters. No country has ever produced a Washington, Irving, a Holmes, or an Artemus

Ward save America. And today Mark Twain, Bret Harte, John Kendrick Bangs and Frank R. Stockton cultivate alone the fields of fancy peculiarly their own.

The English are very proud of Jerome K. Jerome, while the French simply idolize Max O'Rell. Jerome has done some very good work, but the French humorist has tried very hard to be funny at America's expense and in his labored effort to satinize our foibles he has ventilated thoroughly his own smallness. In the last book he wrote about us he said when an American had nothing else to do he passed his time very profitably in trying to find out who his grandfather was. When Mark Twain read this little skit he assured Mr. O'Rell that he had "cracked" a great joke and then calmly added, when a Frenchman had nothing else to do he could employ all of his spare time in trying to find out who his father was. And now O'Rell is furiously angry with Twain for so effectually squelching him and wants to fight a duel. In fact, he deemed a reply absolutely necessary, and recently there appeared in the *North American Review* a long article from his pen in which he tries to prove by a liberal use of statistics that the Parisian standard of morality is higher than that of New York. And now not a few have come to regard the term "humorist" as applied to Mr. O'Rell, a misnomer.

America is proud of her literature and she has good reason to be. We have had to fight against heavy odds and many discouragements, but the same grim determination which enabled us to break the iron shackle of British tyranny stood us in good stead and we have a literature that is steadily ascending to the royal seat of supremacy. Its influence is as powerful as it is far reaching: and it faithfully mirrors the wonderful cleverness of a wide awake, cultured people.

J. A. SULLIVAN.

Wofford College Journal

A Literary Magazine, published monthly by the Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.

Contributions are solicited from the Alumni and students of the institution.

The JOURNAL goes into every county in South Carolina and many beyond the State, and is manifestly an excellent advertising medium. Our rates are, one page one year $25; one-half page one year $12.50.

Address all general matter to the Editor-in-Chief, all matter of advertising, subscription and finance to the Business Manager.

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Andrew Law, Alumni.

CALHOUN SOCIETY

L. P. McGee, Exchange.
O. D. Wannamaker, Local.

The Editor's Desk

Newspapers

Strange as it may seem to those who declare that they never read anything in a newspaper but the head-lines, whose imaginations have been in the habit of wandering to even lighter material in search of something to amuse, there are in this country over twenty thousand newspapers, and of this large number two thousand appear every morning. It may be interesting to note that South Carolina has, iucluding all of the country publications, one hundred and nineteen.

As a rule representatives of newspapers are abitious and laborious. Of much that they do the world knows but very little. While we are asleep the morning papers are being "made up," and before breakfast we read what has happened in different parts of the world on the previous day. While the business man goes about his daily work, the afternoon editions are being printed, and before dark we know what has taken place in other sec-

tions of the country during the morning. They never know any intermission of their labors. They lend themselves readily to all purposes, to all parties, and to all divisions of parties. They plead the cause of good order and the supremacy of the law, and the furtherance of disorder. They are great agents of civilization, always ready for the use and abuse of all men. Some use them wisely and with great profit and honor to themselves ; many use them foolishly and with great loss and ruin to themselves ; and not a few abuse them because the editors say they know more about conducting their papers than one who has subscribed "with a promise to pay on to-morrow."

Their columns give publicity equally to the thoughts of the wise, to the schemes and plans of the tricky and cunning, and to the empty fancies of the foolish. Startling events are transmuted into common place occurrences, and these acquire so much prominence and such a speedy repetition that they are apt, from the very nature of the case, to loose their precise original form. Hence the popular idea that newspaper articles do not always embody an exact measure of truth. However, men insist on having their curiosity satified, and daily labor is spent to satisfy the wants of the reader. They wait impatiently the visit of the daily paper, and in rural districts the arrival of the county weekly is looked forward to with equal pleasure and interest. It is only by increasing toil, intense application of mind and body to this work that all of the advantages of the modern newspaper are given to the public. This much credit is due them.

What a large quantity of information they collect and distribute ! It is generally briefly told, well arranged, and in some case accurately reported. The reporter for the daily paper is always on the lookout for something to occur. Nothing of especial or of general interest escapes his notice. No conditions are too low for them, none too hard, none too exalted. Whatever concerns

the humble resident of a small cottage concerns a part of society, and so the newspaper man is found there. They are contented-looking as a class, but of all the mistakes that appearances make this is one of the greatest. They have their annoyances : to write an article which the managing editor will not accept, or one which the public strongly condemns is "gall and bitterness, indeod, and deep affliction of spirit."

And who can estimate the result of this labor? Mr. Carlyle some place speaks of a "Preaching Friar" who plaes himself in a village, and builds a pulpit "which he calls a newspaper. Therefore he preaches what most momentous doctrine is in him for man's salvation ; and dost thou not listen and observe?" Their great aim is not so much to teach how to think as it is to teach what to think. But for this they should not be too severely criticised. Shall not the judges of all the earth do right?

Their work is not one of lasting importance like the writer of a book ; but it is of intense temporary interest, and sometimes lasting in its influence. The editor of a newspaper should, therefore, be not only a competent man, he should have that indefinable something which enables him to teach his fellow man not only what to think but also how to think. To him it is possible for the human race to owe a debt of gratitnde for enlarging our knowledge, refining the pablic taste and promoting civilization and happiness.

Newspapers should be kept pure. Instead of encouraging a depraved taste and feeding a corrupt stomach, something that prefers what respectable people would not touch, or even look upon, they should be conducted carefully and conscientiously. It is shameful that the papers with the largest circulation in this country seem to prefer the most silly and corrupting trash that is contributed. One need not name them; the readers knows. And respectable people encourage it by giving their subscriptions. The sensational paper is the one that sells ; and competent men, otherwise honorable, liberal and just, instead of

purifying it, promulgating noble principles, teaching lessons of wisdom, they seek to gratify a corrupt public taste.

"The Ideal of Universities," by Adolf Brodbeck, Ph. D., published by the Metaphysical Publishing Company, New York, is being warmly received by the press. The work is divided into sections, or chapters, each one of which comprises some particular division, or specific subject incident to the development of the great universities. The past and present conditions and future aims of such institutions are entertainingly discussed. To this historical knowledge is also added a close investigation of the essential nature of the subject. The style is terse and clear; but the great merit of the work is in the mastery of the subject and the excellent manner in which the discussions are arranged.

The session, '95–'96, is drawing rapidly to a close. We are reminded of this by the appearance of the catalogue for the next session. It is a splendid edition, and we trust no stone shall be left unturned to bring them before the public. Our alumni and all of the students should be interested in this matter, and should do all that is possible to call the attention of the public to Wofford. Here are offered advantages that are not obtainable at many colleges, and all that is needed to increase very largely the list of matriculates for the next session is a little more enthusiastic work on the part of the alumni.

Among Our Exchanges

At the request of the regular exchange editor, who is unwell, I shall proceed to speak of some of the leading periodicals before me.

The Texas University, in poetic profusion, is unequalled by any exchange on our table. An essay on "John Keats" is a thoroughly critical and well finished article, and would be a credit to any magazine.

The *Hendrix College Mirror* has less superfluous space and more of common sense than any publication among our exchanges. "The Education of the Sensibilities" deserves especial note, and should be read by every student of psychology, as it is based on psychological facts and principles. In the editorial department "The Proper Use of Books" is a comment short and precise. Among the "Alumni Reflection" is a short article on "Professions Chosen Before Entering College." This is a strong argument in favor of choosing a profession before entering college, or as soon thereafter as possible.

The *Irving Sketch Book* is an attractive journal with a variety of subjects. "Germany and the Church" is a rare and interesting subject for a college magazine, and displays a wide and accurate knowledge in this line of history. One of the most interesting ideas connected with this number of the journal are several short essays on "My Ideal Woman." This subject is equally interesting to men as to young ladies, possibly more so. One sentence in reference to beauty—"No woman who makes herself loved by reason of her actions is ever regarded as anything but beautiful." And "Last and greatest this ideal woman is a Christian."

The Davidson Monthly has splendid fiction contributors. "Reunited," "In the Church Across the Creek," and "Three Chapters in a Life"—with these contribu-

tions where would be your modern novel? This periodical also has a couple of substantial mental vitalizers: "Some Thoughts on Sentimentalism" and "Life and Uses." This last subject is of especial interest to college students because written by a university man to his Alma Mater. He says: "I believe that thoroughness of work is best accomplished and mental discipline more generally acquired by taking the four years' course at a first class small college and then take a special work at the University strongest in the work desired. It is true that an under-graduate does not have as many privileges at a college, and possibly does not acquire the same breadth of thought, but his work is more thorough, and it is perhaps best that a Freshman should not be spread out too much, for we know the consequence when a limited quantity is spread over too much surface. It becomes too thin for good effect."

The *Peabody Record* has some good articles: "Mechanism and Man," "The Natural Bridge," and "Lowell. the Critic," are among the best.

He Was a Freshman.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
So far as we can learn;
Stood there in perfect safety, as
He was too green to burn.

J. C. R.

Our Alumni

Wofford Orators.

We are always glad to note our Alumni's rank in the various professions. At this time it is very pleasant to see how our men are regarded as commencement speakers. Dr. Kilgo, of Trinity, recently delivered an address before the graduating class of a Medical college in Baltimore. He is said to have captured the audience with his usual touches of humor and pathos. At the Trinity college commencement the Baccalaureate sermon will be preached by Dr. A. Coke Smith, now of Norfolk, Va., and the Literary address will be delivered by Dr. Kirkland of Vanderbilt. Both are Wofford graduates. The alumni address at our commencement will be made by Rev. W. R. Richardson, of Charleston, and the Literary address by our first graduate, Hon. Samuel Dibble of Orangeburg. Mr. Dibble delivered the Literary address about twelve years ago also. In this department is found an interesting sketch of him.

Nettles-Jones.

Miss Lee Jones, and Rev. S. A. Nettles, '82, were recently married at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. S. B. Jones, in this city, the Rev. W. C. Power officiating. After the ceremony the bride and groom left for Columbia where they will spend some time.

Quite a number of our Alumni were in the city as delegates to the Cotton Exposition Convention.

G. H. Shuler, '95, spent several days in the city last month.

Dr. M. M. Lester, '84, was in the city attending the State Medical Association, which was held here April 22-25.

Rev. A. B. Earle, '87, has been in the city for some months.

Mr. Jack Norton, '95, spent a day with the Seniors a few weeks ago. He was on his way home from Cross Anchor where he has just closed a very fine school.

We were greatly pained to learn of the death of Rev. Mr. Wightman of Ebernezer Church, Charleston. His death was very sudden, he being sick but a few hours.

Connor-Murray.

J. S. Connor, who spent several years here with the class of '95, was recently married to Miss Bessie Murray of Orangeburg.

B. H. Henderson, '95, who is studying law at the S. C. college was elected Director of the Glee club of the college a few weeks ago.

Capt. B. Hart Moss, was in the city as a delegate to the Chicago Fair Convention from Orangeburg. Mr. Geo. E. Prince was among the delegates from Anderson.

Hon. Samuel Dibble,

who is to deliver the address before the Literary Societies this year, was born at Charleston, S. C., September 16, 1837. He received his early education in his native State and at Bethel, Conn., the home of his grandfather. He attended the Charleston High School, and in 1853 matriculated at the College of Charleston. He went through the junior class of that institution, and at that

time it was generally admitted that he and Roswell P. Logan, the present well known journalist, would very probably tie for first honors. But the faculty of that college and the rising senior class had some difference on account of the treatment of a member of said class by the faculty, and the class rebelled. Finally, after much consideration, the trustees agreed to reinstate all the members of the class who would comply with certain conditions imposed by them. The great majority of the class, including Mr. Dibble, concluded that these conditions were too onerous, and left the institution, thus inflicting upon it a blow from which it has never fully recovered, so far as attendance of students is concerned.

Mr. Dibble then came to Wofford College, which was then in its infancy, and entering the highest class, graduated in 1856.

He then engaged in teaching, his first school being at Shiloh Church, in Orangeburg county. He pursued the study of the law along with his teaching and was admitted to the bar in 1859 and began the practice of his profession at Orangeburg Court House. Soon the war broke out and he volunteered his services to his State and served till its close in the First and Twenty-Fifth Regiments of South Carolina Volunteers, attaining the rank of first lieutenant. He returned to Orangeburg and resumed the practice of his profession. He was employed on most of the important cases of the county and met with marked success. He is an able counsellor.

He was elected to the Legislature in 1877 and served his people well. He has represented his State in the National Democratic Convention, and has been a Presidential elector on the Democratic ticket. Mr. Dibble has been five times elected to Congress. He served his people well and faithfully in the National Legislature. That indomitable energy and close aplication, and strong, well-trained mind, which have made of him a man wherever placed, made of him a Congressman of whom his constituency were proud.

At the close of the war, when our people were downcast by defeat and oppressed by the alien, Mr. Dibble, then young and buoyant, active and strong, did much to inspire his fellow citizens with hope and courage, and to induce them to retrieve their lost fortunes. He is an eminent and representative man of Carolina, a thorough lawyer, ripe scholar and successful business man. In 1894 Wofford College conferred upon him the degree L.L.D.

Hon. Samuel Dibble is president of the Edisto Savings Bank, the largest institution of that kind in Orangeburg county. He is also president of the recently organized cotton factory of Orangeburg. The students of Wofford made a happy selection when they asked him to deliver the address this year.

Local Items

When the game of ball was played here between Columbia and Spartanburg, the local editor was sick; and when a few days afterwards he wrote the local for the April JOURNAL, he was unaware that the game had been changed from a college to a town game, and so reported it incorrectly. This is intended as a correction of that error. [The game was virtually one between the South Carolina College and Wofford, as was admitted by Mr. Wilson, of the South Carolina team, to the writer on the ball field, and it is pretty safe to say that a certain Columbia paper would have so reported it had the victory been on the other side.—Ed. W. C. Journal.]

Wofford is playing great ball now. The three games with Wake Forest were the most interesting and the best games altogether that we have had for a long time. In the first Chreitzberg struck out 19 men. He gave bases to only 3. Gus' pitching was the beauty of the game, as far as Wofford was concerned. On the side of our friends, Wake Forest, the out-fielding was superb The second game was pitched by Gus also, but he did not keep up to the almost unattainable record of game No. 1. Our field work, both inner and outer, was good and Wofford perhaps beat the visiting team this time in every respect. The third game was not so exciting as the first two. Lane and Walker pitched. They, of course, need experience, but our Athletic Association expects great things from them both. The scores were: Wofford 5, Wake Forest 2; Wofford 4, Wake Forest 2; Wake Forest 11, Wofford 9.

We have just fallen in love with our Wake Forest brothers. They conducted themselves in such a way as to commend the admiration of Wofford boys. The local

editor hopes Wofford has learned how to take a defeat when necessary in a quiet, gentlemanly way. Best regards to the boys of Wake Forest.

As a result of the combination of our three libraries, on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 5 and 6, the library committee sold at auction to students 499 duplicate volumes. Many of these books were very desirable and in good condition. A few which I may mention are: The English Men of Letters, Morley; DeQuincey's Works; Morley's Dutch Republic; Prescott's Works; Gibbon's Rome; Hume's England; Macaulay's England; Allison's Europe; Allibon's Dictionary of Authors; George Eliot's Novels; Dickens and Thackeray. These are only a beginning, however. The amount realized from the sale is about one hundred and sixty dollars ($160.00), and this money will be immediately expended for new books.

Mr. Wm. Post, of Charleston, is in town engaged upon a life-sized painting of Dr. Carlisle. He will remain here several weeks. The Calhoun Society was very fortunate in securing this artist. The bust of the Rev. J. R. Pickett, owned by the Preston Society, was made by him and is an excellent piece of work.

On the 30th of April, Prof. Blake took the Sophs to Tryon on a surveying tour. The boys surveyed the wild grandeur of Nature and also Tryon mountain. They say the trip was delightful and it would be a good idea to carry the Fresh away to the woods for awhile, too. The Sophs returned on the 2nd. Let the Fresh stay a week or too.

What about the Senior Geological and Minerological Prospecting tour?

The Coeducational class is going to have a photograph made. They can be had at Petersons for ten dollars a copy. If you wish one, be in a hurry or they will all be sold. Only one hundred copies will be issued.

The Seniors are having their pictures taken and oiling their mustache for commencement.

The local editor will not make any attempt to describe the Junior Reception given at Converse. It was a delightful affair and the favored few who attended will tell you how they were treated. One Senior says he is, always afraid he will take vertigo where he gets into that company of young ladies. We think this Junior class has excelled all previous classes in the beautiful decorations if not in the pleasant management of the reception also. Many thanks to our cousins for their kindness.

The Furman-Wofford game of the 8th was the poorest game we have played this season. There were many errors on both sides, anp the score was piled up to 8 to 7 when it ought to have been about 5 to 4. The teams were very nearly matched. Bennett saved the game by his fine catch in centre. Furman played two men who were not students, but by permission.

To the Local Editor:

The nature of the article which appeared in the last numper of the South Carolina College Journal concerning the game of ball between that institution and Wofford College is such as to make a reply quite out of the question. The manner and tone of that article carries its own antidote. The mere discussion or dispute as to the playing of one man could not have generated so much feeling. Carolina must learn how to take her defeat.

G. M. MOORE.

The Sophomore Exhibition.

The exhibition was one of the very best we have ever had. The speeches were well chosen and rendered in graceful, and by several speakers, in a forceful style. The large audience showed no sign of weariness, and the delighted reception ended well so delightful an evening.

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Literary

GIST GEE, - - - EDITOR.

Mr. W. D. Howells According to His Own Theories.

Let us measure Howells by his own theories. These he states and expands in two books particularly—*My Literary Passions* and *Criticism and Fiction.* The first is interesting as showing the gradual evolution of a popular novelist, and the other book, delightfully written, is less superficial and contains together with some rather extraordinary criticisms, much that is good and true. Mr. Howells enunciates his creed quite clearly and fully. He differentiates between so-called "Naturalism" and the more respectable "Realism," and gives his opinion of Romance and Romanticism in no uncertain tones. We shall have to make rather full excerpts from "Criticism and Fiction" to exhibit Mr. Howells in his own light, and must be pardoned if the amount of quoted matter in this essay seems disproportionate.

The following is a criticism by Valdes, the great Spanish Realist. It is undoubtedly intended to apply to Howells, between whom and Senor Valdes there appears to exist something like a highly prosperous mutual-admiration society:

"The American novelist is distinguished for the intellectual grip which he has on his characters. He penetrates below the crust, and he recognizes no necessity

for the crust to anticipate what is beneath. He utterly discards heroes; he often even discards anything like a plot. His story proper is often nothing more than a natural predicament. The characters in an American novel are never unapproachable to the reader. The naturalness, with the every-day atmosphere that surrounds it, is one great charm of the American novel. It is throughout examinative, discussory, even more—quizzical. Its characters are undergoing at the hands of the author, calm, interested observation. He is never caught identifying himself with them; he must preserve impartially at all costs, but the touch of nature is always felt, the feeling of kinship always follows. The strength of it is its optimistic faith. If out of this persistent hopefulness, it can create for men a new order of trustfulness, a tenet that between man and man there should be less suspicion, more confidence, since human nature sanctions it, its mission will have been more than an aesthetic, it will have been a moral one."

Now this is Howells' real creed. It is well expressed for him by another of his ilk. We agree with it all; agree that we find these tenets faithfully adhered to in 'A Hazard of New Fortunes." One most gratifying, quality of Howells is his thorough consistency. This artistic consistency does not preclude some contradictions of statement, however. But he lays down his rules, states his creed, and in his novels conscientiously follows his rules and his creed with all their limitations. And so I say we admit the truth of Senor Valdes' statements, until we find him prophesying great moral reforms as a result of Howells' realism. Now no such novel as "A Hazard of New Fortunes" will "evolve a new order of trustfulness" or anything of the sort, nor will it have any "moral" mission whatever. The wealth of this novel doesn't lie in its ethical value, for that is nill, but in its really wonderful fidelity, in portraying common-place life and character, to its original. In these qualities Mr. Howells is undoubtedly a master. If

any one disputes this for a moment, he is simply not "giving the devil his due." But we doubt if Mr. Howells' novels are what he claims them to be in *ethical* value. The author declares himself perfectly impartial in the treatment of his characters. And this is true. We hardly see, tho', how this "impartiality" is quite consistent with the ethical mission of the Realistic novel. Vice is equal to virtue, crime is not condemned, no preference is shown between an ignoble and a lofty character—all is left to the reader. *He* interprets as his own moral tendency dictates. Do you see the issue? "To the genuine Realist virtue and vice are as acids and alkalies to the chemist, therefore, he cannot prefer, cannot have, an ethical purpose."

Now Mr. Howells flatly contradicts himself. Hear the following: "It is not the business of art to preach morality, still I think, that resting on a divine and spiritual principle, like the idea of the beautiful, it is perforce moral." And now this: "They (the public) don't like novels that make you think of life's cares and duties, and shame you into being a helpfuller and wholesomer creature than you are. No sordid details of verity here, if you please; no wretched being humbly and weakly struggling to do right and to be true, suffering for his follies and his sins, tasting joy only thro' the mortification of self and the help of others." In the first paragraph he declares lesson-teaching is quite incidental to his novels. For they are "artistic" and it's not art's purpose to "preach morality." They show the struggles of humanity truthfully, therefore artistically. He says art is true as it is faithful to life, and *scientific* as it is faithful to life. Here we have the raison d'etre of Howells' novels. They are scientific—they are "true to life." He wants to be scientific—so he is true to life. Science (falsely so-called) is at the bottom of the whole business. It isn't true science, for science takes account of *all* phenomena—the ordinary, the exceptional. But Mr. Howells' science recognizes only the common-place.

Common-place men don't make history. Common-place emotions don't turn destiny's tides. Christ was not common-place, nor Moses, nor Socrates. And I would like to know how several hundred pages of "small talk" will teach men to move on a higher plane of thought and feeling. Howells represents a very small part of life. And right here he is deficient. The phenomena of life are not always ordinary—they are sometimes exceptional.

We said that Mr. Howells contradicted himself. He says in the first paragraph quoted that didacticism is *incidental* to his scientific novels. In the second his whole tone seems to indicate that the only aim and reason for existence of his novels is to preach morality. If that's their mission, they singularly fail. The pretty things Mr. Howells says in the second paragraph are true to a great extent. But you don't find anything of that in the author's work. If these "realistic" books were calculated to effect all this beautiful result, then how unjust and false would be any complaint of something wanting in them!

You see Mr. Howells merely photographs life. His is the kodak method of art. He is indifferent to good and bad, beautiful and ugly. He says in "Criticism and Fiction" that he wishes to differentiate between the good and the false, etc., but *he* does nothing of the kind. If there's any differentiation, it's determined by the lines of the photograph. The artist is a machine, and, as we said before, the rest is left to the reader—*he* draws his own inferences according to his moral tendency. But there's no danger here, because nothing in Mr. Howells' novels can harm anyone—they are frothy and superficial to such an astounding degree. "The camera sees only the outside; the Realist sees no more, and so it would be more appropriate to call him an "epidermist," one who investigates only the surface, the cuticle of life—usually with a preference for very dirty skin." But

Mr. Howells does prefer *clean* skin. He is dainty enough, usually.

Mr. Howells says he "works from without inwardly." That is, he judges motive by action, the thoughts of the mind, the emotions of the soul by their outward manifestation. Now there's one great fact of life: a human being cannot be judged by appearances. There's no such thing as "working from without inwardly." Howells tries to do it, and he penetrates a little below the skin surface sometimes, but never does reach the heart. Small-talk may be a criterion of character and it may not be. Great men engage in it, and so do fools.

Please consider the following:

"Men are more like than unlike one another. Let us make them know one another better that they may be all humbled and strengthened with a sense of their fraternity. Neither arts nor letters nor sciences, except as they somehow, clearly or absolutely, tend to make the race better or kinder are to be regarded as serious interests; they are lower than the rudest crafts that feed and house and clothe, for except they do this office they are idle; and they cannot do this except from and thro' the truth" (Howells). This is both beautiful and true; but Mr. Howells has no right to limit it to Realism, as he evidently intends. He says that art and letters and science are not serious interests except as they elevate the race. That is just what *we* think, and therefore Mr. Howells' "art and science" are not serious interests, but are extremely frivolous, and it's a hard matter to regard such frivolous things in a "serious" light. But we are unjust to the celebrated Realist. For how could art and letters and science accomplish more for humanity than by reporting verbatim drawing-room small-talk, and by giving us a chapter from the life of a few empty and commonplace characters?

And, finally, hear this:

"Therefore I am not afraid to say now that the greatest classics are sometimes not at all great, and that we can

profit by them only when we hold them, like our meanest contemporaries, to a strict accounting, and verify their work by the standard of the arts which we all have in our power, the simple, the natural, and the honest" (Howells).

In this criticism Mr. Howells is almost great. But he is behind the times. He thinks he is saying something original and making a bold dash in uttering such a radical opinion. Others have made it before him, however. This criticism is very old. The classics occupy their very position, because their work has been duly weighed and found worthy according to that same "standard of the arts which we all have in our power, the simple, the natural, and the honest." "Sometimes the greatest classics are not at all great." True; yet Mr. Howells is not the first to recognize this, as he seems to think. But tho' not always so very great, they are yet quite too far above Mr. Howells to begin to tremble for their time-honored seats. Howells' plea for just, fair and appreciate criticism is, altogether, a most admirable idea, and will accomplish something. One might, perhaps, wish Mr. Howells a trifle less iconoclastic, since moderation is desirable even in literary criticism. The plea, we say, is admirable. Yet Mr. Howells' plea is really in his own behalf. He wishes all fiction not strictly within the pale of his peculiar art theories to be declared an inferior product. But Mr. Howells is one. The admirers of our great classics are many.

MARION TUCKER.

Scott's Woodstock—"Certain Types of Character Developed by the Civil War."

The conflict between the two great political and religious factions of England during the seventh century was of immense importance to the descendants of the English people. It was not merely important as a settlement of a political controversy, but was a very potent

factor in framing and developing the national character of the English speaking world throughout subsequent history.

Reformers are produced by a slow process of evolution. Embryonic ideas spring into existence and are sometimes centuries in maturing, but at last the mind breaks loose from the "moorings and traditions" of the past and a revolution in thought is the result of the slow crystalization of centuries. But when the idea that a government needs to be reformed becomes fixed in the minds of a large class of its people, and revolution hurls a country into civil war, we have displayed to view the finest field for speculation upon the various types of character, and the many phases of human nature developed by the struggle.

For centuries before the outbreak of the civil war in England the popular idea that church and state were inseparable and the *jus divinum* of kings were deeply rooted in the English mind. Religious controversies there had been prior to the time of the Puritan age, but reform in religion did not mean a separation of church and state. Thus in King Henry's time we have the state religion departing from Popery and adopting Episcopacy, but everything is done through the strong arm of government and the people are required to conform. However, later, when knowledge has become more diffused and Puritanic ideas have become fixed in a large class of the people, the question comes slowly into the minds of many as to whether the state has a right to interfere with the consciences of men, and the *jus divinum* of kings becomes a matter of doubt.

The Puritan in his struggle against the king went against precedent and deliberately trampled under foot the traditions of the past. He entered the struggle full of the wild superstition of his age, and if he had any doubts of the justness of his cause when he first ventured out these were doubtless dispersed by the successes which characterized their campaign as they followed

Cromwell, the iron-hearted, from victory to victory. No wonder, when we consider the superstition of the age, that religious fanatics were abundant. Fighting for conscience and against the king (a crime in the estimation of others) is it any wonder that we have men of Harrison's stamp?

(*a*) Such men very naturally took it as a mark of Divine Favor that success followed them, and then the next step was to believe that they were *special agents* in the hands of God to bring about reform on all sides.

Harrison was a fair type of many men of his time. Devoted to his religious principles, a zealous adherent of the Presbyterian faith, but a man of unbounded avarice and cruelty, it was easy for him to attempt to solace his guilty conscience by forcing himself to believe that he had committed his cruel acts from necessity and in the cause of religion.

Doubtless in many cases his crimes were really the result of his blind zeal and infatuation for religion. Believing himself one of the *elect* of God to fight against the armies of "Armageddon," he considered the cavaliers enemies of God, and of course worthy of death, and this fact, added to the natural cruelty of the man, rendered him a brute to the prisoners he captured and caused him to commit the most atrocious barbarities. Being extremely superstitious, the memory of crimes haunted him and rendered him an easy tool for the ghost-makers of Woodstock. Thus when the man appears in the garb of the youth he had murdered, we see displayed in full the awful terror that seized him.

To sum up Harrison, I would say of him that he was a man of great bravery on the field of battle, but in the private affairs of life he was a religious fanatic and most consummate crank, in whom avarice, cruelty and superstition were mingled in equal proportions.

(*b*) Another type of character developed by the civil war was the philosophic atheist. This is the man who, looking at all the various "isms" of the seventeenth

century, could see little of good in any of them; but weighing the whole in the scales of his own imperfect system of reasoning, and finding many objectionable features in all, he ended by beliving in none. The wild fanaticism of some sects, the overthrow of existing institutions and the crude notions of many men of that period concerning religion, as well as the peculiar phases through which the manners and morals of the time were passing, all contributed to weaken the faith of the man who attempted to investigate the various questions of religion which could not help presenting themselves to the thoughtful observer. He had seen the overthrow of Popery in England and the establishment of Episcopacy. Now he beheld a class of non-conformists aiming directly and successfully at the old system.

He notes also that these non-conformists are themselves divided into innumerable sects, among whom the only agreement is disagreement. He sees that many of these sects have the most ridiculous ideas of theology, and the question very naturally presents itself to a thoughtful man, "What can one believe with such a pandemonium of conflicting opinions waging war around him?" Men of Master Bletson's stamp were not few during this period. Men who could not help feeling contempt for the existing state of affairs, and who could not tolerate Presbyterianism, Anabaptists, Brownists, Quakers, etc., *ad infinitum*. For the *Bletsonian* character, however, we have little respect, for notwithstanding his vaunted boastings, he was a superstitious, cowardly craven at bottom, and all his philosophic arguments against religion did not free him from fear while the Woodstock ghosts were making their nightly rounds through the secret chambers of the old hall.

The most peculiar type of character of the Puritan age was that of the ignoramus who blindly followed the directing influence of existing conditions, and like an ox under the yoke was merely the tool or machine for de-

signing men. We cannot help feeling contempt for Colonel Desborough. He never knew so much as even the preamble to the principles and doctrines he professed. I dare say he did not know but that the doctrine of his own sect was the original revelation to Moses on the Mount, and he would have accepted almost anything told him, without at all looking into the proof, especially if it should flatter the opinions he thinks he is advocating. We are not surprised when we learn that he thinks the Jewish faith of recent origin, "The Jews older than the Christians, fore George, they will have thee before the General Assembly, Bletson, if thou venturest to say so." Stupid and stubborn as an ox ; ignorant, and prefering to remain so, we lay him aside, remarking that Desborough is still among us and we feel that we have made his acquaintance somewhere.

Some Aspects of Savonarola's Character in "Romola."

Savonarola was undoubtedly one of the great shining lights which illuminated the onward march of Renaissant Italy in her efforts to awaken the people of that time to new energy and activity in all lines—intellectually, spiritually, politically and otherwise. He must necessarily, coming at the very period he did, have been a great power for the strengthening of the church. It was a period of controversy, censure, and constant change in church and state. Even as Wycliffe was needed in the new movement of religion in England, so, and to a much greater extent, was Savonarola's influence and power needed to reform the affairs of Italy and more especially of Florence. His power was recognized not only in strictly religious ways but also in important questions pertaining to the political government of Florence.

It is not easy for me to say in a few qualifying phrases what is the secret of Savonarola's influeuce, for I think this can best be answered by our noting some of his

strong characteristics, and it may be that thus it will appear what is the secret of his influence.

In early youth he appeared grave and religious in manner, and, living in a section of the country where public shows and worldly amusements were largely encouraged by the mass of people, he learned to dislike instead of enjoy such pastimes and vices. So that it is not surprising he rejected the office of bein gcourt physician for which he was intended by his friends, and chose to denounce the evils of the day. In 1842, at the age of thirty, he began to preach. "The motives," he said, "by which I have been led to enter into a religious life are these: the great misery of the world, . . . the iniquities of men." Though when he began to preach he was not attractive in delivery or appearance, he afterwards became the monk of the most influence in Florence. In George Eliot's "Romola" this character is fully described, and from this book may be gotten an idea of his influence. A peculiar inspiration was his, such that he could always foretell the coming of any event which portended evil to the Florentines. His earnestness and importunity in his sermons attracted many to him, and to a majority of them he became a man of great magnetism. He was the beginner of many moral and religious resolutions.

A good study of this character can be had by noticing his personal influence upon Romola. She first became acquainted with him probably during her visits to the Duomo where Savonarola preached with all his power against the existing evils and the very corrupt state of the people. Her first contact with him where his influence is really felt by her is when she is fleeing from Florence and her husband, Tito, but is checked by Savonarola, whose meeting with her meant a great deal His first words, "I have a command from God to stop you," show his inspiration. After he had dissuaded her from her purpose to depart and had told her what her duty was, she could do nothing other than yield herself

to "that immense personal influence of Savonarola which came from the energy of his emotions and beliefs." And so it was with every one with whom he had to do, they were only willing to heed his counsel.

Few men of his kind have ever been so endued with heavenly wisdom and power of prophecy. He was ever warning the Florentines of impending woes and trouble, for deep in his heart he felt for them. Such earnestness and zeal as he exhibited can seldom be seen. In his simple personal appearance there may not have been a great deal to attract one (for he is not said to have been handsome), but in the man himself such qualities of religious beliefs and conscientious principles and sincerity in all his efforts were certainly sufficient to draw through their influence many of the people of that time. George Eliot says that power rose against him not because of his sins, but because of his greatness; not because he sought to deceive the world, but because he sought to make it noble.

CLARENCE E. BOYD.

An Example of the Eighteenth Century Minister in Fiction.

It is my purpose to discuss an example of the eighteenth century minister as we find him in literature—viz., in "Henry Esmond."

Thackeray's "Esmond" is a genuine work of art, and by some critics is considered the author's *chef d'ocurve.* Here we find conscientious work toward a definite end—reincarnation of eighteenth century manners and morals. The character treatment is realistic; we know Dr. Tusher, Thackeray's parson, is true to life. He belongs not to the worst type nor to the best, perhaps. But Dr. Tusher, minister in spiritual things to the house of Castlewood, is a fairly good man. His *business* is to make highsounding, moral speeches, and in this he is exceedingly diligent. Sounding brass and tinkling silver! But let us give him credit for the energy which he

throws into the noise-making.

Yes, Dr. Tusher is quite a good man. He puts himself to considerable pains to agree with everyone. And the profusion of salaams, and his manner of bestowing them makes one feel that here is a truly humble man—especially in the presence of a title. Now, pray do not think I mean to imply that the learned doctor is obsequious purposely. No, indeed. He is so naturally and necessarily, occupying as he does the servile position of vicar in the house of an eighteenth century country gentleman. Just here let me mention that Dr. Tusher has a wife, a worthy helpmeet—servile and profuse of *conges* as is her spouse. She was a lady's maid in Castlewood when the doctor learned to love her ; she was a lady's maid as long as she lived. This is significant, and points to the low social position occupied by our eighteenth century parson.

But let us proceed with Dr. Tusher. It has been hinted that the minister in moral and spirituai things was of no moral or spiritual force. This is true. True because the life of which he was the exponent was at so low an ebb. If spiritual life had been cultivated in the eighteenth century it would have been possible to draw Dr. Tusher a man of a different type. As it was, he could only be a figure-head—not absolutely meaningless, but a negative. Not a something, but standing for something, viz.: a religious life that once had been, or yet might be. An impressive example of a degenerated conscience !

Some other characteristics: obsequious, also flattering, is Dr. Tusher. When "my lady" of Castlewood arase from a bed of small-pox, bearing on her face the disfiguring marks of that dread disease which mars if it does not kill, the doctor protested vehemently that her ladyship's charms were not in the least impaired. She refused to be flattered.

Our divine is also a coward. In our day it is common and, indeed customary, for the minister to visit and

comfort the diseased, no matter how great the risk to himself. But Dr. Tusher even declares he *will* not have his clerk near him, for the fellow lodges at a house where a child has been stricken. This leads Lady Castlewood to ask him: "If a parishioner dying in the small-pox sent to you would you not go?" "We are not in a Popish country; and a sick man doth not absolutely need absolution and confession," said the doctor. Poor craven!

That Dr. T—— was not insensible to the power of female charms, we know by the Nancy Se'erewright incident. My Lord Castlewood was joking Harry Esmond, in his coarse way, about his liking for the young maid of the ale house. "The doctor, who had been looking at my Lord Castlewood from under his eyelids, said, 'But joking apart, and, my lord, as a divine, I cannot treat the subject in a jocular light, nor, as a pastor of this congregation, look with anything but sorrow at the idea of so very young a sheep going astray.

'Sir!' said young Esmond, bursting out indignantly, 'she told me that you yourself were a horrid old man, and had offered to kiss her in the dairy.'

'For shame, Henry' cried Dr. Tusher, turning as red as a turkey cock, while my lord continued to roar with laughter."

All in all, Dr. T—— is a true portraiture. He represents the average parish priest of the period——not absolutely vicious, not licentious; but selfish, servile, pompous, oily-tongued and harmless withal. In all things he acted according to the bent of his mind which was always perfectly good-humored, obliging and obsequious.

Study of Plot in Tristram Shandy and Oliver Twist.

In *Tristram Shandy* there is very little trace of any plot at all, and if we are not careful in reading it even that will be lost in the digressions. The first four or five

books are occupied in the description of his birth and his ever ready digressions on hobby-horses, the virtues of the pastor Yorick, and the intense love of his Uncle Toby for his books and his fortifications. If the author followed any regular outline we are quite sure that it was altogether unintentional and if he tried to keep up the interest in any way, it was by his vulgarity. He reminds us very much of some one talking just to hear himself talk, seeming to have no purpose at all in view, and when he writes he puts down just whatever may come into his mind first, whether it be some coarse joke or some good thought; as to the connection, he disregards that entirely. He might be writing a very interesting description and if some other idea suggested itself to him he would put a dash, take up the last thought and finish the other whenever he felt like it or probably leave it unfinished.

In one place he is so cruel as to keep his poor lame Uncle Toby and his father on the steps through seven or eight chapters with his miserable jumble of thoughts, and again he omits two of the most interesting chapters in his love story and brings them in after several chapters on other subjects, being careful to mention the fact that they had been omitted and that he thought his book would be unpopular if they were left out altogether.

On the other hand, *Oliver Twist* is a well planned novel. Dickens has a very definite aim in view and we can see every little detail tending toward the final climax. The systematic continuity of the story is very refreshing after having gone through several hundred pages of the darkest confusion. We may over estimate *Oliver Twist's* real value in every respect, but it will be on account of the comparison.

Both of the books begin with the birth of their heroes. While the former traces through about the same number of pages the life of its hero, it leaves him very young and you have a very indefinite idea as to his real character, but the latter developes from the very beginning

the character of Oliver, following him through all his little difficulties and shows his manhood slowly forming under all of his hardships, leaving him finally an ideal man. One of the minor plots in both is somewhat similar—that of the love scene between Mr. Bumble and the widow, Mrs. Corney, in the one, and Uncle Toby and Mrs. Wadman in the other. These act as a means of varying the narrative and of relieving the one principal plot, and this is about the only relief we get in *Tristram Shandy*. These scenes are both highly humorous; the men are old bachelors with peculiar ideas of life and of their importance, and the widows are also very eccentric and masculine. For this last mentioned quality Mr. Bumble suffered severely. His was a plain case of a hen-pecked husband. Sterne uses this as something to fall back on when his digressions have played out. When he has said everything else he ever knew or thought of he gives us a few chapters about Uncle Toby; Dickens uses his secondary plot to better advantage. While the old couple do amuse us by their mutual love-makings and their dignified married life, yet there is a higher purpose, he brings them in as witnesses in the final triumph of Oliver over the wicked plans for his destruction.

In *Oliver Twist* each character that is brought in has some part to play. Even "poor Dick" is not forgotten, and each one, like the molecules in a crystal, knows its place. Their action is so sympathetic that the whole book is a grand crystallization, perfect and symmetrical in every respect.

Another feature that must not be overlooked is the arrangement of chapters. In *Tristram Shandy* there is no system nor regularity in the chapters; some are several pages and others several lines, neither does the substance have any connection. He may go from something very interesting, if there is such a thing in his book, in one chapter to a long, dry sermon, which is given in its completeness in the next. While Dickens

does not always follow each chapter with another on the same subject, there is always an unity in thought, for when he does put a chapter in between two relating the same line of narrative it is for the purpose of following out some other line of thought which is a part of the unity of the whole, and of which the reader must know before he is ready to go on with the main thought.

More importance is attached to the end of a book than to any other part, for a great deal depends on the last few chapters as to what impression it will leave on the reader. Tristram Shandy, after several books of the worst conglomeration of ideas we have ever seen, ends with a coarse joke. Dickens, after narrating the whole sad life of his hero, making him meet every obstacle and overcome it, leaves Oliver a happy man in the triumph over his enemies and the pleasant associations with his friends.

GIST GEE.

The Question of Good and Evil in Felix Holt.

It is not a little strange that George Eliot seems to regard in some of her stories good and evil as relative; and largely as the result of men's surroundings. Esther Lyon seems to have been one of those persous who was easily moved by those around her, and yet she is decidedly the most attractive person in the story of Felix Holt, the Radical. We find her being influenced by the weakest kind of characters, and yet the writer makes every thing turn out for her good. Individualism is almost wholly discarded in all of George Eliot's characters. She makes them work together, the one influencing the other. Mr. Lyon directs the very thoughts of Esther Lyon. Felix Holt influences many of her movements, and even Harold Transome begins to win a large part of her confidence.

The principles of good and evil she does not make eternal, morality she regards as originating in and deriving its authority from "The social relations of men

to each other." In one of her other stories she speaks of the inward shame, as being the reflex of that outward law which the great heart of mankind has for every individual man, a reflex which will exist even in the absense of sympathetic impulse that need no law, but rush to the deeds of fidelity and pity as inevitably as the brute mother shields her young from the attacks of the hereditary enemy. And in another story still we find her saying that the consciences of mankind are not all of the same pattern; an inner deliverance of fixed laws; they are the voice of the sensibilities as various as are memories. To judge an individual right we must study his inherited powers, his special surroundings and his motives. Felix Holt must not be studied by the principles of Christianity, nor by any perfection such as Kingsley purposes in his story, if at all it can be called a story, of Alton Locke. Felix Holt must be studied by the circumstances of his life. We must see his mother, we must remember his position in regard to the working classes. Man, however, can not be ruled by fate alone, and the novelist ought to take this into consideration. All men have an inherent moral nature which, it is possible, may overcome the physical circumstances surrounding them. A great person has only very few evil environments; but George Eliot looses sight of the individnal in her intense view of the being in the social. It ought also to be noted that she makes the rain fall upon the just and the unjust alike. Nemesis plays a very striking part. Her retribution some times seems very unjust. Wrong-doing is invariably punished; but she often makes the innocent share the same fate of the guilty. Is this real life? How often do we hear the remark, "it is a pity that old person has to endure so much; he does not deserve that punishment." Each man is a part of a vast social system, and the actions of one affects the welfare of the whole. That street riot in which Felix Holt becomes engaged is a peculiar case of nemesis. His trial and the punishment

and shame incident to it are incidents in the story that can not be explained by the ordinary laws of retribution. Felix Holt seems to be sacrificed to his surroundings The wrong-doing of others brings punishment upon him. His fate is linked to that of other men, and consequently he must share their sorrows along with their joys. George Eliot did this in her own life, and it is not at all surprising that she makes her characters do it.

A. S. HYDRICK, JR.

Westward Ho and Kenilworth.

In Kenilworth we have a treatment of what may here be called land life. Scott, in treating it, has given most of his talent to depicting in natural style the manner and customs among the English people on land. He had been much affected by the old ballads of Knight Errantry and Feudalism which had been the chief English literature up to the middle of the fourteenth century. Naturally, then, his works of fiction would tend to reproduce between the lines some of that old feeling of high purpose and help towards the weak.

In Westward Ho we have a description of the restlessness and love of adventure by sea which has been the great and extending power of the English government. What would be more likely to attract attention at that time when the possibilities of the New World, which had been dreamed into ideality, had in part been reported true by some adventurers daring enough to realize their dreams by action ? So this also is quite an appropriate subject for a work of fiction.

As great as was the learning of Elizabeth's time, yet it had not been extended to the lower classes. These lower classes were ignorant in a great degree, and as they had to have something in the way of fiction to cling to, very naturally held to their old superstitions. Scott hits the "Golden Mean" as near as it is possible to do so in blending the every-day life of the courtier with

that of the peasant. He gives us an account of the Irish Trouble sufficiently true to be accepted as true. He makes also the Religious Troubles, Jesuits or Papists, a motive force in his story. We see, too, the great power wielded by the Queen and the love of most of her subjects toward her; and nothing can be more interesting to us who have only read of such things in history than the intrigue and scheming for high offices at court between the English nobles. We have an almost perfect picture of such in the two great factions—Sussex and Leicester. We gain some idea of the chance that a born courtier had of becoming the favorite of the Queen, and also by what a small thread his preferment hung. In the life of a follower nothing could be more perfect than the sketch of Varney, who is body and soul for Leicester as long as that seems to be the road for his own higher office, but base and selfish enough to serve for such a purpose alone. On the other hand we have a balance in the person of Blount, who serves Sussex from higher principles. Scott's manner of giving us this counterbalanced plot shows that he was influenced by the same force as Shakespeare, but on a lesser scale.

Kingsley, too, gives us the court intrigue and some characters who well show the extent of this among those not of the highest classes. He hardly gives us the same broad view as Scott, and what we do have is somewhat one-sided in that respect. However, nothing can be truer to life than his painting of Jesuits and their manner of gaining ground. They worked among the poorer and more ignorant classes, although the men who did this work were generally highly educated and were surer to take a greater stand among the peasants on account of that same learning. Nothing could have been more to the Pope's mind than a rising of the common people, and this was the more possible by working on the superstitions of these. The uprising, if it should come, would put the country in such a position as to give more assurance of success in making England sub-

servient to the will of the Pope. Kingsley shows, further, how much those who were for the Queen realized the necessity of harsh treatment to all such things, and, too, because there was a class of men in England who were strictly adventurers and nothing more; who would go into anything for the money and the excitement that was in it. The laws were very strict concerning the exciting to insurrection, as is to be expected. The Papists also used harsh measures with any Protestant who fell into their hands. They rather looked at conversion as the followers of Mohammed did—to change to the Pope or else be killed, and that too by slow torture.

On account of the great ignorance prevalent in the lower classes of people there were many superstitions. For lack of something else to believe and also by tradition there was general credence in witches and wizards. In the older romances the supernatural played a great part as a motive force, for anything out of the ordinary was entertaining. It made the blood chill to hear of ghosts, goblins, etc. Our romances have been from the first founded on Oriental tales, so then part of our use of the supernatural came from the older romances. In the older works this part, or quality, was only introduced for the purpose of drawing attention, but in our English writers this quality was made an especial motive force. Kingsley has introduced a witch in the person of Lucy Passmore, who, it seems after all, was only a woman who had sense enough to make a living by the exercise of her so-called *ocult* powers, and we who see behind the scene cannot believe her a very wonderful person.

Scott shows us a better or more active example in the person of Wayland Smith. This character was enabled, by the extent of his knowledge, to perform such tricks and seeming miracles that the ignorant peasant folk would have him leagued with the devil, and the blowing-up of his underground room only confirmed this opinion, "for he went up in a great cloud of fire and brimstone."

Scott, too, gives us a further use in the astrologer, which serves to show the prevalence of superstition even among highly educatod persons. On the whole it is the great difference of the degrees of knowledge out of which these beliefs grew. In Kingsley we have something under the same head but of a different kind in the stroke of lightning which caused Amyas Leigh's blindness, and all through we have expressed a submission to the will of God, beautifully illustrated in the character of Mrs. Leigh.

In some respects, then, we would have some difficulty in deciding which of these two authors have given a better treatment to the time of Elizabeth. There are some differences as regards the age of persons: notably Raleigh. Each has mentioned Spenser and Sidney as we know them, men of letters; but Raleigh, according to Scott, has just come into notice at court, having been slightly mentioned on account of some act of his during the Irish war. Kingsley treats of him as a full fledged courtier, one who has already acquired full power at court and who is known by reputation through all England. So, though knowing Kingsley's power as a novelist in word painting I would say that Scott has given us a better view of England of Elizabeth's time.

CLINKSCALES, '96.

The Tale of Two Cities.

Hugo's Ninety-Three is especially a novel of purpose; a novel which deals not in detail, but in generalization; one which sets forth not the acts of men, but the motives of men. But with Dickens all these things seemed to be reversed. He claims in the preface to have written "The Tale of Two Cities" with the avowed purpose and hope "to add something to the popular and picturesque means of understanding that terrible time." In short he claims for "The Tale of Two Cities" a place among the historical novels. But the truth is, what we

look for in Dickens, what we delight in most is an infinite play of life, a large variety of character, the evidence in conception and in language of unrestrained power—power, braving all dangers, heedless of difficulty and grandly daring, if by any means it can enlarge the scope of art. Such being the case it is impossible to have a pure historical novel. So then let us enquire whether or not "The Tale of Two Cities" is a historical novel. In his preface Dickens goes on to say "that throughout its execution it has had complete possession of me. I have so far verified what is done and suffered in these pages, as that I have certainly done and suffered it all myself." Here, then, are two distinct purposes—the one, a purpose to teach; the other, a purpose to add something to the art of the novel. I am somewhat of the opinion that this last purpose became so broad for him as he went farther and farther into his work that he altogether lost sight of his first purpose. He became more and more imbued not with the spirit of the Revolution, but with the fortunes and misfortunes of Charles Darnay, Sidney Carton, Lucie Mavette and the others. As I have said before, Hugo deals not in the daily life of the people of Ninety-Three; he does not go into petty detail or common events. It is the motives; it is nation against nation; but with Dickens it is the every-day life of a people *during* a Revolution. He uses the Revolution not so much on its national side as on its domestic side. Here, too, bastiles are torn down; guillotines are at work and men are hung, not because France is the great mother and a people must be conquered and a principle upheld, but because men and women are dying of hunger; because kings and lords have hunted and depressed the people so long that their eyes hurn with fire and their lips are compressed with what they suppressed; because high scaffolds are built even over their own homes and because of the shadow of them no women can draw water and no children go forth to play. Thus it is clear that in "The Tale of Two

Cities" the French Revolution is used only as a background for the display of character. Charles Darnay is stopped, thrown into prison and sentenced to die, not so much as an enemy to the Republic, nor because of Defarge's devotion to his country, but because Madame Defarge happened to be the sister of that girl whom Charles Darnay's brother killed.

The artist always chooses a world for himself. Dickens chooses his world, but it is not a world of abstractions, it is a world of reality. He does not perceive great things. Enthusiasm seizes him in connection with everything, especially vulgar objects. Dickens does not take the great Revolution itself and make that the central figure, and the hero, but be comes a step lower and singles out of the men that composed the Revolution some one man and makes him the hero. Longfellow has been called the *poet* of the common people. Well might Dickens be called the *novelist* of the common people. How he glories in that creation of God called man! How he loves to throw upon him every conceivable light, to turn him in every conceivable way and to look at him under every conceivable circumstance! For a truth it is the hand of a great character sketcher, no motive monger. Why, half of the time we are reading "The Tale of Two Cities" we are not aware of the fact that a war is being waged and armies are being gathered together. We do know that a cloud dark and heavy has settled on Saint Antoine; we do hear the echoes from a distance that rumbled menacingly in the corner of Soho; we do see the ancient faces of the children; we do know that there is something wrong—seriously wrong—in that city of Paris; but as to war—no, not that! In a war there are two parties; in "The Tale of Two Cities" there is but one—the people. The deeds of the other party are left untold. The truth is, these men talk not of war, out of every-day affairs, and our interest is not in the war, but in them. So we may conclude that with Hugo the Revolution is of first-rate importance; with Dickens

it is of secondary importance. With Hugo the characters are mere figures, puppets breathing forth the spirit of the Revolution ; with Dickens the Revolution is but a setting for the display of type of character.

J. EASTERLING WALKER.

Two Novels of Purpose—Alton Locke and Felix Holt.

The tone of Alton Locke, born of the strong sympathy and interest of its writer, and his often passionate style is forceful and graphic. This force is due to some extent also to the fact that the story is told by the hero, and Chas. Kingsley possessed enough of the translating power of the dramatist to speak as Alton would have spoken. The vocabulary is about a medium between the two elements, the strong Anglo Saxon and the reflective and mellow Latin. Kingsley does not revel so much in the swell of long sentences ; he is more terse and pointed, both a result and cause of the emotional nature of the book. His method differs from that of Felix Holt in that he does not go so deeply into analysis of character. His characters do grow before us and he does weigh influences and estimate effects, but not to the extent of George Eliot. The men and women are portrayed more by word and action of their own. The book enters into political and social arguments and contains a study in the doctrines and the power of religion. It is more closely related in method of treament to the questions that interest the personages than Felix Holt. "The milk of human kindness" is there also, but bound up into the faith and religion of the author. The hero in Kingsley is hampered in his patriotic work by his love for a dainty butterfly girl, and even his manly character degenerates under his passion. George Eliot's strong man also loves a woman who has seldom thought of anything other than society and gay life, delicate, proud, weak-minded. But he reverses the result ; and, by his

very force of intellect and heart, makes out of this child a noble, generous woman.

Felix Holt and Alton Locke are, in their nature and method of treatment, embodiments of social and socialistic ideas. Each book takes up a certain division of the poor classes and gives us a picture of their life for a few years. We learn their sufferings and causes for a complaint at the treatment which they receive from the wealthy and strong; their hopes and plans for reform. In both books the ignorant are demanding the ballot and representation in parliament, trusting implicitly to this political enfranchisement for a complete renovation and reorganization of the whole fabric of society.

The ballot is the idol of the crowd. In Felix Holt, however, the hero puts little faith in this "cure all;" and, in Alton Locke, the inspiration of common sense and the purest patriotism together fall to the lot of Sandy Macky; and we can scarcely think he trusts these outward forms of reformation. But a scheme of pure Socialism is very elaborately displayed in the dream of Alton in chapter 36. "The tribes of the Holy mountain poured out like water to replenish the Earth and subdue it . . . . Westward ever—who could stand against us? . . . . Days and weeks and months rolled on and our wheels rolled on with them. New Alps rose up before us; we climbed and climbed them, till, in lonely glens, the mountain wall stood up, and barred our path.

"Then arose one and said, 'Rocks are strong but the All-Father is stronger. Let us pray to Him to send the earthquakes and blast the mountain asunder.'

"So we sat down and prayed, but the earthquake did not come.

"Then another arose and said, 'Rocks are strong, but the All-Father is stronger. If we are the children of the All-Father, we, too, are stronger than rocks. Let us portion out the valley, to each man an equal plot of ground; and bring out the sacred seeds, and sow, and build, and come up with me and bore the mountain' "

. . . . "So we went up; and in the morning we bored the mountain, and at night we came down and tilled the ground, and sowed wheat and barley and planted orchards. And in the upper glens we met the mining dwarfs, and saw their tools of iron and copper, and their rock houses and forges, and envied them: then our King said—'The All-Father has given all things and all wisdom. Woe to him who keeps them to himself: we will teach you to sow the seeds: and do you teach us your smith-work, or you die.'

"Then the dwarfs taught us smith-work; and we loved them, for they were wise; and they married our sons and daughters and we went on boring the mountain." I will not quote farther. To give a true conception of this Socialism would require several pages of quotation. Let me briefly state the substance of the dream from this point. Bye and bye the strong men began to buy the ground of the weak. The King says this is wrong. He that is stronger ought to work the harder at the mountain. But the strong nevertheless get the weak in their power. They excuse themselves because they must make provision for their children. Then the poor are so multiplied that there comes a famine in the land. The poor rise against the rich and slay many of them and take their houses and lands. The King persuades them then to come up and bore the mountain, and so soon as the people all consent, and go to work with a will, the crag tumbles down and a rich and pleasant valley is layed open to their view and they enter in and march on toward the West.

What a beautiful piece of symbolism! It falls upon ones ears like a low murmering chant far behind in the childhood of man. Marching to the West means the progress of the race. The mountain to be hewn away represents the great common interest of all, or some obstacle in the path of humanity. See how ideal it all is! The ground is portioned out equally and every man is to use only enough of his time to till his own

little farm; the rest is to be devoted to the interest of all. If one is stronger than another that is only a reason why he should do more to remove common difficulties and work for his fellows. It is a fairy tale, indeed, and reads like one. But how unattainable! Utterly unfitted for modern life with its thousand and one professions, its multiplied and diversified wants and interests, its exaltation of the individual and his freedom, its endless diversity of religious and moral beliefs, and its complex system of church and education. Kingsley did not advocate this but it represents the paradise sought by the oppressed and helpless. They had not formulated a system of their own; but this is a picture of the ultimatum for which they would probably have been willing to die.

No such dream is dreamt and no such vision is seen in Felix Holt. This book is full of common sense. The doctrine is apparently, "Let those of the poor class who are wise instruct the ignorant, and so build up their own people until they shall be fit to take part in the government and secure equitable laws and the administration of them. The ballot at present would be utterly useless, if not positively harmful." Felix Holt incarnates this idea into effort and spends his life in teaching children of the poor people. And George Eliot would have the more fortunate also to come down and lend a helping hand. Esther gives up her splendid heritage and marries Felix, giving her life also to the help of the weak.

This is very similar to the true doctrine taught in the last part of his book by Kingsley. Eleanor gives her money to the poor, comes down and lives among them, teaches them and gathers around her all whom she can reach and save. When I say teach, I do not mean publicly. That is not Kingsley's method. Eleanor represents the Socialism of Christ, the only practicable and the most beautiful scheme. It is very simple. "Freely ye have received, freely give." They must give voluntarily. The only Socialism that will stand the test of

unborn centuries, is that which comes or will come of His power in the hearts of men, whereby individual men and women are made willing to do everything for those who need. This Socialism is true and not a dream, and it shall last when it shall have fully taken possession, which will not be far distant in the future.

These two novels are a part of that tendency of modern fiction to handle religious and also social questions. The world is so permeated with speculations about those spiritual truths which so deeply concern humanity that it is almost impossible for a really earnest and serious story to leave them entirely out. The Time Spirit is distinctly one of religious speculation, and moral questions analyzed, and this Time Spirit is powerful as all history shows in the influence it exerts upon literature. The social questions are naturally the result of the social discontent, whose throb among the masses we are just beginning to feel like the groaning of volcanic fires in the bowels of the earth. When an equilibrium is obtained the sociatistic theorizing will no longer predominate.

OLIN D. WANNAMAKER.

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A. S. HYDRICK, JR., EDITOR.

A College Training.

To those who are about to go out from college into active life one of the most interesting questions is whether a college training is an advantageous qualification for a business life, that is to say, whether a young person of twenty-one, with his own canoe to paddle and intending to make a business man out of himself, would find it much or little to his advantage to enter immediately upon a business career, or first to complete thoroughly a splendid college course. It is a question which naturally suggests itself during commencement seasons, and it is pretty safe to say that it holds an important place in the minds of the most thoughtful students. At first it would seem that experience would help one to answer it without much hesitation ; but since experience is valuable only to those who extract from it that which

is vital and significant, it becomes a relative possession, and must be considered according to the gifts of the individual who has been affected. However, there can be no question but that a college education is highly advantageous to any one, no matter what may be that one's calling in life. It is especially valuable to those who purpose to follow any of the learned professions. Indeed, instances of eminent success in them without splendid college training are exceptional.

But, for one to make a success in business life is a college course advantageous? The word "business," in its broadest signification, includes every variety of activity in which men engage. But when one speaks of it in its connection with college life, it is used in a very limited sense, and refers to commerce, manufacture and their numerously related industries. Within these limits it is evident that it is mainly a question of personal equasion. To answer it with reference to any individual the first consideration would be what are his natural gifts, what does he conceive as success, what is his ideal of life? The highest ideal for every young man is the highest or most complete development of individual capacity. With an animal basis of health and vigor, the intellectual and moral powers should be harmoniously and actively employed under rational direction and control. A true man cannot live by bread alone. He is more than an animal to be fed, housed and clothed. He should sustain vital relations to society in which he dwells, to the civil organization which protects him, and to the immortal realm of sentiment, thought and moral achievement. To live within a narrower horizon dwarfs the man.

If a young man's ideal is simply to accumulate property, and proposes to subordinate every other consideration to this, a college education would be useless. Four years of persistent work in a store or other industrial enterprise, would probably train the mere money-getter to higher efficiency along his narrow line than six years

in college work. In some individual case, college training might so sharpen the faculties and broaden the intellectual grasp, that he might more than make up the time spent at college in rapidity of accumulation. But on the other hand, the culture of the college might destroy the miser ideal of life. Intellectual forms of pleasure and the development of a sense of moral responsibility for a rational use of the higher capacities, might create a disgust for a low and narrow conception of life. Most young men do not love money so absorbingly as to be unwilling to take the risk.

The importance of the possession of property should not be undervalued. But an irrational love of money is a root of evil. Money is power. All men take it in return for what they have to sell. The accumulation of a fortune or a competence is an ambition which should be encouraged. If a young man desires above all things to be useful, and I may add, happy, and his special talent lies in the field of money-making, he can accomplish most good in the work to which he has adaptations. This of course is for him who has learned that "the life is more than meat."

The Hebrew skeptic had many a clear vision beyond his characteristic pessimism, and none clearer than when he saw that: "Wisdom is a defense, money is a defense; but the excellency of knowledge is that wisdom giveth *life* to them that have it."

True, there are young men who have not the capacity for a college training, but the large number of them have and should use it. It leads out the undetermined and the undeveloped faculties and tendencies of a young person. It reveals to them unknown and hidden talents. It makes them practical and multiplies their capacities for miscellaneous adaptation. It makes of them well-rounded, successful and practical business men, and at the same time increases their capacity for the enjoyment of the lighter things of life.

Students' Summer Conferences.

To the true student the summer weeks following the close of a college year do not present themselves as favorable time for idleness, but rather for a healthful change which will secure to him not only needed rest, but physical, mental and moral stimulus. The summer schools in connection with universities and with various educational and religious movements afford excellent opportunities for spending at least a portion of the summer in a very profitable manner.

The fraternity of Christian college students, known as the Intercollegiate Movement, which is now world-wide in its extent, initiated the system of Students' Summer Conferences which have become to indispensable to the Christian work in the colleges on this continent and have extended their influence to the student fields of Europe and Asia. "Northfield" is a familiar and popular word among the students of the east. For eleven successive seasons Mr. D. L. Moody has invited them to meet near his home in the beautiful Connecticut Valley for nine days of conference, Bible study and recreation, and indications point to the usual representation of between four and five hundred students from the universities, colleges and schools of the United States and Canada. As an outgrowth of this gathering similar conferences for practical training in methods of Christian work in colleges have been successfully carried on for several years at Lake Geneva, Wis., for students of the west, and at Knoxville, Tenn., for students of the south. Those men who went to Knoxville from Wofford last year can tell you what a pleasant and profitable time they spent. In response to a strong demand on the part of students in the distant region of the Rocky Mountains and Pacific Coast a fourth conference was this year established at Cazadero, Cal., in the celebrated red wood country.

It has been arranged to have one of these conferences

this year at Knoxville for June 19-28. The general features which have made these gatherings so attractive and helpful in the past will be observed at this meeting. Prominent speakers representing all lines of Christian activity have already been secured and others are yet to be announced. Provision has been made for the supervision of the athletics, to which the afternoons are wholly devoted. The Bible classes, which are made such a prominent feature of the conferences, are to be in charge of unusually strong men as leaders, and the missionary interest will secure a good share of attention. As usual, opportunities will occur for association and conversation with representative student leaders, as well as with men of recognized ability in intellectual and religious fields of work.

The names of the following well-known speakers, who already have been definitely secured for the meeting, indicate the nature of the provision which has been made by the college department of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations.

Rev. Robert J. McBryde, D. D., Lexington, Va., who will also preside; Mr. Charles T. Studd, B. A., Cambridge University, '83; Rev. R. A. Torrey, Chicago; Rev. S. A. Steel, D. D., Nashville, Tenn.; Rev. Walter R. Lambuth, D. D., Nashville, Tenn.; Professor John R. Sampey, D. D., Louisville, Ky.; President J. T. Henderson, Mossy Creek, Tenn.

Wofford College should be represented at this gathering by at least three delegates, and we hope that as many of the students as possible will attend.

THE JOURNAL does not believe in continually making suggestions as to what is needed about the college. It would decidedly rather speak of our excellent equipments and increasing facilities. To complain would show a lack of just appreciation of the efforts that have been made to increase the desirability of the surroundings at Wofford. There is one thing, however, that

ought to be done. Something should be done to provide bath-rooms for those who board on the college grounds. The hall that is now used for a gymnasium is splendidly located, and could be easily divided up into a number of bath-rooms. It would cost very little to do this, and it would be money well spent.

Intercollegiate Notes.

Peabody Educational Fund.

As the Trustees of the Peabody Education Fund will be at liberty next year to make a final disposition of the large sum entrusted to them for distribution, their prospective action is a matter of considerable speculation at present.

In the bequest of Mr. Peabody it is specified that this fund shall be devoted for thirty years to establishing public schools and promoting public education in the South, at the end of which time the board of trustees shall be at liberty to continue their donations or withdraw the fund from general distribution and endow one institution or otherwise dispose of the fund as they may deem most judicious.

The thirty years expires in 1897, and it seems probable that the board will take some important action.

The amount of the fund was originally $2,100,000, but was afterwards increased to $3,500,000.
dowment would mean to us may be seen by comparison with Vanderbilt's endowment, which is $900,000. Let us hope that our college may receive favorable consideration at the hands of the trustees.—*Ex.*

Cheap Education.

There is a considerable tendency to cheapen education· We know of several little "colleges" which are only instances from a large number that offer to take a young person of ordinary ability and little preparation for college and carry him through a "classical" or a "scientific" course in one year. They propose to finish such studies as Calculus, Analytical Geometry, Chemis-

try and Natural Philosophy in two months. A person who knows anything about how much work it takes to learn even a little in a long time, hardly knows whether to laugh or to be angry at the fraud being perpetrated on young men of small means who are told it is all a mistake to study so long on a subject when by their new methods it can be learned in a few weeks.—*Ex.*

If we could all get together and talk over and live over for a few days the events of college life, we would be knit closer together and would feel more interest in each other, and consequently in the success of our Alma Mater. Then, again it would be well for us to come here and get acquainted with the younger graduates and see something of what the college is doing. It would inspire us with greater zeal and more enthusiasm for our college.—*Ex.*

The literature of every nation is a woven fabric of the thoughts and ideas and ideals of its inhabitants interspersed with those threads of deeper color and denser fibre, made by the hand of genius, which gives individuality and genius.—*Ex.*

England has 2,728 more professors in her 94 universities than the United States has in her 300.—*Ex.*

The entire property of the universities and colleges of the United States is valued at $200,000,000.

President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, sums up very beautifully a college education thus:

1. Concentration, or ability to hold the mind exclusively and persistently to one subject.
2. Distribution, or power to arrange and classify the known facts.
3. Retention, or power to hold facts.
4. Expression, or power to tell what you know.
5. Power of judgment, or making sharp discrimination between that which is true and that which is false; that

which is temporal; that which is accidental, and that which is essential.—*Ex.*

A contemporary who has been reading Shakespeare remarks that there is a drink in the affairs of men, which, taken at the bar, leads on to trouble, cares and misery; but taken at the pump, leads on to happiness and peace.—*Ex.*

Generosity does not consist in giving money or money's worth. These so-called goods are only a shadow of good. It is only the postponement of the real payment, a bribe paid for silence. We owe to man higher succors than food and fire. We owe to man—man. He should be met with manly encouragement, with your heroism, your purity and your faith.—*Ex.*

A student who is ever trying to win the favor of a professor by some special act or service, is not worth forty feet of grass rope and the time it would take to swing him. You may see them every day attempting to show extraordinary interest in a recitation, or feigning investigation in some problem, when they are only trying to gain time. One who engages in such a custom will never be greater than his sires, nor have enough independence and self-reliance to successfully administer the financial affairs of a hoky-poky wagon.—*Ex.*

The mention of Cornell University does not call up in the minds of many people more than the name of a technological school. But her academic and literary work is something of a very high order. Few institutions can present such a library history as hers enjoyed last year. During the year 12,800 volumes were added to her University library. Of these 4,624 volumes were gifts. The largest gift was by ex-President White, who added more than 1,000 volumes to the White Historical Library. Hardly less important was the gift of Willard Fiske of more than 1,000 volumes to be added to the Dante collection which he presented last year. The University library now contains 173,793 volumes and 29,200 pam-

phlets, a total of more than 200,000 books. Of these books there is a record of the use of 93,840 in 1891-'92. To allow of this use the library was kept open 309 days and 165 evenings.—*Ex.*

Two thousand six hundred excuses have been presented at Harvard during the year, representing an absence from college duties of over 16,000 days.—*Ex.*

Daily papers are published at Cornell, Harvard, University of Pennsylvania, University of Michigan, Leland Stanford, Princeton, Brown, and Wisconsin.—*Ex.*

The organization of a Southern Educational Association is being discussed, and it is believed that it will be beneficial to educational institutions and publications. —*Ex.*

There are 42,322 pupils in schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church.—*Ex.*

Miss Helen Gould has given $8,000 to found a scholarship in Vassar College.—*Ex.*

The University of Berlin is the largest in the world. It enrolls 8,000 students.—*Ex.*

It is said throughout the college world that the class of 1900 will be called the class of Naughty Naught.—*University Forum.*

The Chicago University, has been defeated four times in debates during the past season by Michigan, Illinois, Iowa and Lake Forest. They are not disheartened, however, and have adopted as their future watch-word, 'Pluck, Perseverance and Prosperity."—*Ex.*

The University of Chicago will have an income of over $600,000 for the year 1896. Miss Helen Culver, of Chicago, has given $1,000,000 to the University as a Christmas gift.—*Ex.*

The cigarette is a necessary evil. Without it, in these days of arbitration, we would have no means of disposing of our surplus undesirable population. The cigar-

ette, therefore, takes the place of war, and the result is, that many good men are spared to the world for the purpose of living useful lives, while the undesirable are spared the world by taking the cigarette route.—*Ex.*

No college in all England publishes a college paper.—*Ex.*

Baseball is one of the favorite games in Japanese universities.—*Ex.*

Yale has graduated ninety-two college presidents.—*Ex.*

A course in journalism, consisting of English, history and constitutional and political law, has been added to the Indiana University. A newspaper man has charge of the work.—Ex.

There is a strong indication that the four-years course of Harvard will soon be changed so as to make it practically a three-years course. A bare majority of the faculty favor it.—Ex.

The University of Virginia are going to build four new buildings at a cost of $25,000. There are to be a law school building, a physical laboratory, an academic, and an engineering building. The library is to be much improved.—Ex.

The comments of the South Carolina press on our baseball team are exceedingly pleasing to all who are interested in our college. For the first time in several years our team was entirely free from professional element, and it is safe to say that hereafter, Wake Forest will never play a man on any of her teams who has the slightest shadow against his past record. The many courtesies received by the team from the college men of both Wofford and Furman and from the citizens of Spartanburg and Greenville cannot be passed over without a word of thanks. The ball men could not have asked for any more kindnesses than were received. There is a strong bond of friendship knit between Wake For-

est and these two institutions, and we sincerely hope that nothing will ever tend to destroy it.—*Wake Forest Student.*

The University of Michigan is to have a new woman's gymnasium which will cost $50,000.—*Ex.*

Both houses of the Virginia Legislature have passed a bill authorizing the issue of bonds to the amount of $200,000 to rebuild the Virginia University.—Ex.

Ohio has more colleges than any other state in the union, Illinois being next in number.—Ex.

Senator Garfield, son of President Garfield, has introduced a bill in the Ohio Legislature to limit the number of colleges in the State. By it all applications for college charters must be approved by a university council and there must be an endowment of $15,000.—Ex.

Mr. Joseph Wylie, a successful business man of Chester, gave recently $6,000 to Erskine College. He gave $8,000 to the same cause a few years ago.—Ex.

College life is a happy life. This follows in part, from the fact that it is a busy life. No one can be happy and idle; they must be employed. Who is it that does not look on their school-days as being their happiest ones. A person who has been a college student is always delighted to meet his old collegiates, and live over again the pleasant memories of the past.—Ex.

There are now 451 colleges in the United States. This does not include technical and professional schools.—Ex.

The highest salary received by any college professor is that of Professor Turner, of Edinburgh, $20,000 a year.—Ex.

India has over 100 colleges and schools of high grade. In these there are at least 100,000 students.—Ex.

A new law in Pennsylvania requires new colleges to have an endowment of $500,000 before they can confer degrees.—Ex.

Fifty-four thousand dollars was spent at Yale last year on athletics. Of this amount, $10,000 was subscribed by the under-graduates, and the remainder was raised chiefly by the proceeds of baseball and football games.—Ex.

Two Chinese girls, who came to America three years ago, hardly knowing a word of English, stood the highest in the recent medical examination at the University of Michigan.—Ex.

A vote was taken at Wellesley College recently on the question, "Should Municipal Suffrage be granted to Women?" The vote stood 310 for the affirmative and 149 for the negative.—Ex.

Educate men without religion, and you make them but clever devils.—Ex.

The oldest college periodical in America is the *Yale Literary Magazine*, established 1836, and now in its sixty-first volume.—Ex.

One-sixteenth of the college students in the United States are studying for the ministry.—Ex.

In all the universities of France there exist no college periodicals, no glee clubs, no fraternities, no classes, no athletics, and they have no commencements.—Ex.

Vassar has a collection of birds worth $30,000. It is said to be the largest collection in the world.—Ex.

The faculty of Boston University has decided to allow work on the college papers to count for English in the regular course.—Ex.

Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana and West Virginia are all without Presbyterian Colleges.—Ex.

Oxford University has an annual income of $6,000,000. —Ex.

The University of Wisconsin has ten debating societies.—Ex.

Harvard has 1758 students; of these 464 are in the Freshman class.—Ex.

Over 40,000 women are attending American colleges, yet it is only twenty-five years since the first college in the land was opened to women.—Ex.

Boston University has made a rule that those students who are unwilling to give up tobacco while in the University building may withdraw, and their tuition be refunded.—Ex.

The story is told of three French boys who were studying a volume of Shakespeare in their own tongue, their task being to render portions of it into English. When they came to Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be or not to be," their respective translations were as follows: (1) "To was or not to am." (2) "To were or is to not." (3) "To should or not to will."—Ex.

An effort is being made by the management of the *Southern Baptist Theological Seminary* to raise $60,000 as the Broadus memorial endowment; $30,000 of this amount is in sight already.—Ex.

An institution that has recently come to the front in its line is the Converse College Commercial School. It is one of the best institutions in the South for preparing aoung men for business life. Under the able management of Prof. B. W. Getsinger and his excellent assistants, it has done during the past session some very fine work and deservedly ranks among the leading institutions of its character.

Among the seven trades which a student in mechanical engineering must learn at Cornell is that of the blacksmith. Occasionally there is a protest, but it is never heeded. A student ten years ago, who was averse to soiling his hands, was compelled to work at the forge just the same. This fall he came to Professor Morris and thanked him for being compelled to learn blacksmithing. He explained that he was now superintend-

ent of a mine in Colorado. "Last summer the main shaft broke," he said, "and there was no one in the mine but myself who could weld it. I didn't like the job, but I took off my coat and welded that shaft. It wasn't a pretty job, but she's running now. If I couldn't have done it I'd have had to pack that shaft on a mule's back and send it 300 miles over the mountains to be fixed, and the mine would have had to shut down till it got back. My ability to mend that shaft raised me in the eyes of every man in the mine, and the boss raised my salary!"—Ex.

Every year now from twenty to thirty women take graduate courses at Yale. If they stay two years and write a satisfactory thesis they get the degree of Ph. D. Most of them are students of distinction, who go to New Haven in preference of going to Germany. They go there to study, and go about their business very earnestly and unobtrusively. Little is seen or known of them by Yale under-graduates, but they appreciate the hospitality of the university and profit by it.—Ex.

The Amherst faculty has lately ruled that no under-graduate who is seriously behind in his work may take part in any public game or entertainment, and that no association of under-graduates may give any public exhibition or entertainment without first consulting a committee of the faculty.—Ex.

Our Alumni

ANDREW M. LAW, - - Editor.

PERSONALS.

W. P. Few, '89, who has been at Harvard for several years, has been elected to the chair of Latin at Trinity College.

W. H. Wannamaker, '95, has been elected to fill the place of H. W. Fair, '92, in the Spartanburg City Schools. Mr. Fair has accepted a position with the American Book Company. The trustees of the graded schools are to be congratulated on securing the services of so competent a young man as Mr. Wannamaker.

W. Gist Duncan, '95, is out 'lectioneering as a candidate for the office of School Commissioner of Union county. He has been teaching school in Darlington for the past year.

Rev. J. Marion Rogers, '87, spent several days here previous to commencement.

Messrs. B. W. Wait and J. B. Humbert, of '95, were here for Converse College commencement.

C. H. Carlisle and S. B. Ezell, both of whom graduated here, are among the State delegates to the International Sunday School Convention which will be held in Boston, Mass., June 23.

R. G. Ware, '90, has recently graduated in dentistry at Vanderbilt. He will make Chester, S. C., his future home.

Dr. W. D. Kirkland.

Dr. W. D. Kirkland passed away May 31st. His remains were brought to this city for interment June 2d. At the time of his death he was Sunday school editor of

M. E. Church, South, which place he had held for about two and a half years. For some time he was editor of the Southern Christian Advocate at Columbia. His death was very sudden indeed, he being taken ill at Asheville, N. C., on his way driving through the country to Spartanburg. His body was met here by many of his family, Dr. J. H. Kirkland, of Vanderbilt, among them.

Local Items

With this issue your local editor ends his connection with Wofford and its magazine. He tried to make the department interesting and pleasant without making so many excursions into the land of short-lived college jokes; and though he feels that success has been but small yet has no apology to offer for failure. Apologies are seldom in order. The JOURNAL is published under difficulties because of the fact that we have so little money to spend on form as well as quantity.

The Sophomore Exhibition.

The exhibition occurred too late for any but a paragraph notice in the last issue. As we said then, it was one of the very best we have had. The programme of the evening was as follows:

Clayton Allen, Presiding.

Prayer,.....By Rev. B. F. Wilson

Music

The Roman Sentinel, Geo. W. Brunson, Jr , Orangeburg

Music

Our Literature,.....John Peurifoy, Saluda

Music

Henry W. Grady,.....G. C. Sullivan, Anderson

Music

The Chariot Race,.....R. Roy Goodwin, Macon Ga.

Music

The College Oil Can,.....J. A. Sullivan, Anderson

Music

The Real University,.....Jennings K. Owens, York

Benediction.

Reception 10 to 12.

These gentlemen all did honor to themselves and class, but I would mention with special compliment the speech of Mr. G. C. Sullivan.

The Seniors Abroad.

On the morning of May the twenty-sixth four carriages and one buggy were seen moving rapidly along Main Street. Three hours later they halted eighteen miles from town, at Cannon's Gold Mine. There, the ingenuity of man was revealed through the modern and advanced method of separating the precious metal from the rock into which it had crystalized. Water was pumped by means of steam from a neighboring creek into a tank situated on one of the highest hills, and from this elevated tank the water was conveyed by means of pipes and troughs into a great cut from whence ore had been gradually removed, and here the silvery liquid like a mountain rivelet leaped from rock to rock becoming deeply colored as it washed the softer earth away and was carried on by its own momentum through great long troughs until it reached the stamp house on the crest of the hill. There the heavily charged waters were caught and strained in order to catch the small particles of rock, after which these small particles were passed beneath the steam cushing stamps that ground into dust, while trickling water washed the dusty material over quick-silver sheetings. In passing over, the heavy gold particles sank and were caught in the silver, while the lighter materials passed over and were caught in the creek below. These quick-silver sheeting upon which the small particles of gold had found lodgment, were scraped once a week, and this mass brought to an eight hundred degree temperature, at which temperature the silver and other substances were evaporated this

leaving the gold pure and unadulterated.

South Carolina is rich in gold ore, that is in two or three of the upper counties, and all that is necessary is sufficient capital to establish a plant with improved machinery and plenty of money can be made. At any rate a test has shown that so far as the ore is concerned, there

is greater yielding to ton than some of the wealthy mines of the west; they have machinery.

From the gold mine the party drove to Glenn Springs stopping en route to climb a small mountain to examine what was thought to be metamorphic rock, but which on examination failed to be such. It weighed about five hundred tons. At the springs baskets were opened and fried chicken was soon flying in many directions while the thinner brethren exercised their molars with unusual rapidity. This was one of the most interesting periods of the trip, beside which a gold mind dwindled into comparitive insignificance. Notwithstanding the abundance of provisions, the dinner hour seemed too short, and the basket too shallow.

The party next drove to Pacolet, a distance of ten miles, and there viewed the grandest rock quarry that it has ever been my pleasure to see. One block of granite ready for shipment weighed ninety tons, and another polished slab not one fourth this size to sell for twelve hundred dollars in Philadelphia. This granite is of a superior kind, and has a beautiful color. The size of the bed is enormous, covering twenty-five acres of considerable depth. By protracted blasting large cracks would radiate, often perfectly straight. One of these cracks had left a solid slab about four feet thick and many feet in length and width like a massive brick placed there by the hand of man.

After taking a last look at the works of nature, and the skill of the chisel, the party started on their return trip. And as the last ray of day faded into darkness they were yet many miles from home. Songs, old and familiar, made their hearts to rejoice, or brought a shade of sorrow, but even this was tinged with a silver lining.

The day had not been spent in vain, nature had unfolded herself, she had assumed larger proportions, her treasures seemed more complicated and inexhaustible,

her throes and the time consumed in her formation seemed as infinite as the God that made her.

As the town clock was striking nine, the trample of horses rang through the city of the Spartans, and shouts of laughter pealed out on the night air as Jim, Gus and Bill said good night. The Wofford boys had returned.

J. C. ROPER.

At Converse.

The exercises of our sister college, Converse, closed Friday June 5th, and their commencement occupied Sunday, Monday and Tuesday following. The commencement closed finely, a year of great success and advancement. The young ladies participating in the programme made themselves famous with us boys over here. Some of the speeches—I refuse to call them essays—were unusually fine. Miss Rice delivered a beautiful "Farewell" for the class of '96. A new feature and a delightful addition was a joint debate between the two societies. The query, "Resolved, that education increases happiness" was argued well by Misses Steele and Wallace on the affirmative and Misses Petty and Lake on the negative. Though the affirmative was finely presented and strongly defended, the judges decided with the audience that Miss Petty and Miss Lake represented the strongest side.

The examinations have been delightful. All the boys enjoy them after they have passed. The Seniors had a little oral review with Prof. Snyder. It was delightful and will be a pleasant memory for years to come. German, French and Mathematics seem to be the rough places this year and many a poor fellow have bumped his gourd against the ceiling. In fact the plastering had to be repaired in one place.

The Calhoun Society has for years had in its hall two oil portraits of Bishop Wightman. Several weeks ago

this Society presented to its sister, the Preston, one of these fine paintings. The Prestons appreciate the courtesy and extend sincere thanks to the followers of Calhoun.

Our Portrait.

The splendid portrait of Dr. Carlisle, which has for weeks been under the brush of Mr. Wm. Post, Charleston's fine artist, hangs now upon the wall of the Calhoun Society. Mr. Post is an artist of genuine merit. The work shows good taste in selection and executing of accessories, and although there was not perfect agreement as to the expression of the Doctor, the effect of the whole picture is fine. The gold leaf frame ordered direct from New York makes a beautiful combination with the painting. The boys are proud of their acquisition. The portrait of our President will always be a most powerful incentive and inspiration to manhood and duty.

The Next Staff.

We expect a fine magazine from the pens of the men elected to assume the editorship of our journal for '96-'97. Mr. R. S. Truesdale, our faithful—and we hope successful—business manager, will take control with such a set of literati as J. Percy Inabnet, H. H. Lane, G. T. Pugh and N. M. Salley to support him. Mr. G. Cullen Sullivan was elected to manage the business of the paper; but finding that his other duties, including that of manager of the base ball and foot ball teams, would hinder him in his position, he resigned the honor. Mr. G. Cannon was almost unanimously elected to the position. Mr. Cannon is a Spartanburg man and will be successful in securing advertisements for our paper.

A Picnic.

On Friday afternoon, June 12th, at 3:30 p. m., surries and buggies rolled out with about forty young people bound for a Chi Phi picnic at the springs. The

crowd was composed of the Fraternity and a few friends and about fifteen or twenty of the most beautiful, bewitching, entrancing young ladies in this or any other State. The picnic party had control of the music and the use of the ball room at the hotel. Those who danced enjoyed this part of the pleasure, while the others spent the time strolling in the woods—not in crowds, but two by two—a great way, and had a most delightful time. Not a single boy made love to—more than one girl at a time, and no young maiden coyly answered "yes" to a greater number than three bashful lads. Marshall Moore and a few others came home with faces that shone like the full moon. I don't know the cause. But we must not go home before I tell you about the dinner. The young ladies carried baskets, and the dainties made by them and despatched by the boys were unnumbered. Oh, we had a great time! When shall we go again? We left the springs at 9 o'clock this time. I don't see how we can possibly leave before 12 the next.

The Y. M. C. A.

The students and faculty of Wofford are justly proud of the fact that the moral tone of their little community is so high as it is known to be. The influence of the faculty is always strictly positive and for the loftiest ideal of purity and manhood; and also those of the students who profess the religion of Christ are active in the effort to uplift the whole body of the boys. The diffused spirit of helpful sympathy is to a great degree fostered and crystalized by the Young Mens' Christian Association. This organization is some years of age in Wofford and we feel sure it is still growing and increasing in its uplifting power. The classes for the study of the Bible which have been a source of much good during the past year have been under its management, and they are one sign of its growth and progress. The membership was during this year about sixty, of

which about half were active Christian workers and the other associate members.

Our Library.

The general library of Wofford at present numbers about seven thousand, not including of course the government records and such official books. For the past year these books have been entirely under the control of one member of the faculty and three students from each library society in association with the librarian, also a senior. After May 1st the separate libraries, belonging to the Preston and Calhoun societies and the college respectively were combined and the library committee mentioned above arranged all the books according to topic and also as neatly as possible. This has been the most useful year by far in the history of the library. More reading, apparently, has been done than ever before and the increased circulation is due almost wholy to the fact that the books are so much more convenient in one room and under one librarian than formerly, up to last June, when they were in three distinct parts of the building. The final combination and arrangement of course very greatly facilitates access to the books and for this reason and because the boys are growing more interested in their own library, we hope the reading will increase every year hereafter. There is no way of measuring the influence both intellectual and moral which this fine library is exerting upon our boys.

The library fee for the next year will be probably between two and five dollars per student and with the three to five hundred dollars which will be realized by the library from this fee we expect a fine lot of new books every year. During the present session by the sale of duplicate copies we have been enabled to add more than a hundred fine volumes. Every year hereafter we must add three hundred.

The Campus.

The Wofford campus will be in ten years one of the most beautiful in the South. The front area is very large and comparatively level, and with the cultivation which it is receiving each year at the hands of Prof. DuPre it is growing more suitable for blue grass and flowers. The opening cut through our pine forest allowing a view of the college from the railroad adds much to its attractiveness. The inner circle is even now a beauty. Blue grass, fine shade trees of several varieties and flower plots: these are all flourishing under the genial influence of the sun and rain—or water works. The latter are an addition that will prove of great value.

The Two Dozen and Two.

The class of 1896 numbers twenty-four graduates and one irregular student. Though it falls below two other classes previously graduated in size, yet we are proud to say that the boys who left us on June 16th held their own in intellect and heart. The class spirit which is so essential to a good pull for four long years, though rather weak at first, strengthened toward the latter part of their course and exhibited itself in a great unity and fellowship between the various temperaments represented among them. We give below a brief history of each man present on the memorable diploma day:

Elgon Eugene Williamson was born at Sand Spring, Miss., on Feb. 14th, 1868. His parents afterwards removed to Charlotte, N. C., and Mr. Williamson has been thoroughly naturalized to the Old North State. Our fat man is of a gay, sanguine disposition, very affable in manner and entertaining in conversation. His life has been one of many vicissitudes and he is thoroughly acquainted with the world and its ways. Strange to say, Mr. Williamson has been engaged only once, and never expects to marry. Cupid, however, frustrates all expectations of such nature. Mr. Williamson's hair is dark

brown, eyes hazel and mustache brown. He wears No. 6 shoes and weighs 200 pounds. Spoke on "The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence."

Augustus Salley Hydrick, whose personal appearance I give below for the enlightenment of the public, was born in Columbia, S. C., Oct. 26th, 1876. He at present is a citizen of Orangeburg, S. C., where he has for years been a casual supporter of several newspapers. The bent of Mr. Hydrick's genius has been shown from early life, and he is still thoroughly in love with newspaper methods and work. He corresponds for The Atlanta Constitution, where his photograph appeared some weeks ago. Though he has not been especially fond of text book work during his course here, he has made a success of essay writing and things more to his taste. Gus has been engaged nine times and expects to be married June 25th. His hair is black, eyes dark blue. He wears shoes No. 5 and is about five feet five inches in height.

Claude Clifton Leitner was born in Fairfield county (the town is too small to be named), S. C., on the 13th day of August, eighteen hundred and seventy-five. His hair is chestnut brown, eyes brown. His shoe is a large 6 on Sunday and small 7 in the week. He weighs 160 pounds and stands about five feet eight inches in height. He has tried to get engaged six times and succeeded once. He will be united in the strong bonds of—the plow handles on June 17th, 1896, his father officiating. Mr. Leitner has achieved great success as a student. Besides graduating on the French-German course, he also compieted the work in the Greek department. He desires to pursue his studies in a good university, but will remain at home for a few years.

Marion Tucker was born at Sanford, Florida, on November 25, 1876. After pursuing assiduously a good course of study under the guidance of his grandfather, the Hon. Wofford Tucker, Marion came to Wofford and entered the Junior class. Though he has been with us

only two years, he stands in the very first rank of the class in every study. Mr. Tucker's mind is peculiarly fit for language study. His fort is Greek, in which study he has taken one years' course in addition to the A. B. work. Marion is our chief musician, a fine performer on the organ and piano. He is fond of certain girls and has been engaged six times, one of which engagements will materialize on June 28th. Mr. Tucker expects to work an orange grove. His hair is brown, eyes hazel and shoe No. 6. Weighs 125 pounds.

John Frederick Grant came into this world of sorrow on January 15th, 1876, at Laurel, S. C. He entered Wcfford a fresh man and has pursued the four years' course. During this time he has given much thought to philosophy and poetry, and composed many verses of rare beauty. Fred has never been engaged, but hopes to be as soon as he graduates. His hair is brown and eyes brown, and he wears a No. 6 shoe (?). His profession will be medicine, but he will support his family on a rice plantation. He is abundantly able to do so, as his average weight is 150.

Clarence Eugene Boyd was born on July 20, 1878, at Rock Hill, S. C. His life has been one of migration, his father having been a Methodist minister. Clarence has done earnest work here in all departments, but has distinguished himself especially in Greek. He, too, took one year extra in this study and holds the reputation of having the best vocabulary in his class.

His hair is brown,
His eyes are blue,
His heart is innocent and true.

He wears No. 14 shoes, weighs 140, and is in height about 5 feet 10 inches.

George Marshall Moore was born July 2, 1876. His hair is very light, eyes gray. He wears a No. 6 and has been engaged twelve times. Is now engaged to six girls. Weighs 150 pounds. Is about 6 feet 5 inches tall. Mr. Moore holds an enviable reputation with the

faculty as a student and a man. His course has been one of great success and his prospects are bright. Life to him means the hustle and hurry of the court room, with a criminal in the dock and G. M. Moore, Esq., defending him against all odds, while the audience cheer and applaud. Will be married in the fall.

Olin Dantzler Wannamaker is twenty years of age; weighs 125. His hair and eyes are brown; has no mustache; height 5, 5.

Charles Hill Barber was born in Greenville county 23d December, 1875. His record in class work has been good. He has also made a State reputation as an athlete and has done much to advance athletics in Wofford College. Charlie will make a successful business man. Will probably be a merchant, and will be married as soon as he can get money to support a wife. Has never been engaged. His hair is brown, eyes blue. His height is about 6 feet and he weighs 167 and wears No. 7 shoes.

John Caswell Roper was born November 4th, 1873, near Clio, S. C., where he now lives. He has always been a great sport and has been engaged eight times, but the last means business and he will be married June 26th, 1893. Jack is a handsome boy with aburn hair and blue eyes. He will preach under the Southern Methodist Church and will do great good as a minister. Jack wears shoes No. 8 and weighs 155 pounds. His height is 5 feet 10 inches.

Loring Price McGee was born December 7th 1870, in Marion county, S. C. Mr. McGee entered college with the class of '95 but remained at home one year and returning entered the present class. Throughout his course here "Mack" has been esteemed as a man of strong mind and great common sense combined with sterling integrity of character. He has always stood in the front and helped to lead our class to a truer scholarship and the class have shown their appreciation by electing him president of its organization. Nobody can

"prognosticate" how often he has been engaged, but he says he intends to be a bachelor. He wears No. 9 shoes and weighs 165 pounds. His height is 6 feet 3 inches. His hair is black and his eyes brown.

James J. Wolfe was according to the best authority born in Lexington county September 14th 1875. He has been among the most faithful and successful students we have ever had. Jim is extremely bashful and for that reason had never been engaged until this year, when a young lady proposed and he did not have the heart to say no. They will soon be married. Wolfe Wears a No. 6 shoe and is about 5 feet 5 inches tall. He weighs about 160 and his hair is black and eyes brown. He expects to be a pharmacist.

Nathaniel Gist Gee was born at Union, S. C., on April 20th 1876. His work here is the prophesy of a successful life as a teacher, to which brotherhood he has determined to ally himself. Gist is a tall youth, 6 feet 1 inch in stature, with brown locks and grey eyes. He has never been engaged though he has not been found wanting in effort. He expects however to be a householder in a few more years. Gist wears a 7½ shoe and weighs 145 pounds.

Dempsey Jones Hydrick celebrates his birthday on the 16 day of August. On his last he was 19 years old. A handsome youth—brown hair and blue eyes a No 6 shoe—5 feet 9½ inches high. He weighs 140 pounds. He will be a noted chemist in which science he has already made great progress. He never cared for girls and has been engaged ten times only.

John Easterling Walker looks back with tender recollections to Owenboro, Kentucky and to the 28th of January 1877 on which date and at which place this young gentleman first saw America. He is tall—5-11 and wears a shaggy bunch of brown hair. Those sparkling brown eyes are like twin stars with his 147 pounds of flesh and 68 ounce brain. He wears a No. 14½ shoe of

broad E last. The profession of law will soon receive a great addition to its brilliance and power.

Adlai Ellwood Holler was born on July 4th 1871. His life work will be the ministry and in this noble field he will do much good. He has a striking figure. If appearances do not falsify the truth he has often been engaged. He says only once and that on leap year. His shoe is No. 7, his weight 150, his hair brown and eyes blue.

Fred Anson Cummings came on the stage of life September 3rd 1875. He has been a progressive and rising student—especially good in English. He is our songster and we are proud of his voice. Fred will do himself honor as a teacher. His locks are thick and auburn, his eyes green. He is 5 feet 8 inches high and tips the balance at 125. Wears a No. 6 shoe.

William Alexander Cannon, 21 years of age on March 14th, 1895, was born at Horse Shoe, Henderson county N. C. Bill has been a great athlete in college and has done much to increase the love for the sport and the spirit of athletics in the college. He is a bashful, modest boy and would not kiss a maiden for the whole of Henderson county. He weighs 170 sounds, is 5 feet 10 inches tall; has brown hair and gray eyes. Wears a 7½ shoe.

William King Smith was born on the 17th day of September 1877 at Brighton, S. C. He entered the Freshman class of Wofford four years ago and has pursued with regularity and punctuality the four years' course. He has been a progressive student and has improved steadily in recitation and scholarship. He will be a dentist and we think he has well chosen his life work and prophesy a successful life. Will is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 130 pounds and wears a No. 6 shoe. His eyes are blue and his hair brown. He has been engaged 12 times.

Edward Gamewell Clinkscales was born at Sardis, Mississippi, April 16th 1875. He is a thin man 5 feet 11 inches in stature and weighs 135 pounds. His eyes are

blue and his hair a light brown. He has been engaged once and will continue to be so until further notice. Dr. Clinkscales will be a rail road magnate (or magnet) and will become wealthy. He begins as a telegraph operator.

Hugh Caryl McKelvey was born handsome (and took a relapse) on April 29 1874 at Lickville, S. C. Hugh weighs 165 pounds and is 6 feet 1 inch tall. He wears a No. 7 shoe and his eyes are brown and hair brown. Never has been engaged. Expects to farm and we hope great things from Mack as a tiller of the soil and puller of the bell rope.

Andrew Maffett Law was born on February 23, 1876 at this place. His hair is black, his eyes are brown and he is the sport of all the town. He weighs 135 pounds and trades mostly at the Bee Hive. Engaged 6 times is trying again, he is a Cosmopolitan. Five feet, eight and a quarter high.

Thomas Clifton Blake was born in Spartanburg, S. C., September 27, 1876. Thomas is a bright, witty boy, fond of girls and foot ball. He will be either a miner or a merchant, or possibly a manufacturer. His height is 5 feet 8½ inches; he weighs 138 pounds. His eyes are blue and hair brown. He has been engaged seventeen times; has never been sued for breach of promise, and will soon marry. He says he has no business in the world.

Paul Hardin was born in Chester December 30, 1874, where he has lived for 20 years of his life. He will be a cotton merchant and swamp the market. His fine business talent and bright mind mean success. Paul is 5, 11 in height; weighs 152, and has been engaged six times. His hair is brown and his eyes the same. The girls do not worry Paul.

Wofford Trustees.

The trustees of Wofford met June 13th at 9 o'clock in the library and conducted routine business. The board decided to admit women to Wofford provided they

can pass an examination that will admit them to the Junior class. This is done so as not to conflict with the Female College in Columbia. The degree of D. D. was conferred upon Rev. John H. Wilson, editor of the Southern Christian Advocate. The gymnasium was again discussed and it was decided tc go to work at once. It will cost about $3,000. The boys are jubilant over the gymnasium.

The editor of the College Journal recently addressed a communication to the Board of trustees asking for an appropriation of one hundred dollars for the support of the JOURNAL during the session '96-'97. We are glad to report that the trustees responded with this appropriation. The present manager of the JOURNAL has had some difficulty in raising funds with which to publish a creditable magazine. Those who will have charge of it next year appreciate very highly the interest the Board has manifested in Wofford's paper.

Commencement Notes.

The famous Dr. Steele, of the Methodist church, Nashville, Tenn., was invited by the faculty to preach the commencement sermon on Sunday, June 14th, and kindly consented to do so. One of his children was suddenly taken quite ill and the appointment had to give way to his anxiety for the sick one. The announcement of Dr. Carlisle that Dr. Rice had very courteously and unselfishly consented at the last moment to preach for us restored the large congregation to a state of expectancy and they were destined not to be disappointed by their preacher. The following is a report of his sermon taken from the Spartanburg Herald:

Long before 11 o'clock, the hour for the exercises to begin, people began to flock to the college and by 11 o'clock the large chapel was packed to the doors. When the hour for the exercises to begin arrived the college bell was rung and the graduating class filed into the chapel and occupied seats near the rostrum.

The choir then sang a very delightful song, which was well suited for the occasion, after which a prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Weber. Then that ever popular and favorite song, "Jesus Lover of My Soul," was sung, the entire congregation joing in the singing.

Dr. Carlisle introduced Dr. Rice, who arose from his seat and took a position directly in front of the class of '96. He used no notes, opened no Bible. He said that he was invited there to preach to the graduating class, and would talk to them as a plain man.

From the very beginning his manner drew the attention of the vast audience and he kept it until he had finished. His words were clear and distinct and dwelt on the ears of the people. In it was much food for thought and applied to every man, woman and child in the house.

EXTRACTS FROM THE SERMON.

Paul's Life Purpose.—"That I may know Him and the power of his resurrection, being made conformable unto His death, if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead," Phl. 3 10-11.

"That I May Know Him." There are two kinds of knowledge, historical and intuitional. We have abundant data for knowing Christ historically. Matthew wrote in Jerusalem perhaps in 38 for the Jews and saw in Him the fulfillment of Jewish prophecy. The prophet of the old becomes the teacher of the new, the priestly offerings are changed to salvation by sacrifice and the king changes the conquering power of the redeeming grace. Mark wrote perhaps in 64 in Rome for the Romans and saw in Him the man of power working as a conqueror through the world, calling out every emotion of the soul, fear, wonder, amazement, joy, love Luke, the gentile, fond of Paul, writing in Rome for the Greeks in 62, draws for us the ideal man and dwelling on the tender side of His life, He alone mentions that Jesus used His hands in blesssing the Doubter at the ascension and He alone sets forth forgiveness as the theme to be preached. John writing in Ephesus in 80 gives a deep-

er insight into the unfathomable depths of His wondrous personality and shows us the word, made flesh and dwelling among us. All these agree in drawing a character so perfectly and symmetrically human as to be divine. To know Him is to know everything worth knowing, for He invaded every kingdom of truth and laid his right hand upon every force. Nevertheless, it is doubtful if there are 20 men in the house who can give a connected sketch of the life of Christ. Yet this is not enough. No system of truth however carefully greeted and faithfuly correlated ever saved a soul, or ever will· Facts are but stepping stones to God's observatory. We must know Him intentionally or directly. Jesus was to Paul as real an objeect of knowledge as his closest friends. In the resurrection state He spoke the same language, using only one new word, called three names, Peter who stands for the returning sinner, Thomas who stands for the honest doubter and Mary who stands for devoted love and to those everywhere He is ready with a full revelation of himself.

This knowing is the work of a moment, thought it costs often the pulling out of right eyes and the cutting off of right arms. But Paul deserves the scope of the knowing which is the work of life and eternity. "The power of His suffering, being made conformable with His death." His mission was to reveal divine love and truth in their followers at every point in the whole route of possible experience. The world had praised God in the highest, but who ever heard of praising Him in the deepest? Who ever gazed upon the Heart of infinite love bleeding and dying for its own—or Omnipotence that creates and contrives worlds—helpless to deliver Itself? Sympathy and company in the deep is what the heart longs for and this He provides. There is an indescribable isolation and loneliness in suffering and sorrow. To hold Himself severely in this sphere was the secret of temptation and source of battle from the changing of stones into bread in the wilderness to the

cry of the mob, "If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross." To embue Himself of divine power and hold himself severely in the sphere of the human was his one battle. Paul alone in all the world sought to go down with him, approaching him more nearly the deeper he went till in the jaws of death they were one. Paul understood that to go up he must go down. So is the latitude of zenith reassured by the depth of our nadir. Your power to rise is determined by your ability to go down. There are two sides to the compensation. You must pay for what you get and get what you pay for. Large experience is born of large faith and love, of the giving of oneself completely over to the full and faithful performance of every duty. The whole of John's theology, indeed that of the entire New Testament, can be grouped around four words: knowledge, obedience, love and life. When the soul in these four directions gives itself over to the Infinite, the price of great experience is paid." * * *

On Sunday evening a second substitute appeared and one well known and honored as a mighty man of valor among the preachers, Dr. John C. Kilgo, of Trinity College, N. C.

So far all had gone well and the audienee assembled a third time at the call of the old bell to listen to the literary address by Samuel Dibble, L.L.D. His was an excellent address. The folllowing is taken from the Herald.

Yesterday and last night was society day at Wofford commencement. It was one of the big days and the chapel was crowded with the alumni and friends of the college. When the clock struck the hour of 11 the string band began playing while to its sweet strains the members of the two societies filed down the aisles and occupied the first five rows of benches; the Prestons on the left hand side, the Calhouns on the right.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. G. W. Harmon. He invoked the blessings of God on the stu

dents and the graduates who are soon to go out into the busy life of State and Nation.

Mr. R. C. Newton, president of the Calhoun Society, arose and introduced Samuel Dibble, L.L.D., the first graduate of Wofford College, as the orator of the day. Dr. Dibble then advance to the front of the rostrum and as he did so he was loudly cheered. He said:

"Gentlemen of the Calhoun and Preston Societies, Ladies and Gentlemen:

"It is with the feelings of an elder brother that I came at your call, to review the memories of youth at the shrine of our Alma Mater, and to consider with you for a brief time a theme suitable to this occasion and these surroundings. Happy are you in an atmosphere of learning, in a community of high and refined culture, and in daily contact with lofty and ennobling thoughts of the sages of the ancient world as well as the bright and progressive intellect of our own time. Happy are you that are undisturbed by the rude passions and the harsh and selfish conflicts of the multitude. You can prepare for the coming duties of manhood in this seat of mental and moral instruction, far "from the madding crowd."

I regret that my space will allow only this brief introduction.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

The Class of Ninety-Six is above the average graduating class of any college in the State. This statment is not immodest in your editor since he is not now a member of this class but the editor of your paper. The usual plane is high, and we had several, rather I should say a considerable percentage, of students who would have stood above par in any institution. The class room work during the year has been good and those who spoke on this final occasion represented well the high standard to which they had arisen. The speeches were clear, simple, well expressed, and some of them even beautiful.

A member of the 34 Immortals of last year was heard

to remark that he thought the speeches were the best delivered and perhaps the best in substance to which he had listened. We feel justly proud of our boys. I give here the programme of speeches:

Chas. H. Barber, Orangeburg county—"Our Past and Present Social Conditions."

T. C. Blake, Spartanburg county—"Yesterday, To-Day and To-Morrow."

Clarence E. Boyd, Spartanburg county—"The Educated Tramp."

Fred C. Cummings, Spartanburg county—"Culture and Religion."

Gist Gee, Union county—"University Settlements."

A. E. Holler, York county—"Heroism."

Claude C. Leitner, Marion county—"The Scholar and the Naturalist."

L. P. McGee, Florence county—"Creative Thought in America."

G. M. Moore, Abbeville county—"The Benefits of College Athletics to College Life."

J. C. Roper, Marlboro county—"Forty Years Ago."

E. E. Williamson, Mecklenberg county, N. C.—"The Mecklenberg Declaration of Independence."

Olin D. Wannamaker, Orangeburg county—"The Two Dozen and One."

The chapel was taxed to its utmost capacity, and the ushers were kept busy seating the visitors, who poured in like a stream. The greater portion of the audience was composed of ladies.

The exercises of the day were opened with a hymn, "From All That Dwell Beneath the Skies," after which a prayer was offered by Dr. H. F. Chreitzberg, of Asheville. He thanked God for the occasion so eventful in the life of students and prayed His blessings to rest upon the graduates and body of students, college and faculty.

Then came the graduating speeches which were of a very high order, showing that the young men had pre-

pared them with care. They were not long, only about four minutes. Only 12 of the graduates spoke, the remaining 13 being excused by the faculty at their own request.

The baccalaureate by Dr. Carlisle was next. He said that he would not say much but only throw out a few remarks for them to take home with them through life. The Doctor impressed upon the young graduates the great importance of being Christians. More Christians, he said, was what the world needed. The Doctor stated that not long since he received a letter from a gentleman living in a distant part of the State saying that he wanted a teacher for a school. In the letter was stated what was evpected of the applicant, but above all he must be a Christian. Continuing, he said that he was asked by a stranger on Monday for a list of graduates, saying that he wanted to watch their course through life.

THE JUNIOR DEBATE.

Monday night was the great night for the Juniors. A very crowded house was present to hear Mr. J. C. Shannon and H. A. C. Walker and Messrs. E. S. Culler and J. T. Pugh on the affrmative and negative respectively, discuss the interesting question, "Resolved that President Cleveland's policy in the Venezuelan question was justifiable."

The discussion was certainly one of the very best that has been heard in our chapel for many years. Every speaker acquitted himself with honor and it must have been very hard for the judges to render any decision at all. The debates were all unusually well expressed and logical, the trains of thought well selected and carried to a legitimate and clear conclusion; and the speakers seemed entirely umembarrassed and at ease.

Mr. J. C. Shannon opened the debate for the affimative. His argument was very convincing and showed that he had given much thought on the subjeect. The dispute was over the boundary line between Venezuela and British Guiana. He said that Great Britain was

pushing the line farther and farther west, taking in 10,000 square miles of Venezuela. Great Britain, he said, had moved the line four times, while Venezuela only claimed one line. He spok of Venezuela trying to settle the dispute by friendly arbitration. The appeal, he said, was unheeded by Great Britain and she again pushed her line far into the disputed territory.

He observed that Spain and the United States suggested arbitration as the only peaceful means of settling the question. He spoke of the letters that Great Britain claimed to have from Holland and asked why England refused the titles to be examined, if any she had.

The Monroe doctrine has been asserted since the time of Washington to the present administration. It was not intended for the special time it was written, but for all time. It has grown as this nation has, strong and invincible. It is the national principle of the United States, he said. The debater said that England was after the rich gold mines in Venezuela and President Cleveland wanted Venezuela to have justice and not be imposed on by musch stronger power.

Mr. E. L. Culler was introduced as the first speaker on the negative side of the question. Mr. Culler made an excellent speech which was well received by the audience. Mr. Culler took the position that the Monroe doctrine was not a law, but a policy adopted by this country to mountain its own supremacy of the Western Hemisphere. He said that President Cleveland's message presented a condition of affairs in the relations of the United States to England that were most serious. He held that the message advocated war with England if that nation insisted upon enroaching beyond the line fixed by the commission. At that time, he said, it was unwise in the President to present such an issue.

He, too, took up the Monroe doctrine. He said that it was presented to settle the question of allowing any European power of colonizing any unsettled territory on this continent. He said that nowhere in the doctrine

could be found what action the United States would take if England refused ro recognize the doctrine, but that President Cleveland's message was not so tame. War was what he wanted.

Mr. H. A. C. Walker then took the floor and proceeded to show that the President's message was justifiable. The position taken by him was based on the Monroe doctrine and the particular merits of the case. This doctrine, he said, was new to many, but in it was genuinenes and power. He said that many argued that it was but an expression of sentiment and not law, and utterly useless in settling a question of this character.

The doctrine was born in the hearts of all liberty-loving people. It had been supported and praised by a host of great intellects, such as Webster, Everett. Jefferson, Lincoln and Adams. He said that it had been recognized by foreign powers. It was a declaration of our rights and a warning to all powers.

He claimed that the Venezuelan question came directly under the Monroe doctrine. He argued that it was self-defence in Mr. Cleveland in trying to keep England from enlarging her territory.

The speaker argued that the president did not attempt to settle the line himself, but asked Great Britain to arbitrate and this being refused, an able committee was appointed to ascertain the truth and publish it before the people.

Mr. Walker dwelt on the selfish nature of England and presented facts showing that she was trying to get all the territory she could by force and oppression.

The last speaker was Mr. G. T. Pugh. Mr. Pugh held up the negative side of the debate· He did not dwell long on the Monroe doctrine. He said that the disputed line was once in the hands of the Dutch, but finayll it passed into the hands of Great Britain and she alone was the rightful owner of the territory, and that England had a perfect right to refuse arbitration by a third power. The British held it by occupancy for a century

and a half. No one ought to condemn England for refusing to give up what is rightly hers. President Cleveland, he said, thinks different and tries to make her bow to his ideas. He said the Monroe doctrine was a thing of the past and ought to be digged in on every occasion. It is not an international law and this opinion is held by many deep thinking men of today. Mr. Cleveland thinks that it is his duty to champion the cause of the South American Republic. The United States has nothing to do with the foreign relation of Republics. England striving for her territory in Venezuela does not make it dangerous for the peace and safety of the United States. England wants to open up the Orinoco river to the ships of all nations while Venezuela does not.

The following judges were appointed to decide the question: Dr. T. H. Law, Dr. J. A. Rice, Prof. Fleming Brown and Rev. A. J. Cauthen and Rev. Clyde. They retired and after much deliberation returned and announced that the affirmative won.

After the debate came the presentation of the essay medals. Mr. J. A. Sullivan of the Sophomore class won the Calhoun medal. It was presented by Mr. C. G. Dantzler. Mr. Sullivan also won the medal offered by the COLLEGE JOURNAL for the best contributions during the year. THE JOURNAL medal was presented by Dr. Hydrick of Orangeburg.

The Preston medal was won by Mr. Robert A. Law, of Spartanburg. Prof. Frank Evans presented it.

THE ALUMNI ORATION.

The oration delivered before the Alumni Association by the Rev. W. R. Richardson was the occasion of great pleasure and intellectual enjoyment to a good audience. Our speaker was well chosen. He addressed us on a live theme, "Co-education of the Sexes," and he had scarcely gotten under way before the crowd could be seen to be intensely interested in his speech and in sympathy with his side of the discussion.

Mr. Richardson spoke as follows:

"The subject upon which I shall speak is co-education. The time has come for Wofford College, if she is to maintain her position among the foremost colleges which stand for higher education, to take a new departure—a forward step—throw open her doors for the admission of women. In advocating this forward movement I plead on the one hand for Wofford—for her entrance upon a new era of prosperity and into a wider field of usefulness —and on the other hand I plead the cause of woman, for her complete intellectual emancipation; that she shall be given opportunities to reach the highest type of womanhood, to attain the broadest culture, to wield the largest influence for good and to accomplish the lofty purpose for which God sent her into the world.

"This has been called the age of woman. More and more she is making her influence felt in every department of thought and activity. From the background in which she has so long been kept by prejudice she has advanced through bitter antagonism to the front, compelling the men of this generation to acknowledge her leadership in working out the great problems which press upon them for solution. Nowhere does woman possess so many opportunities to prepare herself for meeting the demands made upon her by the position she occupies and the new problems she has undertaken to solve as in America. It is here that the battle for the higher education of woman has been fought out, and the result is the great universities and colleges of our country are throwing open their hospitable doors, giving young women equal advantages with young men. Up to a quarter of a century ago the question had not been agitated in this country. But so rapid has been the growth of this reform that in such a short space of time woman has won the contest and her right to higher education is settled. There was a time when the education of woman was limited to reading, writing and arithmetic. In the seventeenth century the sentiment in regard to extend-

ing educational privileges to woman was, "She that knoweth how to compound a pudding is more desirable than she who skillfully compoundeth a poem." In the eighteenth century it was thought that a woman was sufficiently educated "if she knew enough about chemistry to keep the pot boiling and geography enough to locate the different rooms in her house:'

"There are two classes of institutions in which higher educationis given to women, colleges which have been founded for women only and colleges and universities which admit both men and women. At present the tendency is unquestionably in favor of co-education. We are beginning to see that in establishing separate schools for young men and young women we have reversed the natural and divine order, and that their separation is detrimental to the intellectual progress of both sexes. We have co-eduoation in the home, in the nursery, in elementary and preparatory schools. In our public and graded schools boys and girls sit side by side in the classroom, study the same books and recite the same lessons. Why should their school life separate when they have completed the course in the preparatory school? Why should the process of co-education terminate with the beginning of life? It is a mere arbitrary custom, based on two false assumptions. One is that women do not need the same education, either in kind or degree, that men need. Grant that woman's proper sphere differs from man's sphere, that her vocation is different, that she possesses peculiar mental aptitudes, it does not follow that her education should be different. There are two kinds of education, general and special. General education is the mental discipline acquired and the stack of knowledge accumulated in persuing all the branches of study laid down in the curriculum of the college or university. Special education prepares each individual for his particular vocation. There is a general education which all young men receive irrespective of the fact that they will choose different professions. And there

is no reason why young women should not receive the same liberal culture without respect to position or vocation. There has always existed an irrational prejudice against men and women acquiring the same education. This prejudice grew out of the idea that a man cannot study subjects which were thought to be adapted to the female intellect without becoming effeminate, and that a woman cannot be admitted into 'the region of masculine thought without forfeiting the 'delicacy of her sex' and assimulating masculine coarseness. Hence the education of the sexes has been so distinct that there was scarcely any 'common ground on which they could meet,' and as a consequence there was very little intellectual companionship. Men studied Latin and Greek, higher mathematics, philosophy and science, while women studied French and fine arts, so that they lived in different worlds of culture. That the world of culture in which woman lived was small in comparison with that in which man lived was a fact well known to every student who is familiar with the history of education. A great writer has said, 'the only empire properly conceded to women is that of women.' Hitherto that has been the scope of woman's education.

"It has been a veneering process, imparting an artificial polish to the manners, cultivating the aesthetic nature and fitting her for the drawing room where she is to reign as queen. But under the new social conditions of the present, woman demands a more practical and more thorough training, as will give her equal advantages with man in earning a livelihood. All this talk about woman losing her womanly qualities and forfeiting the unbounded reverence with which man has always regarded her, by coming into competition with man in the various vocations, amounts to nothing when it is remembered that the unbounded reverence of man does not give any practical help to the vast array of ill-equipped women who are fighting the fierce battle for a living. Some commencement orators, following the

traditional custom of flattering woman by calling her all sorts of pet dames, man's beautiful queen, his ministering angel, become very eloquent in speaking of woman's charms and the power she wields when she remains in her proper sphere—that she rules the world by rocking the cradle, and affecting a chivalous spirit they exclaim, let women stay at home and we men will go to the front and manage the affairs of life. It is a noble sentiment, one which every true man must admire, but it is only a sentiment. There are multitudes of women who not only have to take care of themselves but support their mothers and sisters and under the pressure of material want, they are forced to come into competition with men in every honorable occupation where they can make an honest living. It is not from choice, but necessitty that women have chosen industrial positions.

"The other false assumption on which is based the the custom of educating the sexes in separate schools is that woman has not the capacity to compete with man in the higher studies and if admitted to our male colleges one of two results will follow, either she will suffer by the sacrifice of health in her ambition to secure the first honor, or the college will suffer in the lowering of its standard to the level of her capacity. The discussion of the question, is woman man's equal in intellect, is out of date. She can no longer be regarded as man's inferior in mental capacity. There may be some poetry, but no truth in the assertion that man's mind is characterized by strength and persistence and woman's mind by grace and beauty. Where women have had equal advantages with men it would require a microscopical examination to discover any difference between the mental organization of the sexes.

"Co-education raises the standard of scholarship. Where young men and young women are associated in the same class they give and receive an inspiration which takes up the sleeping forces of their intellectual nature and creates a laudable ambition to excel in schol-

astic attainments. If there is a laggard in college, admit half a dozen young ladies to his class and the laggard will be transformed into the student and there will be such a marked improvement in his recitations that his professors will wonder what has happened to him. Every man who has an ounce of manhood in him desires to be at his best in the presence of ladies and the young man in college who is naturally inclined to be indolent, conscious that the eyes of beautiful girls are fixed upon him, will rouse himself from his lethargy determined to take a high stand in his class. The only real objection to co-education is that the girls will win all the honors. Men used to talk about the mental inferiority of the women. But the tables have been turned and now the question is, can we keep up with the women? Do you doubt the statement? Take the record of girls in the graded schools throughout our State, It is an exception when a girl fails to wear the laurels. But the strongest plea for co-education is that unless the doors of our best institutions are opened to Southern women there is no chance for them to get and education. This may seem to involve an attack upon the entire system of female education as conducted in the South. In a measure that is true. I would not, however, be understood as depreciating the excellent work which our female colleges have accomplished. I speak with profound gratitude especially of the far-reaching results achieved by the institutions founded by the Methodist Church. Methodism was born in the great University of Oxford and her motto is and has always been and I trust will ever be, Christian education.

"I recall the fact that the Wesleyan Female College, established by the Methodist Church in 1837, at Macon, is the oldest chartered institution for women in the world. That institution has wrought nobly and well in the cause of our female education· And our own female college at Columbia has made a fine record in educating the young women of our state. Without sounding her

own praises or making false pretensions the Columbia Female College, in honest and thorough work within the limits of her cirriculum, stands second to none in South Carolina. But the trouble with all our female colleges in the South is that they can offer to young women only academic course.

"It is appropriate that Wofford College, standing as she does at the head of educational institutions in South Carelina, should be the first to open her doors to young women· In that direction is to be found the solution of which the Methodist of our state have been trying to solve. For years we have been struggling to endow Wofford. What the friends and patrons of the college have failed to do the trustees may accomplish—endow Wofford by admitting young women to the class rooms on equal terms with young men.

THE BANQUET.

At the close of Mr. Richardson's address the Alumni went over to the Alumni Hall where the usual annual banquet was served. It was a magnificent spread and the good things of life were thoroughly enjoyed by the old Wofford boys. The toasts were bright and witty and the affair, as a whole, was the most brilliant ever given by the Alumni Association. The feast continued till the wee sma' hours when the happy band dispersed and the commencement of 1896, with its joys and pleasures, was but a happy memory.

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